Everybody's Magazine

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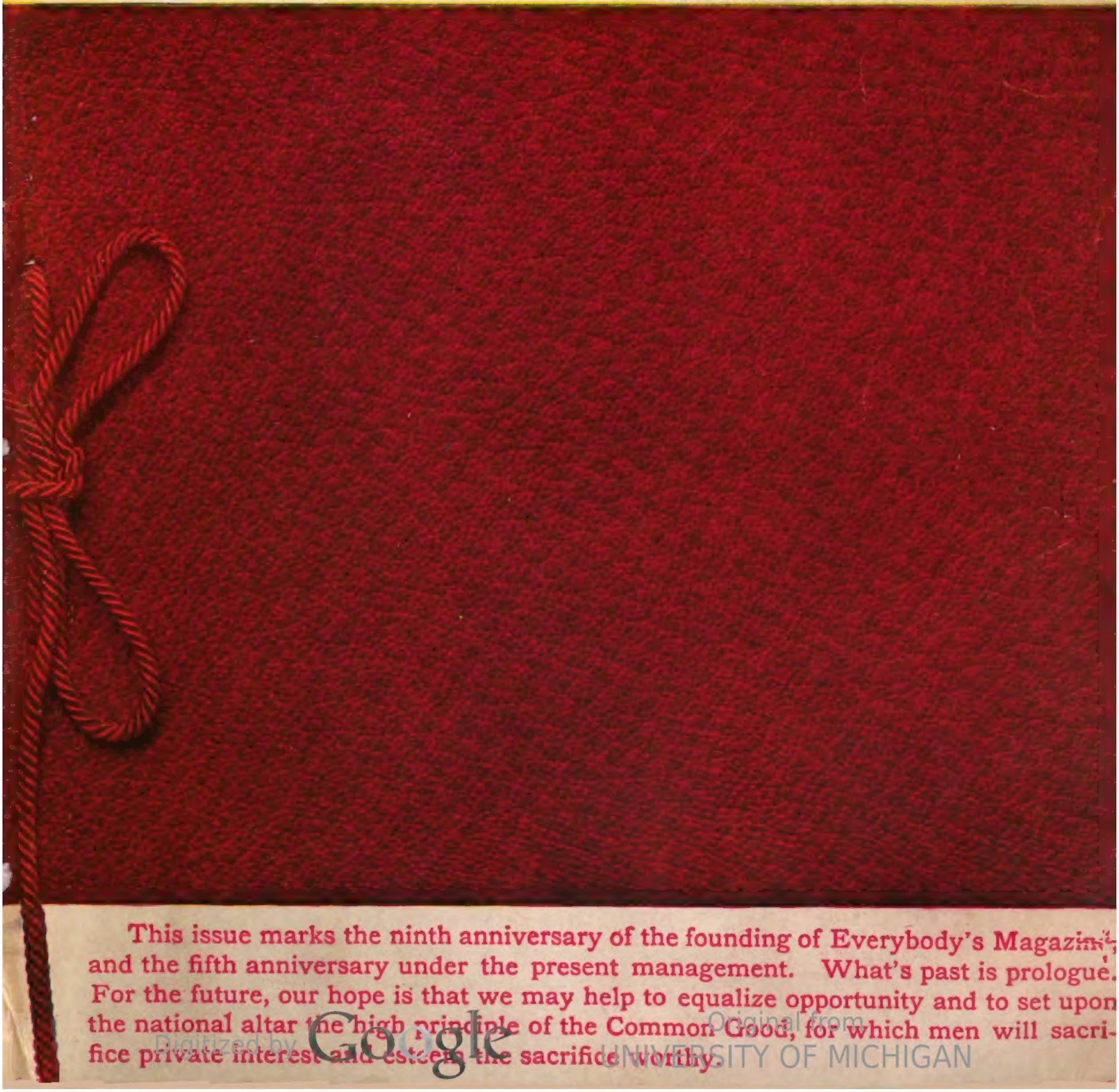


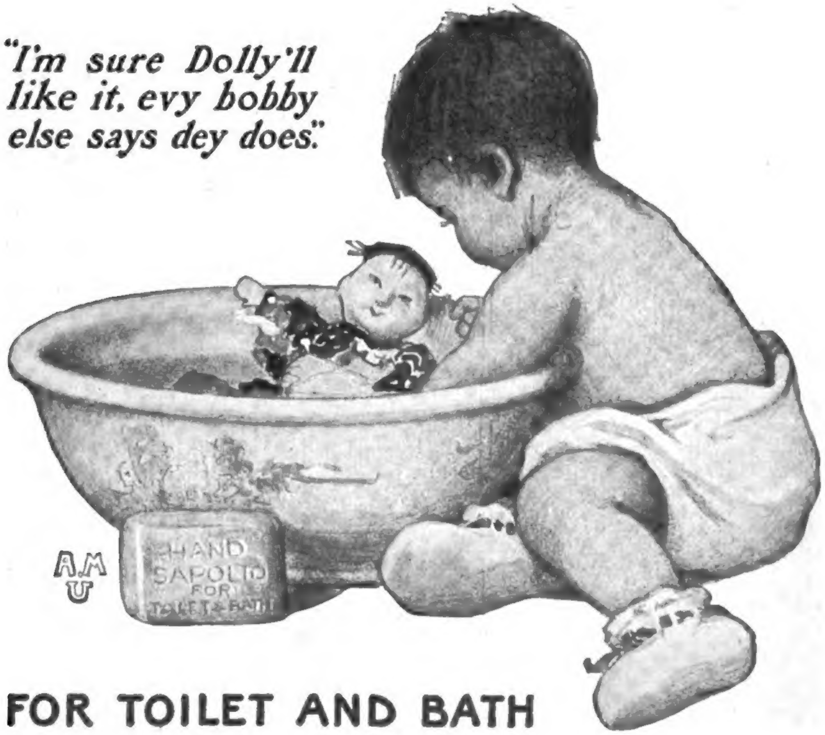
This issue marks the ninth anniversary of the founding of Everybody's Magazine, and the fifth anniversary under the present management. What's past is prologue. For the future, our hope is that we may help to equalize opportunity and to set upon the national altar the high principle of the Common Good, for which men will sacrifice private interest and esteem the sacrifice worthy.

It must be

HAND SAPOLIO

If Suki-San is to have an "honorable bath"

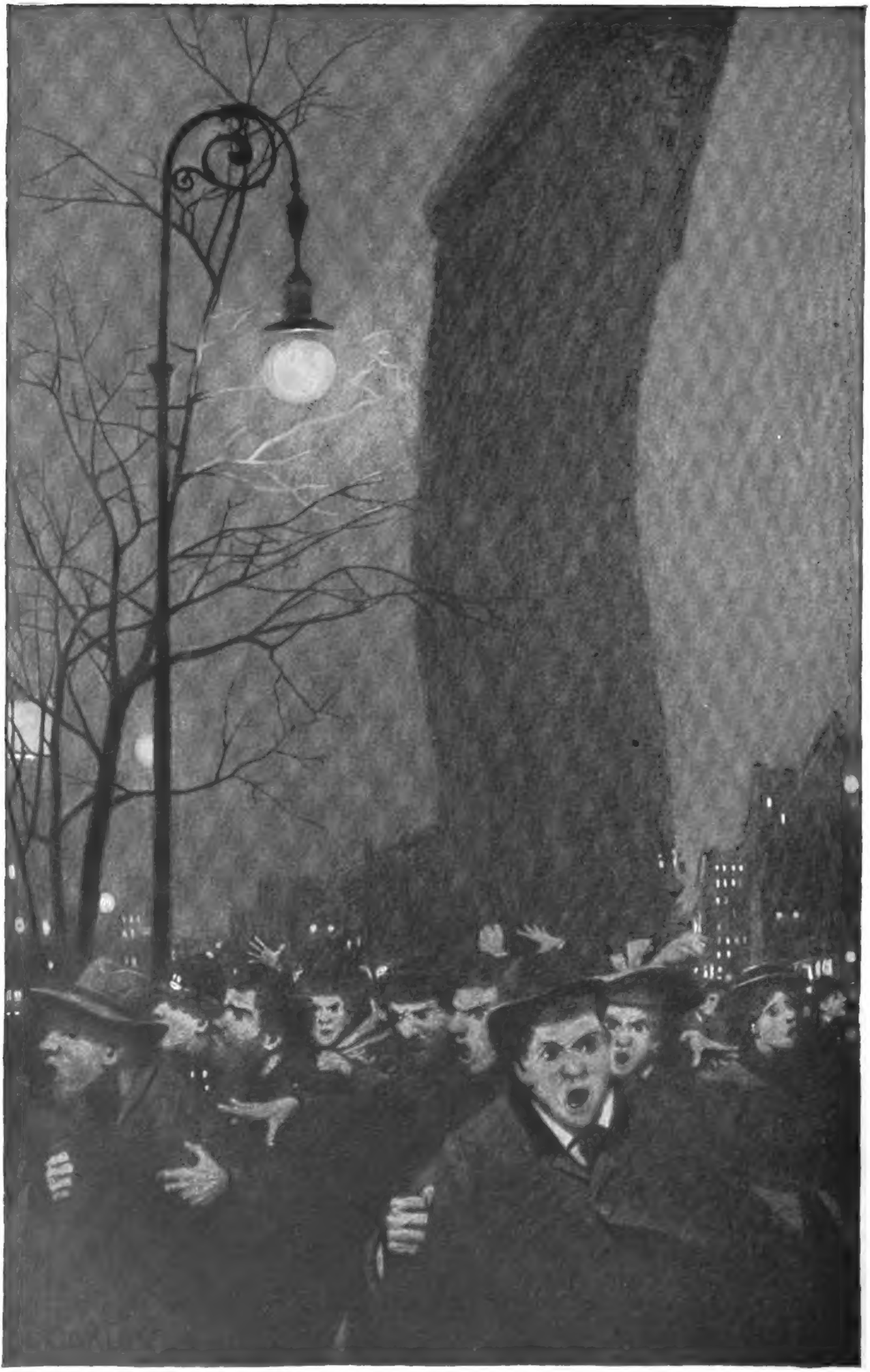
"I'm sure Dolly'll like it, evy bobby else says dey does."


HAND SAPOLIO FOR TOILET & BATH
A.M.U.

FOR TOILET AND BATH

The Fifth Anniversary Number

June 1908



IT SWAYED SICKENINGLY; IT SHIVERED.

—*The Avenger, page 837.*

EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE
THE · FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY
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VOLVME XVIII · NO 6

Roosevelt—Taft—La Follette

on

What the Matter Is In America and What to Do About It

By **LINCOLN STEFFENS**

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Struggle for Self-Government," etc.

With Photographs specially taken by Éduard J. Steichen

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The men who are to make the race for the presidency of the United States are to be nominated during the next two months. With the candidates we are all familiar. But what do they really think about us and our problems and how, if elected, will they go about solving them? Tell us that and we will know what to do. Lincoln Steffens has undertaken in this article to put the Republican leaders on record. The turn of the Democrats will come in July. Here President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, and Senator La Follette explain what they believe to be the matter in the United States and how they would set about straightening out our national ills. Every one to whom the destinies of the United States are important should read this article.

"I'M tired of exposure. I know something is wrong; something big. But what is it? Don't go on proving the evil over and over again. Tell us what to do about it. That's what we want to know. And let me tell you this: You show us what to do and—we'll do it."

A good, average American said that; he spoke as thousands upon thousands are speaking. And he and the thousands are right.

The time has come to discuss the causes of our American corruption and—cures. We have the facts. For years now investigators have been bringing forth the facts, and there should (and there shall) be no interruption of the inquiry. The command to "know thyself" is as good for a nation as for an individual, and the evidence is not all in. But we have enough to make out a case against ourselves. And the case

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is made. The American people are pleading guilty.

No nobler boast was ever made for a nation than this: that after a century of pride, just when the rest of the world is brought finally to acknowledge our success, we are found confessing our failure. And not in despair. No. Our success is ours and we know it. No one can take from us our triumph over a conquered continent. That glory is ours forever and ever and ever. But we are like one of our successful millionaires. You know the type:

He has money, yes, but what has the money cost him? Cruel lines in his strong face; soft spots in his once mighty body; on his conscience regrets that make him walk the floor, and fears that prompt him to run. His home? He has none; only houses, several houses. His wife is as sad (or as bad) as he; the boy is a fool and the girl is a foreign princess. His business still is good, but the trust has that, and the energy which made it great is idle or subject to others' commands. And those others are abusing the trust. He knows how and why. And he knows how his city came to be corrupt; why his state betrays the people; and, as for the republic, he has seen his own attorneys in the Senate turn that into an oligarchy. Success?

Nothing fails like success. But nothing succeeds like failure. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Nothing. But will it not profit a people something to find their own soul, even though they have lost a whole continent? Well, that is what the American people are doing.

The spectacle presented by this nation today is as inspiring as any moment in the history of man. Humiliated in its highest ideals, there is no surrender of them. Betrayed by its leaders, political, industrial, and ecclesiastical, there is no loud cry for revenge, only a quiet attendance upon justice and the law; and the juries are slow, almost too slow, to convict. They sit in judgment conscious of their own guilt; they have told me so. Our natural resources stolen under the law; our public property seized through bribery; our private property exploited shamefully in the market places, yet the American people are not clamoring for reprisals. Confiscation of private property would not be tolerated, and the Government will have to make out very good cases indeed to recover the public domain confiscated by the "hated" corporations.

Hate? There isn't enough hate in this country to turn an election. Nor envy. There never has been any envy of the rich. There has been emulation; far too much of that; every other boy has looked up to the man of wealth, glad if he had proved that the poorest might hope to be the richest. And there is more sorrow now than anger over the discovery that some of our greatest fortunes have been won, not by the practise of simple virtues, but by the difficult, dangerous complexities of crime. And—mark well this fact—the general effect of this revelation has been to check, not to stimulate, the mad race for riches. The conviction is growing that much money costs too much, and the aspirations of men are turning to other—and, I think, better things.

Wherever you go you will hear men talking politics. In San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Boston, citizens are out in the open fighting for what they think is right. In New York, groups are forming spontaneously down in the wards and, unknown to the machines and to the other wards, are debating what is right. And so it is in the states: In Wisconsin, New Jersey, Oregon, Ohio, California, etc., the people are restoring representative democracy, and in many others they are dealing with the liquor vice. But look over the surface of things: the theatres are playing and the churches are preaching politics, and both the churches and the universities are opening their doors to lay preachers of ethics and politics, social reform and economics. And what were those men next you talking about awhile ago? Wasn't it politics? And not the old-fashioned, personal, partisan politics, either. Who cares for that sort of thing any more? Party loyalty is giving way to loyalty to the Government. When men talk politics now they speak from the point of view of the common good, and even when they talk business they are applying the standard of morals.

It may be too soon and too optimistic to draw so important a conclusion, but there are some grounds for the belief that the very spirit of the American people has changed; and that the selfish materialism of the nineteenth century is becoming—what?

That is the great question. No reporter of facts can answer it; it is not a matter of fact. That crucial question remains to be answered; fortunately. The tone, the temper, the spirit of the twentieth century in America is yet to be formed by the leaders, spiritual, political, and industrial, who shall lead us out of darkness into light. Isn't that an opportunity? Think of it! Here is a nation of men and women, stirred to the depths; humbled and troubled; sure something is wrong, but knowing not what; ready, yes, determined to set everything right. But what is right?

"*Tell us that. Tell us what to do and—we'll do it.*"

Tired of exposure? Men are tired of the evidence of evil only because, being convinced at last, they are looking for the way out of evil. There is no more certain fact in our national life to-day than that the people—all kinds of people, rich and poor, good and bad, high and lowly—long to know what the matter is and what to do about it.

Who can map out a policy for this people? Who knows the right? And the wrong? And the remedy? The thinkers think they know, and they should be heard. They will speak more clearly than the men of action. But the voters can't follow a thinker; they must have doers to follow, political leaders. And we have political leaders at last, good men and true; supplied by the demand; inspired by the spirit of the times. What do they say? What do they *think* the matter is? What do *they* propose to do about it? What do they want us, nay, what do they want *you* and *me*, to do about it? Let us ask them, all of them, one by one, and, first:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE President fulfils the first requirement for popular leadership: he represents the people.

"Not public opinion, mind you," he corrected me once, in his vigorous fashion. "I am no demagogue. The public interest, not public opinion, is my guide."

Sound doctrine that. But the leader who follows it should have either a pretty definite philosophy of the common good or—a substitute. Mr. Roosevelt has the substitute. He is no philosopher, as he well knows.

His is not that sort of mind, he said, when I asked him my leading question. He admitted that he doesn't know what the matter is, fundamentally; and that he does not know what to do about it, fundamentally. He wishes he did. We do need that understanding of our problem, he said, both the people and their leaders; the time has come for reflection, and consistent, steady action. But——

He bent forward in the attitude of attack.

"All my life," he said, "I have been striking at evils; here; there; wherever they have shown a head to hit, there I have struck, and with all my might."

That's the fighter, and, of course, Colonel Roosevelt is the fighting type. When he was a police commissioner I asked him what his ambition was, and, quick as a flash, he answered: "To lead a cavalry regiment in a charge." And this wasn't mere youth. The other day, when he was talking about his retirement from the presidency, I shot in that same old question: What would he like above all things to do? And sharp as shooting came back the same old answer: To raise a division of three brigades of cavalry—if there should be a war. And he really intends to go across Africa or "some continent" "big-game hunting."

His critics call this brutality and bloodthirstiness. It's nothing but the elemental man in the full glory of health and strength, and courage, morally applied. And we needed him when he came. We needed a big-game hunter in our business. And so did our big business men need one. They were trampling like elephants, all over us, through our laws, legislatures, and business ideals, and some one had to herd them. It was fortunate for us, and for them it was luck, that the head hunter was not only an instinctive fighter but a fighter who was instinctively fair.

"I try to be fair," the President said once, quietly. And he proceeded more earnestly: "I try hard to be fair." Then, as if some one had contradicted him, he came to his feet. "I am fair. I know I am. I know that I can strike at the evil in a man or a thing, and yet see and save and be just to the good that is in that thing or that man."

And he cited as an example his course toward E. H. Harriman. The administration had opposed this man's scheme of a continental consolidation of his railroads, and the President would have put him on trial for his methods if he could. But he was, therefore, all the more urgent upon Congress to recompense the Harriman road for putting the Colorado River back in its bed. So we all have noticed that when he holds up capital to scorn he shakes labor in the other hand. Many of his appointments, especially of "bad men" out West, are thus explained: He knew they were gun-fighters, but he knew also that they were courageous and loyal, and he believed that his trust in them would bring out the good.

This is the great Rooseveltian doctrine: "a square deal." The story of his practise of it is as old as the man's career. He used to balance class interests when he was a police commissioner. I saw him do those things then and I saw how instinctive it all was. But the story of his use of the phrase will illustrate:

During the Roosevelt-Parker campaign I called on the President to persuade him to ask the people, instead of the corporations, to contribute to his campaign fund. From the discussion of the democratic principle involved in that plan, the conversation changed off into the general subject of misrepresentative government, and finding the President interested in the political, but not at all in the economic, problems underlying our political questions, I uttered this reproach:

"Mr. President, I don't believe you will ever solve any of our real problems. You merely stand for a square deal."

Down came his fist upon his desk. He sprang to his feet. He hadn't heard or he didn't heed the reproach. No, this man of action seized, as he always does seize out of books and men, that which he had use for, and that alone.

"That's it," he exclaimed. "A square deal. That's exactly what I do stand for. And I shall say so in my next public utterance."

And he did. His next public statement was his famous reply to Mr. Parker, and he wound it up with "a square deal."

Now, the square deal is a very limited remedy, but it has gone far to expose the causes and conditions of our corruption. Take the case the President himself cites: that of recompensing Harriman's railroad for the taming of the Colorado River. His motion was opposed in Congress by representatives who would favor railroads wrongfully in secret, but who feared to do right by them in the open. *They* represented what they thought was "public opinion, not the public interest." The President, who says he represents public interest, not public opinion, was willing, out loud, in a message, to give a railroad what was right. And by doing so, he showed how Congress misrepresents both public opinion and the public interest.

We, the people, are not against railroads; we are against the abuses by financiers of the powers of the railroads; and also we are opposed to having our senators and representatives represent railroads and financiers.

And the President feels this; and, at bottom, his willingness to do right by a railroad is not courage at all, but faith. He believes the people are like him; that they want what he wants; and that they also would give "even Harriman a square deal."

And that's true. Ask yourself if it isn't. You are one of the people; so am I. "Them's my sentiments"; aren't they yours?

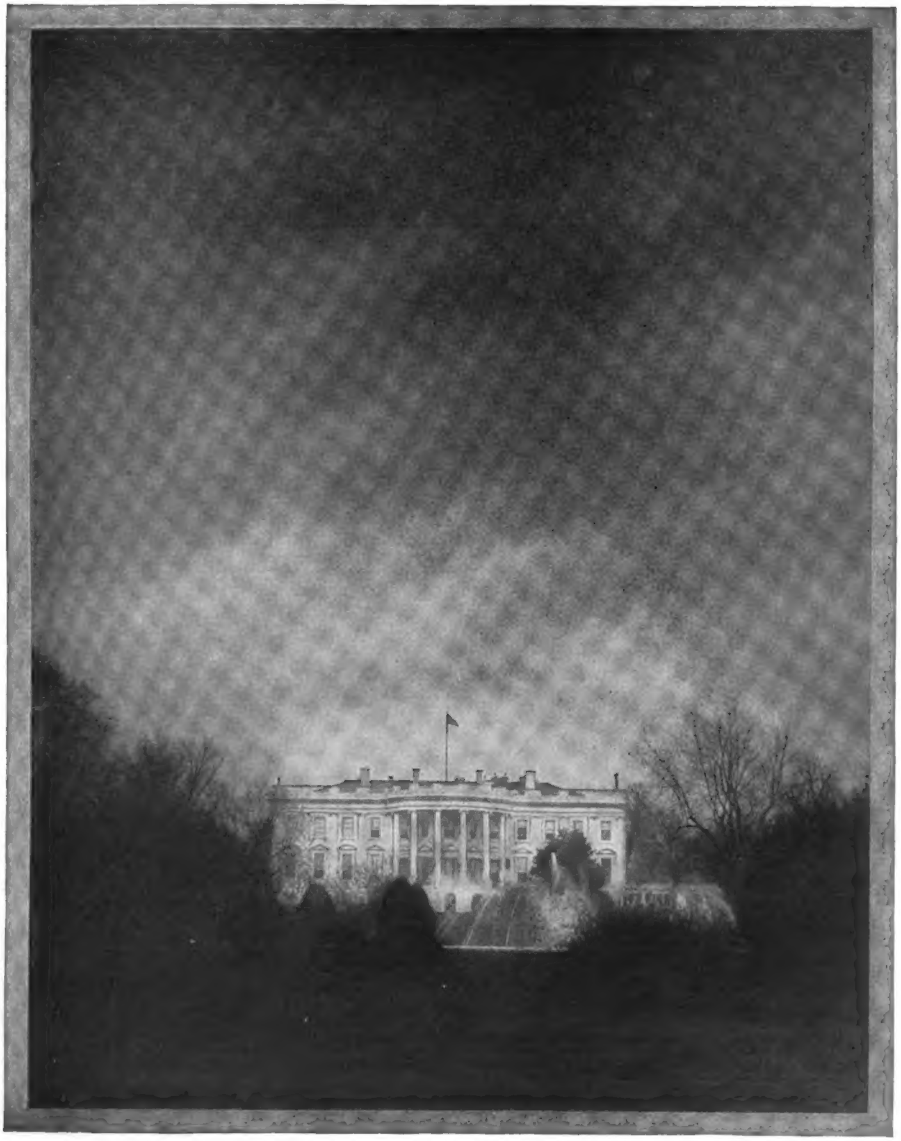
Well, this is important, because it seems to me to go to the very gist of Roosevelt. It brings us to his fair substitute for a definite philosophy of the common good, viz.: his blind instinct for it and for democracy.

Mr. Roosevelt represents the people. No one will deny that. We may differ as to his wisdom, but we may also differ as to the wisdom of the people. And, since we have thought so little about the common good, we might disagree over any act of his: whether it was for or against the public interest. But certainly Mr. Roosevelt is not corrupt; he is not diverted by money, by entertainment, by class consciousness, nor by any other of those influences, gross or subtle, which keep so many of our representatives from doing their duty by the people who elect them to office. Of his honesty, loyalty, courage, and strength there is no doubt. The man has *tried* to serve all the people all the time.

His great fault is that he not only represents, he personifies the American people. There lie his political strength and his philosophic weakness.

"No one accuses Roosevelt of putting his ear to the ground," said a keen correspondent one day. "Yet he senses public opinion unerringly. What he wants to-day, the people may seem to be against to-day, but in a day, or a week or two, they will be wanting what he wants."

There's nothing strange about this. A great editor boasted that if he liked a story, a million readers would like it. "I'm common," he explained. "My taste, my mind, my whole make-up is common. That's why I'm a genius." So with the President. He doesn't have to listen for public opinion. All he has to do is to look into his own mind. He forms his own opinion and his opinion *is* public opinion; as his great message of January showed.



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THE GOAL.

All but one of the men about him in the administration opposed that message. It was "bad policy"; "bad politics"; "untimely"; "uncalled for." The people had had "enough of reform." And the President listened and hesitated, but he said:

"We haven't had enough of reform. We are just at the crest of one of those waves which cynics and pessimists say always recede. I believe reform goes back, after an advance, not because the people, but because their leaders retreat. I want to go on. I believe the people want to go on. The press says 'no,' but—anyhow, I go on."

And on he went, and we all know how the reception of that message proved that the people, pinched though they were by the panic, wanted, like Roosevelt, to go on.

But like the people, the President has, and has had, no consistent policy. He knows it. He says so himself:

"I know what I want to do now; and I know what I'd like to do next. But after that, I don't know."

Not only are his opinions like those of the American people, but his very state of mind is like theirs. And that is the state of mind we must get over. Which likewise he sees.

"We must, as a people, grasp the general problems underlying our particular problems. But how? And we must fight knowingly the war that is on, for justice and right, not only these many, many battles. But how?" That is his attitude.

Isn't it typical of us, as a people? Look over the country. What are good men doing, separately, everywhere? Like the President, they are hitting at heads, striking at evils. Who is looking for that Evil which is the source of all our superficial evils? No one. We all are fighting the consequences, not the causes of our corruption. In one place the reformers are closing saloons; in another they are trying (in vain) to send big rascals to jail; in still others they are beating the boss. Good work, yes, but who is dealing with the system that supports the liquor interest and causes intemperance? Who is proposing to deliver from temptation the men who offer bribes and take them? A few men are just beginning to look behind the political boss to the business bosses who "keep" the organization. How many are asking what it is that turns our ablest and most courageous business leaders into enemies of the republic?

Half a dozen. And the President is not of them. I put my favorite question to him one evening, and he listened to it, sunk deep in his chair. Here it is:

"What does it mean that in all our cities —all that I have studied—the public service corporations are the principal sources of political corruption?"

He didn't know.

"Well," I continued, "it does not mean, does it, that all the men who happened to go into these businesses with success happened to be born bad?"

No answer. "And what does it mean," I added, "that in all the states of the United States that I know, the principal sources of political corruption are the steam railroads?"

"That's not so," the President said, and he jumped to his feet. And he cited New York as a state where the railroad was interfering very little with politics.

"The New York Central is about through," I suggested. "It has about all it wants. But how about the time when you were a legislator at Albany? What were the principal sources of corruption in your day?"

The President remembered: the railroad and the New York City street railways. But the New York Central was blackmailed, he said; it was held up. And the President related how he himself, as an assemblyman, tried to get without bribery a just concession for the road, and, failing, saw a lobbyist (afterward sent to the United States Senate) "do the business."

But the President declared that the corrupt politicians held up that lobbyist, and "made him pay."

"But who corrupted those politicians originally? Wasn't it the corrupt system which the railroad in its franchise-getting days had helped erect in the place of truly representative government at Albany?" And I went on to remark how difficult and expensive it was to corrupt a government and keep it corrupt. I told a story to illustrate the systematic efforts made to "get" honest men. This set the President going, and he related experiences of his own along that line.

They never tried money on him, but they did try "reason." Two men of his own kind invited him to dinner and hinted to him of a professional connection. But the condition was that Mr. Roosevelt must stop his "foolishness." He was fighting "the political ring." That was all right, if he was only seeking applause or political promotion. But if he was sincere, he ought to wake up and realize that the "political ring" he talked about was only part of a business ring; and that this big business ring controlled everything worth having in life in New York: political offices, business opportunities, big retainers in the law, social position—everything, and that he couldn't get anywhere without "standing in."

Of course "Rosey," as they called him in those early days, would not listen to "reason." But neither would he see the truth of this picture. He went right on fighting evils wherever they showed a head, but he did not visualize, he did not believe, he did not tackle the systemized Evil which lay under the superficial evils.

He didn't understand, he says now.

He had another chance to see it. About that time, when he was conspicuous in reform politics, he went into the cattle business out West. One night, at a New York club, one of the greatest of the great packers rallied him before an obsequious crowd for "taking the small end of the business." The packer told Mr. Roosevelt plainly, cynically, that the cattle raisers would be completely at the mercy of the big men (like the packer). "We'll fix your prices; we'll take all your profits," he said. "If you want excitement, come up with us at the top. It'll take nerve but [with a sneer] you have nerve. You ought to come with us, either in with us or out against us, but at any rate up here where we herd cattle-men, not cattle."

That was the voice of the system speaking. But the President didn't understand it. All he understood then was the packer's contempt for him, for his courage.

"Do you see it now?" I asked. "Do you see now what it was that spoke to you through the young men who offered you the law partnership; the thing that corrupted in some such way the politicians who held up the railroad; the thing that warned you it would take all the profits of the cattle business?"

No. He could not see it then and he could not see it now; not the One Thing. But even if he could, how, he asked—and he started at me fiercely—"how can a man fight *that?*"

I was commissioned ten years ago to write a life of Theodore Roosevelt, and he told me his story: his antecedents, his childhood, young manhood—down to his second term in the legislature. There we stopped. He was elected governor or something; anyway, we never got any farther. But at the point where we stopped, I picked up the key which ever since has enabled me to understand acts of this remarkable man which puzzled other admirers of his. In his first term at Albany, he said, he fought for everything that seemed to him to be right, and he fought against everything that seemed to him to be wrong; and he fought for the most part alone.

"I accomplished practically nothing," he said at the time. "I beat a few bad measures; passed a few good ones, and I satisfied nobody; neither my party, nor the reformers, nor myself. So I made up my mind that I, Theodore Roosevelt, the man, could do nothing in this world; but that as one among many, as a politician, with a party back of me, I might do something, by choosing among the good things those which might be put through, and among the bad things those which might be beaten."

This, then, was the beginning of compromise, honest, conscientious, practical compromise. I have no quarrel with it; it has worked out well in this case, and much public enlightenment has been accomplished at comparatively small cost. But the incident and the conclusions young Theodore Roosevelt drew from it, explain many things: his political appointments, his choice of issues, as, for example, why, as a tariff reformer, he turned to railroad regulation instead. He was trying to do what he thought he could do. And also it explains that which I was asking him to explain for this article: Why he didn't fight that Thing which lay at the root of all the many evil things he was fighting.

"At Albany," I put it, "there was the political ring which was a link in the big business ring that ruled the state. In its political aspect it took this form: the government there represented the special interests of a few men, instead of the common interests of all the people of the state. Why didn't you fight for representative government?"

"But how?" he persisted.

"At Washington," I continued, "you backed a pure-food bill; it had long been held up by senators and representatives because they represented, not the people and not even good business, but the impure business men of the United States. So with your rate bill. The reason that this was so hard to put through was that Congress represented the railroads which had corrupted and controlled the states from which the congressmen and senators came. The ring at Washington, like the ring at Albany, was only a part of the big business ring. Now the evil thing politically was, and is, that Congress represents this 'bad business' and not the common good."

"Well, but what can you do against that?" he asked.

"Make Congress represent the common good."

"But how?" he exclaimed, and he almost swore: "How? How?"

"Why, by going forth with the records of these congressmen and asking the people to beat them."

Ah, he answered, that was for the people to do themselves. It would be unconstitutional—and he meant that it would be against the very spirit of the constitution for the President to fight congressmen and senators; and undemocratic. "No, the duty of the Executive is to do his duty; it is the duty of the people to watch him, back him, and to send him senators and representatives who back him and represent them. And that they must do themselves; and they will. They will. We shall have representative government again some day."

There ended the interview, which, of course, is not an interview in a technical sense. It is only a sketch of a few points raised in four long and several short conversations in Washington in March; supplemented by bits out of other talks during an acquaintance of fifteen years. And this is said here because, in all fairness to the President and to the others subsequently to be interviewed, I want to insist not on the language, which I am not precise about, but only upon the general ideas suggested to the reader. And there again, my purpose is not only to give the best thought of the man I quote, but to set people thinking for themselves. For after all, as the President says, we, the people, must ourselves think and bring about the solution of our problems.

And he reflected, after one of the "interviews," that the best thing he had done, not only as President but as a public man; the one thing worth while; was to have led the American people to think for themselves about our common problems. He thinks he has helped to make them look again to their Government, with the old faith they were losing, that it can be made to deal out justice. And he believes they will go forward now, hopefully and with nerve, to the solution which none of us knows, but which all of us, pulling together, will find, some day, if we keep trying for "the square deal."

The President, then, is simply the greatest of those blind but loyal political leaders whom a blind but encouraged democracy has raised up here and there to lead our first random, reconnoitering charges against the organization of abuses that has taken the place of representative government in the United States. Mr. Roosevelt did not see this foe, nor his army; he saw only the outworks. And as for his plan of campaign, he had none. "My policies," he says, not "my policy." But he took the outworks, which he did attack, and he—located the enemy. That is his great service. His record of victories is long and splendid, but incomplete. He leaves the enemy in possession of the field. He asserted the sovereignty of the people of the United States over all the people of the United States. He made the Government govern even business. He taught the great generals of finance to think twice before they acted; he aroused the conscience and the hope and the fears of a nation in all the citizens of that nation. But this he did by agitation, by his personal spirit, not by his deeds. He "jammed" acts in the common interest through a Congress representative of special interests, but he leaves a Congress representative of—well, not of all the people. And the people see that now. And, as he says, he who saw not, he led them to see it. Theodore Roosevelt will go down through history as a great democratic leader rather than a great President.

WILLIAM H. TAFT

The war—the long, slow, bloodless battling of the ballots, is but just begun, and the President, who began it, sees it so. He means that it shall go on, and he has chosen his Secretary of War to succeed him as President and carry it on. And Mr. Taft may succeed Roosevelt as President, but as a democratic leader making war—never.

"My temperament is against that," the Secretary said.

And that's true, and that's the point.

"Taft knows my policies," the President said; "they are as much his as mine, and he promises to carry them out."

And that also is true. Taft not only promises, he intends to carry out the Roosevelt policies; and what he intends, this man does.

The most characteristic story told of Taft is

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

of his young manhood. His father had been insulted in a newspaper, and the other sons, all the family, were indignant, excepting only "Bill." He said nothing. He left the house that morning without any sign of anger, and the others, in their storm, wondered at his calm. But when Bill got downtown, he laid for and he licked the writer of that article; "without anger," they say in Cincinnati.

So when Bill Taft says he will carry out the Roosevelt policies, he will most certainly carry out the Roosevelt *policies*. But he also uses the plural; he also will strike, not at evil, but at evils; at consequences, not causes. He also has no policy.

"We don't need any more laws," he said. "If we enforce those that we have, with certain amendments for their practical application, it will be enough."

"And you will enforce those laws?"

Roosevelt would have answered, "Up to the handle"; Taft nodded, and the way he nodded made me add:

"Quietly?"

"Quietly," he repeated quietly.

Think of carrying out Roosevelt's policies "quietly," "without any sign of anger": no "harmful messages," no "platitudes," no "mistakes," no "demagogic appeals to public opinion," no "agitation of the people"! If Taft is made President, there will be a difference between the two administrations as great as the difference between the two men. We got, not results, but a result, from Roosevelt: the encouragement of a people to solve their own problem.

"We shall lose that under you, sha'n't we, Mr. Taft? Isn't that a fair criticism?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "that is a fair criticism."

What shall we get in place of it? That's the question, and the answer lies in part in the man himself, in his character and "temperament."

William H. Taft is a big man physically; not merely fat, but big. He is as big of heart as he is of body. His friends love Bill Taft. And they thought when the President first mentioned him for the presidency that the people would accept him for his own sake's sake; with affection. Serene; sure; just; absolutely unselfish and, therefore, fearless; not merely courageous, mark you, but careless of personal consequences, Mr. Taft is a rare combination of "the good fellow" and "the good man for office" that we Americans have sighed for so long. Why haven't the people taken to him with enthusiasm?

At the close of his Philippine administration, the President described Taft as the "perfect public servant." Speaking of another man, the President said that he is able, brave, expert, and absolutely trustworthy; that he does his duty up to the handle, but he does it to be promoted. "And I respect ambition as a motive," the President explained sharply. "It is fine." But he said that Taft does his duty for duty's sake, out of sheer patriotism and self-respect. There isn't a thought of himself in his head. That's why he wanted him at home. He put the other man out in the service. "Taft I want near me; I want to see him every day."

This judgment, spoken with feeling, and repeated afterward, with ever fresh examples of services rendered all around the world —this sentiment accounts for the President's wish to have Taft, the disinterested, succeed to the presidency. And since the description of the man is literally true, it is easy to understand why Taft should postpone again, as he has often before postponed, his instinctive inclination to go upon the bench. But why the popular imagination does not take hold of this "good and faithful servant" is an interesting question.

It may be significant, too. It may mean that we are requiring nowadays something more than honesty, lovableness, and fair dealing. The accepted explanation is that Mr. Roosevelt overshadows Mr. Taft, and that may be right. But it may just be that we Americans are demanding of our leaders also—understanding of our problem; light or —fight. I do not say this is so; I only hope that it may be so. All that is certain is that most men who speak to me about Taft, ask, in one form or another, such questions as I put to him.

And he didn't understand them; not all; not the general questions.

"I don't believe I understand you," he said, when I had explained that I sought his sense of what the matter was, fundamentally, in this country.

"Well, it isn't that we are, as a people, bad; is it?" I suggested.

"Oh, no," he said, "of course not."

"And the fact that all our states are corrupted by railroads and all our cities by public-service corporations, that doesn't mean that these men are all bad, does it?"

The Secretary laid down his pen. He was interested. He shook his head, slowly, no; and I added:

"Well, then, what does it mean?"

The character of the man came out beautifully in the manner of his conversation. Personal and kind at first, the moment the questions fixed his attention, he became serious. Lying back comfortably in his great chair, he forgot he was a candidate; forgot that I might misquote or misrepresent him. He gave his whole mind to the questions and he answered always with perfect, impersonal candor; straight.

"Some of those men do some of those things," he said slowly.

"They say they have to."

"They may think they have to," the Secretary corrected. "I don't. But no doubt the pressure upon them is sometimes pretty strong." And he went on to describe with uncommon justice the predicament of the public-service men. He did not excuse them by blaming the politicians who held them up. He blamed both the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker, and he saw how they got into their practises.

But he doesn't know the whole story. I told him how public-service men pleaded to me that they did indeed have to keep politics corrupt; and how they had about convinced me that there was something in the very nature of privileged business which made corruption necessary. Did he believe that?

"I certainly do not," he answered.

"They always want something more than they have," I urged.

"They should have all that is right," he said, and he went on, amused, to the charge Mr. Bryan had made that, as Secretary of War, Mr. Taft had approved an amendment to a railroad franchise, making it perpetual. "Why not?" he asked. "The Philippines needed the road in their business; to develop the business of the Islands. Why not make the grant perpetual? We give perpetual franchises for railroads at home here."

Mr. Taft explained the difference between "a street-railway, which must monopolize the street it occupies, and a steam-railroad, which leaves room for competition over any land a rival may wish to condemn." But he had no ear for the practical monopoly which railroads have by their corruption of the franchise-granting power of legislatures and, more serious still, by their control of the money, the capital, the credit of the United States. David H. Moffatt, of Colorado, Clarke, of Montana, or any other promoter of new railroads, can tell him about this. And this is IT; this is the system which is fixing its hold upon states, the United States, transportation, our new resources, and our old industries, like steel and oil. But Mr. Taft is not afraid of trusts and combinations. He says that the trusts which are bad or unlawful have been built up by unlawful methods—rebates, violations of the law, bribery, and the force of capital. When the law is enforced, they will fall apart, and only those trusts will thrive which are grounded in efficiency and ability, skill and good work. Such combinations are good, he says; and he is sound there, for he means good for the whole people.

"The combination of capital in large plants to manufacture goods with the greatest economy is just as necessary as the assembling of the parts of a machine to the economical and more rapid manufacture of what in old times was made by hand. The Government should not interfere with the one any more than the other. In the proper operation of competition the public will soon share with the manufacturer the advantage of lowered prices. When, however, such combinations not only lower the cost themselves, but are able to control the market and maintain or raise the old prices, the public derives no benefit and is helpless in the hands of a monopoly."

"But what is to protect us from these abuses of power?"

"The Government," he said. "The law and public opinion."

"Then you believe in regulation?"

He most certainly did. I referred to the fact that "wherever we had tried regulation for a long enough period, the corporations had regulated the regulators." Railroads controlled railroad commissions; banks controlled banking departments; insurance companies controlled insurance superintendents.

"Do you really think, Mr. Secretary, that the United States Government is powerful enough to regulate big business?"

He did, and he did with such emphasis that I was convinced that *he* might.

"A man like Roosevelt may assert and maintain sovereignty," I hinted, "but how about the average president in the long run?"

Mr. Taft wasn't afraid of the future. He saw public opinion and the law doing their work now.

"But if regulation failed, would you then go on to something else, public ownership, for example?"

"If I thought the United States Government could not govern all that is under it, men and businesses, I should want to get out of public life."

You must understand that in Cincinnati, where he has lived so long, and on the inside in Washington, Mr. Taft is regarded as a great executive. He is easy about his work, deliberate and even, but very quick and highly effective. He speaks, therefore, out of a full sense of his own competency. But he seems to have no sense of the ramifications of the tremendous power of the organized force that is against him. Let me illustrate:

The President believes vigorously in the prosecution by Francis J. Heney of boodle in San Francisco. Yet he helps the opposition! For see: Back of the corruption of that city is the corrupt organization of California, which is absolutely owned by Harriman's Southern Pacific Railroad. This railroad organization nominates senators and representatives to be sent to Washington, and they, in turn, name most of the President's federal appointments in California. And, since these appointments are the backbone of the organization of the state, we have the President building up the system which his friend Heney is trying to tear down.

"That's due to the constitutional arrangement by which the Senate may reject executive appointments," said Mr. Taft.

He doesn't see that it is due also to the extra-constitutional arrangement by which public-service corporations rule cities, states, and the United States; as Cincinnati shows: Mr. Taft's candidacy for the presidency is bringing back into full power in Ohio—Cox, the boss, whom Mr. Taft denounced a couple of years ago! Cox represents the political corruption and the corrupt business which Mr. Taft proposes to fight. And these two things are one. And all these things: Cox and Harriman, bribery and rebates, court delays and banking and insurance abuses—they all are one thing, *the* thing which—as the friends of his youth told Mr. Roosevelt years ago—"controls everything worth having in life."

Mr. Taft smiles. He doesn't see it. He sees duress; rebates, which he thinks have stopped; and brickbats, which he thinks will stop. For he also is a square-dealer. Labor-unionism and business combinations go together with him, as with the President.

"The labor-unions are here and they are here, like the corporations, to stay," he says. "And they are needed both by labor and by the rest of us to offset the combinations of capital. They will clash, and when they clash, the Government must keep order and see fair play."

"Then everything will be thrown into the courts!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, smiling at my dismay. "But I believe in the courts."

Mr. Taft sees the abuses in the law and the courts; the technicalities and the delays, the costs and the many appeals.

"Yes," he said, when I remarked on the breakdown of the courts in San Francisco as a sample of the failure of the criminal law to do its work. "Yes, I'm sorry to see that."

You will find in Mr. Taft's addresses and papers a keen sense of what "a disgrace to our civilization" our criminal courts are; and he has suggestions for reforms—separately, of these abuses. And so with our other abuses. He sees them all separately. He will correct them, if he can, separately. He sees no organization of those evils. He does not see that Congress represents this organization of evils, and that that is why the Senate's check on the President's appointments strengthens Harriman's hold on California. He is not clear about our political corruption, nor its causes; and he does not believe that outside of "human nature" there are a few removable economic causes of both business and political evils. "God knows," he said when Cooper Union asked him what to do about the unemployed. In England, the British prime minister sees and says that they have learned over there, even the Tories, that there are social evils and that social reforms must go hand in hand with political reforms. We all saw Roosevelt coming to that in his proposition to tax "excessive riches," and, if the President had gone on, I believe he would have found that it was better to prevent, than to punish, bloated accumulations. He said as much one day.

But, then, the President was beginning to "locate" *the* enemy. Mr. Taft is not. Mr. Roosevelt uncovered the enemy before the eyes of the people. Mr. Taft will not do that. He may find the foe himself. He has intellectual integrity; he has force and fearlessness, truth and justice. And a square-dealer built on his lines is taught by the opposition to see something of the relations of evils and their causes. So that, by the end

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

of his term, President Taft would probably be facing the system squarely and fighting it. But the people wouldn't. And there's the difference between Taft and Roosevelt.

The President had no light, but he had fight, and he fought in the open, interestingly, so that we all saw what was against him. That was a public education; it "hurt business," but it helped men. Taft has the fight in him, too, and he will fight our battles valiantly, but alone, on the quiet. He also will compromise with a misrepresentative Congress; he also will get "results"; but he also will leave a misrepresentative government. In short, whether he wins or loses, we shall lose—interest; and whether he receives light himself or not, we shall not receive it.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Senator La Follette is a leader. He led the people of Wisconsin in a fight, which has lasted eight years, to recover self-government in that state, and, though he got "results," though he, like Roosevelt, put through laws in the common interest, and aroused the people to a vision of the system, the one great achievement of La Follette's leadership is this:

The people of Wisconsin rule the state of Wisconsin. La Follette has made them so clear and so self-reliant that they won't let even La Follette boss them. No, they have a representative democracy in Wisconsin. And that is why we have in La Follette a United States senator who tries to represent not interests; not Wisconsin; not even the people of Wisconsin, but all the people of all the United States.

The interview with Senator La Follette was rapid and easy. When I asked him what the matter was, late one night at his home, he said casually:

"Politically, the trouble can be summed up in one phrase: misrepresentative government. Our Government does not represent the people."

"And back of that?"

He looked sharp, but he answered:

"Back of that is the fact that government does represent privilege. I don't mean, of course, such empty privileges as we hear of in Europe: honors and titles. I mean that our Government is manned by the agents, sometimes honest, often corrupt, of businesses which have, or want to have, what we call 'special privileges,' which really are just plain advantages over other men and other businesses."

"For example?"

"Franchises to run railroads; exceptional rights to land, timber, deposits of minerals, coal—the natural resources of the country."

"But these must be developed and worked."

"Yes," he said quietly, "but in the public interest. And it isn't in the public interest to have individuals or corporations run them with an eye single to the profits of monopoly. That produces wealth, but not for the people; it impoverishes the people. It increases the riches and the power for good or evil, of the men who get it, and they use it to corrupt our Government and our courts—to get more resources, more profits, and more power. For when these men see the uses of privileges, they seek more, and so we find them slipping through legislatures special laws for private purposes and bribing the police for license to break common laws. These, in general, are the ends for which good citizens corrupt their government."

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"What we did in Wisconsin," he answered. "Restore representative government; redeem the democracy; set up an establishment which will deal in our interest with all these forces."

"But how did you do that?"

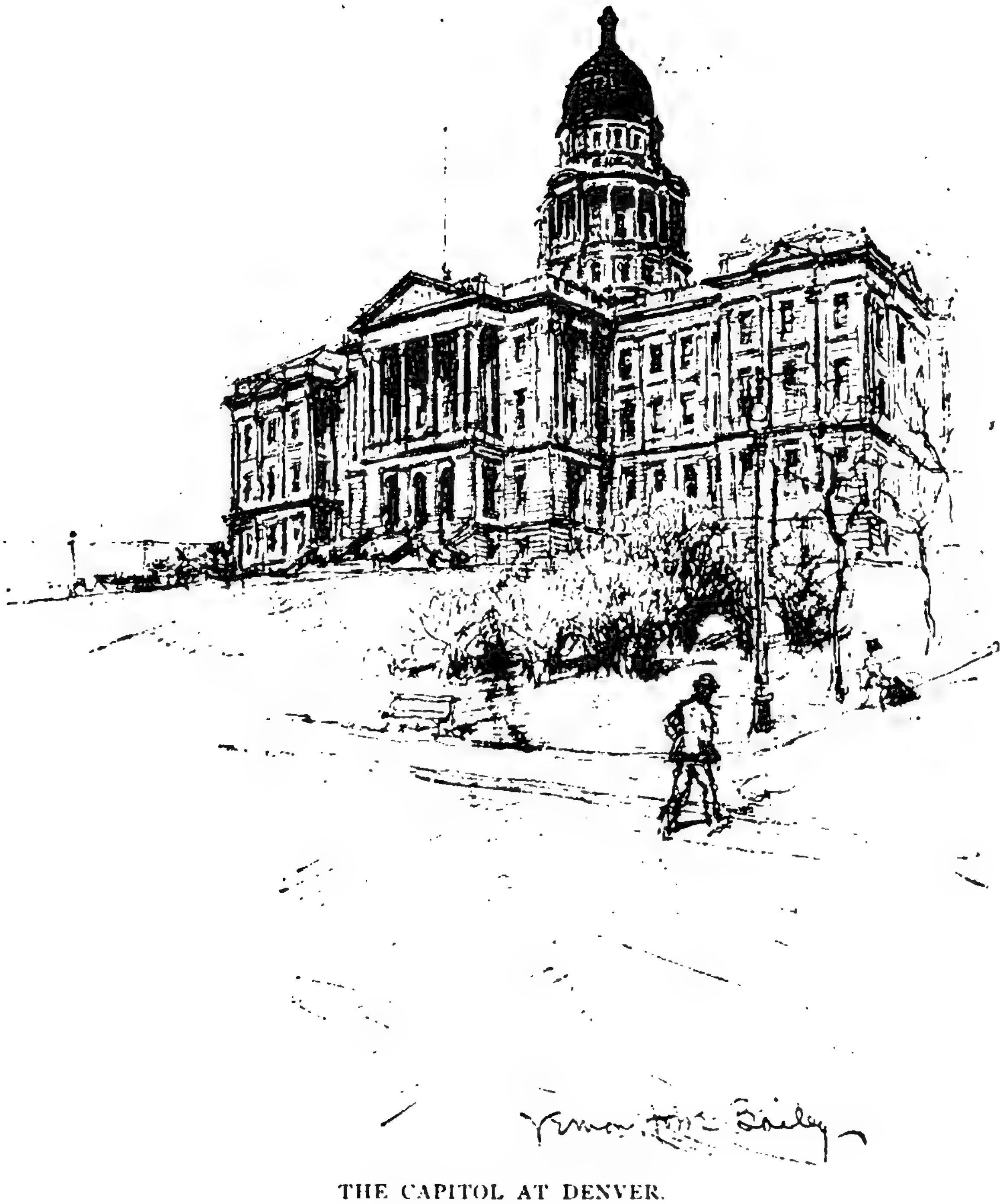
"First, by propaganda. We told the people what the matter was. The railroads ruled us, and we showed the voters that this was so. Then we picked out a gross form of privilege, like the non-payment by the railroads of their just share of taxes. We proposed to tax them 'equally.' The railroads fought; they always fight everything, right or wrong, as they did the President's rate bill, which they see now was in the railroads' interest. So in Wisconsin: they fought the railroad tax. And that helped. We showed the people. Then we pledged the party and the candidates to the equal tax issue. Having offered a bill to redeem the pledge, we refused to amend it; we wouldn't compromise; we weren't after 'a bill.' We wanted *that* bill, and the reason we wanted it was that we proposed to drive out of politics the men who represented the railroads, and leave only those who represented the people. We were beaten at first; that is to say, our bill was; but we had taken a vote,

Continued on page 58 of the *Advertising Section*.

COLORADO

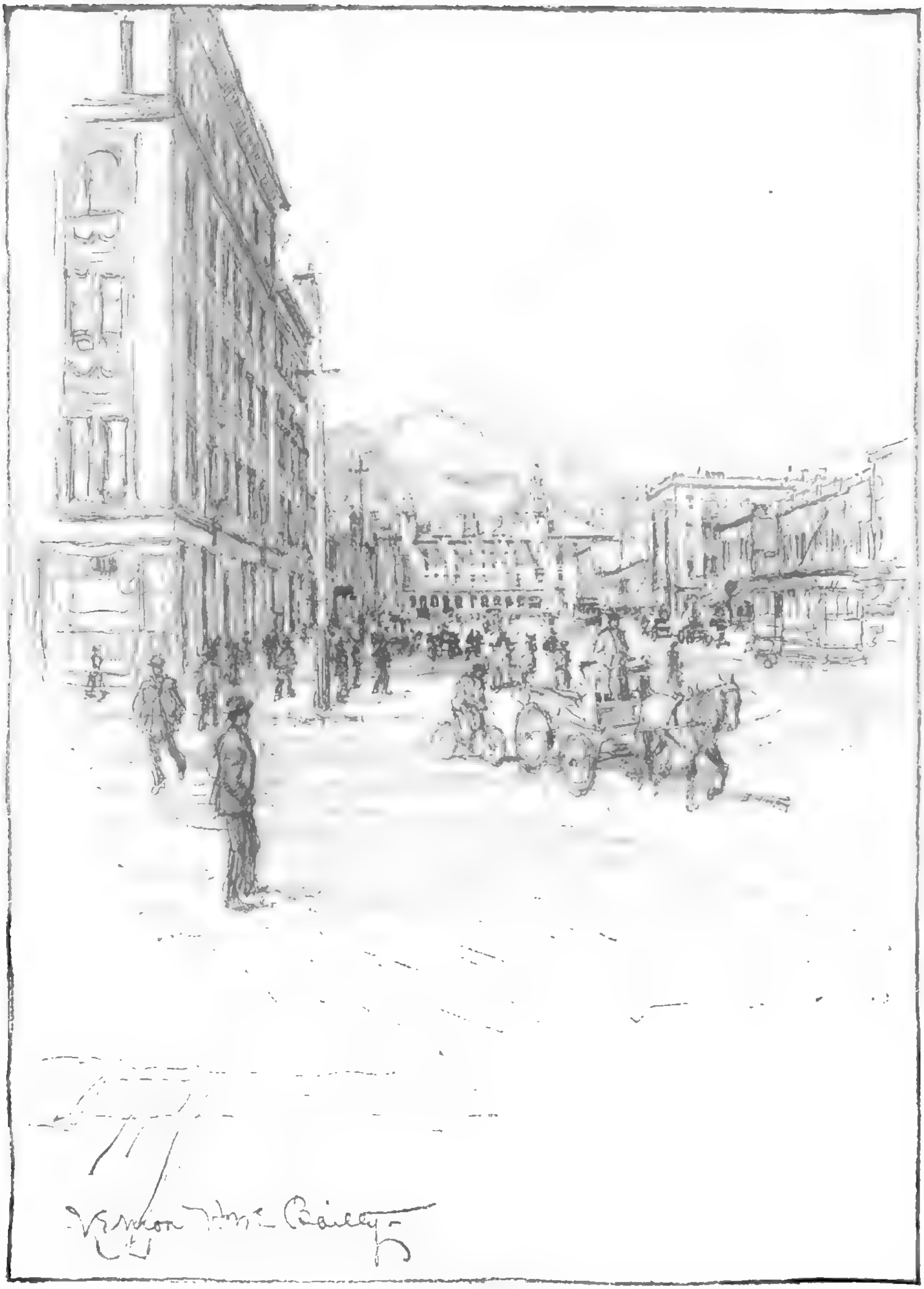
Drawings in Pencil

By VERNON HOWE BAILEY



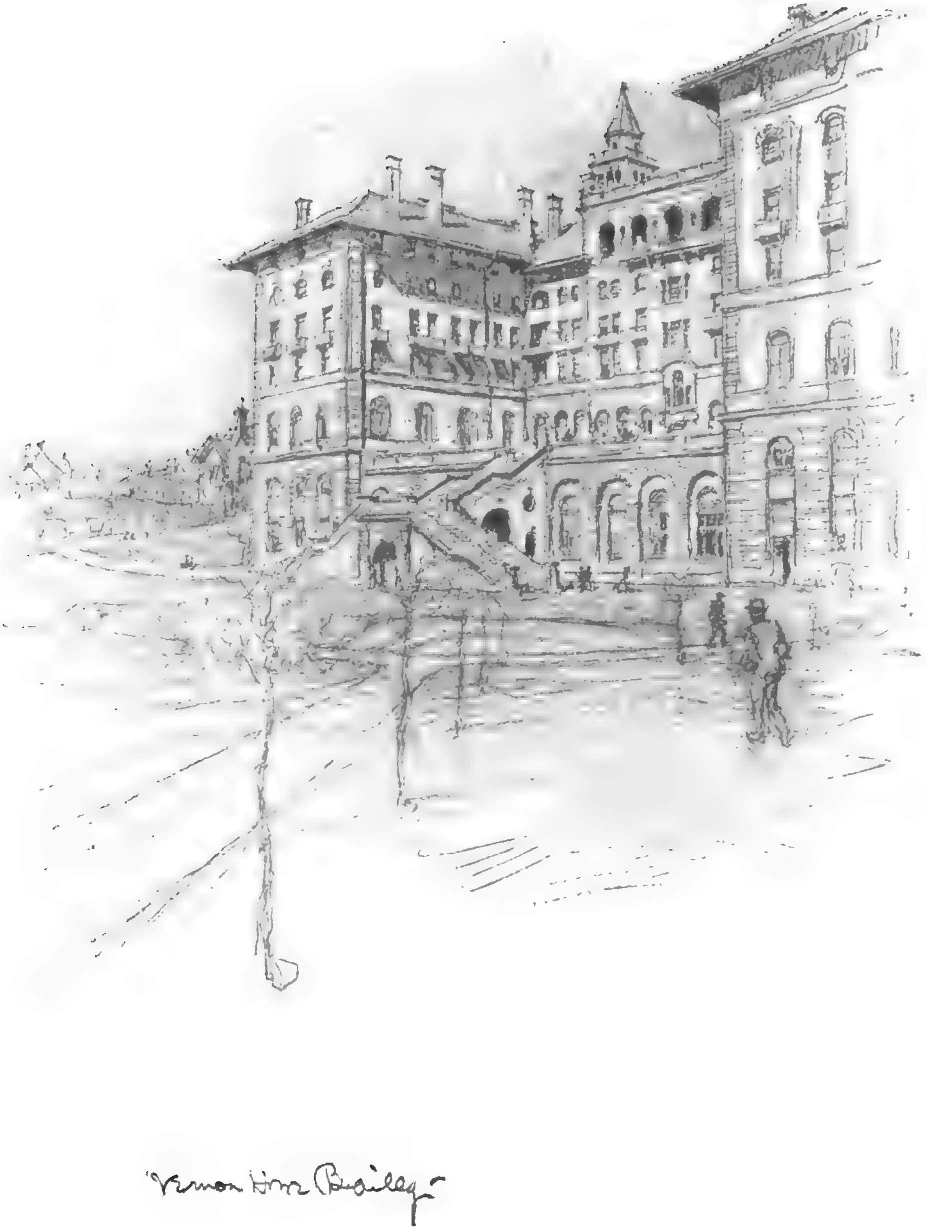
THE CAPITOL AT DENVER.

Denver's Capitol, on Capitol Hill, affords a commanding view of the city and the surrounding country. It is built of Colorado granite, and cost two million dollars. A lawn, many acres in extent, spreads down the slope before it. This lawn remains green nearly twelve months of the year, and in a country where grass grows only by constant attention, is an achievement that fully justifies Denver's pride in it. The cost of its up-keep reaches a figure far into the thousands, but to eyes wearied by the usual dull red and sage-brush gray of the Colorado landscape, this fine emerald spot is worth the price.



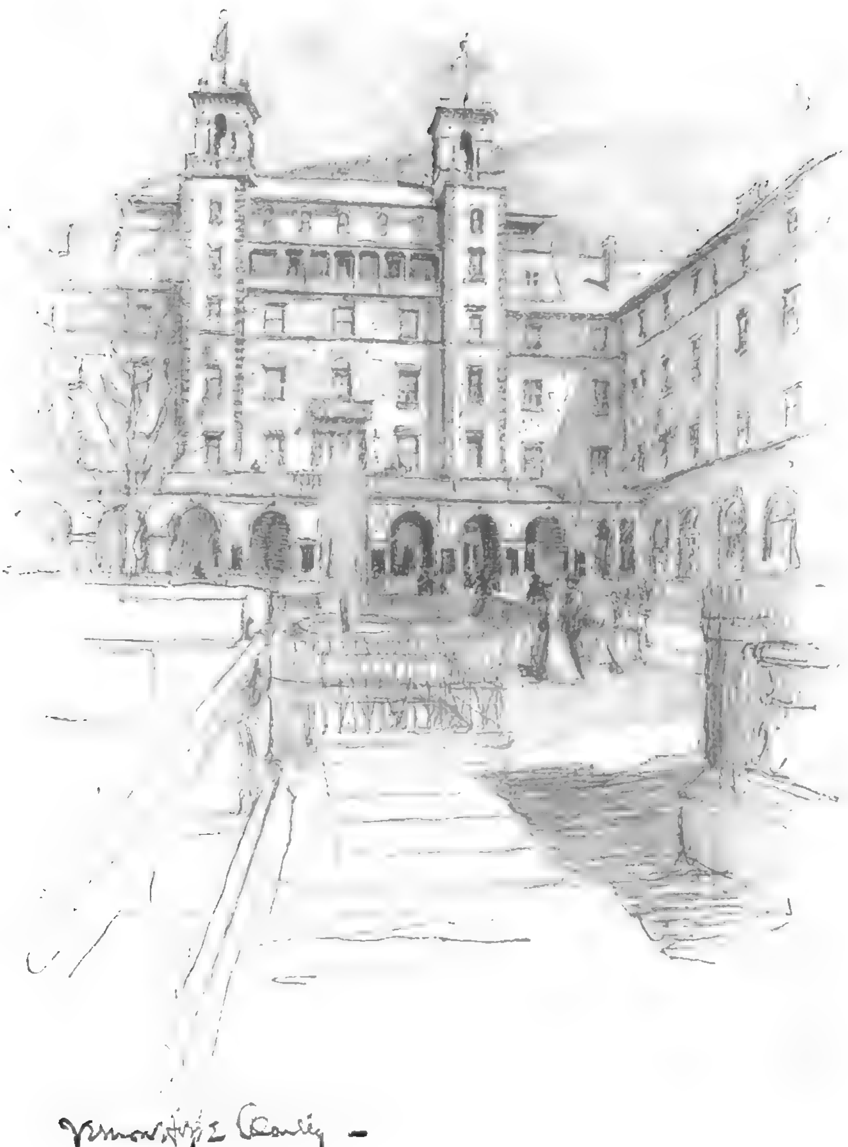
COLORADO SPRINGS.

This famous resort, one of the most widely known in the country, lies almost at the foot of Pike's Peak, about 6,000 feet above sea-level. It is claimed that there is more sunshine to the square inch in this region than in any other place on earth, Government statistics showing that, on an average, 304 days of the year are cloudless. The picture shows the main street of the town, with Pike's Peak in the background, and the Antlers Hotel at the end of the street. To the left is the Mining Stock Exchange Building, erected by W. S. Stratton, who was once owner of the famous Independence mine.



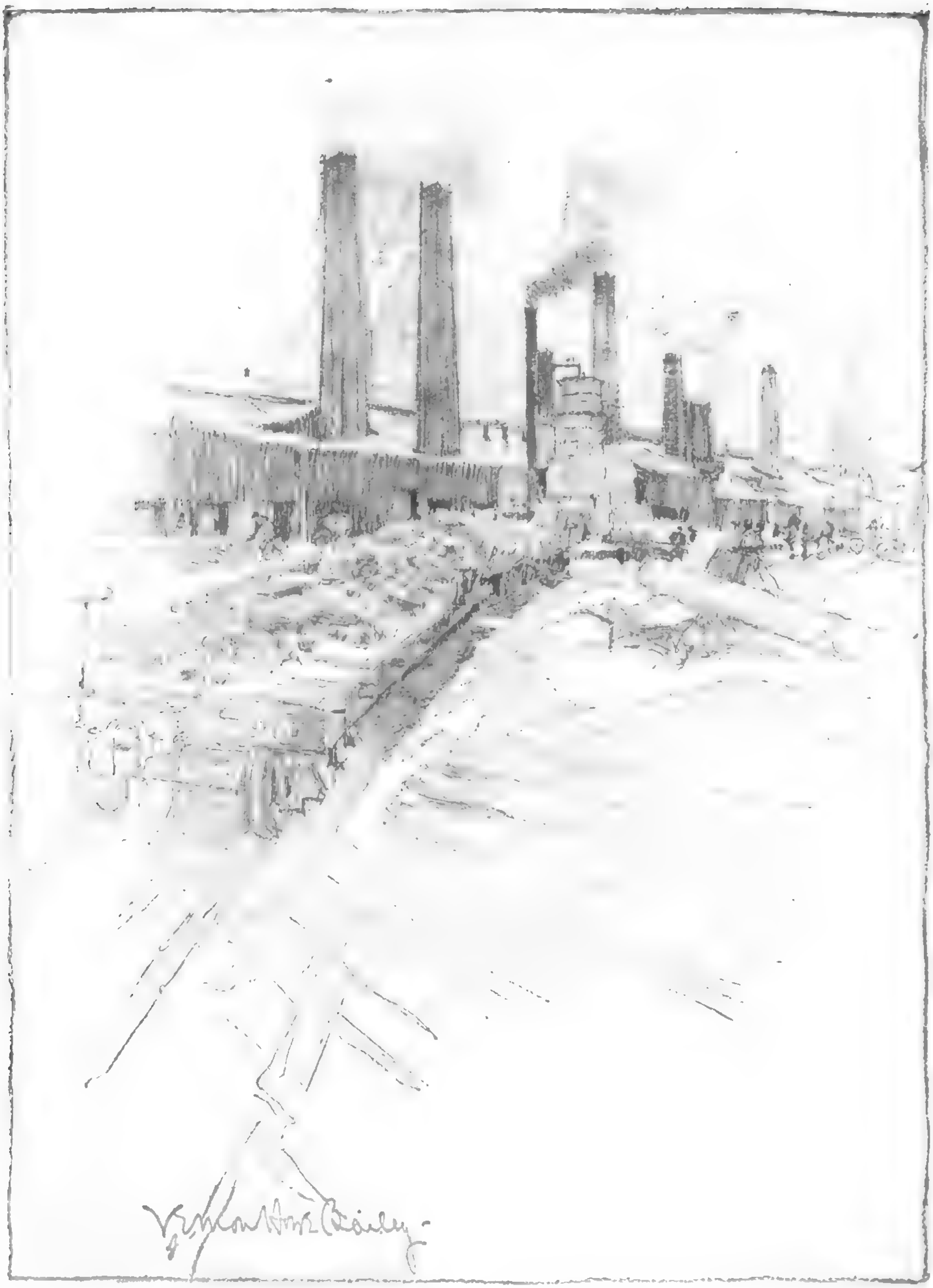
THE ANTLERS HOTEL.

The picture shows the rear view of the new Antlers Hotel at Colorado Springs, one of the finest hostelries in the West. From the terrace one obtains a magnificent view of miles upon miles of scenery unsurpassed by even the Alpine country of Switzerland. So wonderful and so deceptive is the clearness of the Colorado atmosphere that many mountains which seem within easy reach are fifteen or twenty miles distant, while in clear weather, from points of vantage, some of the prominent peaks are visible seventy miles away.



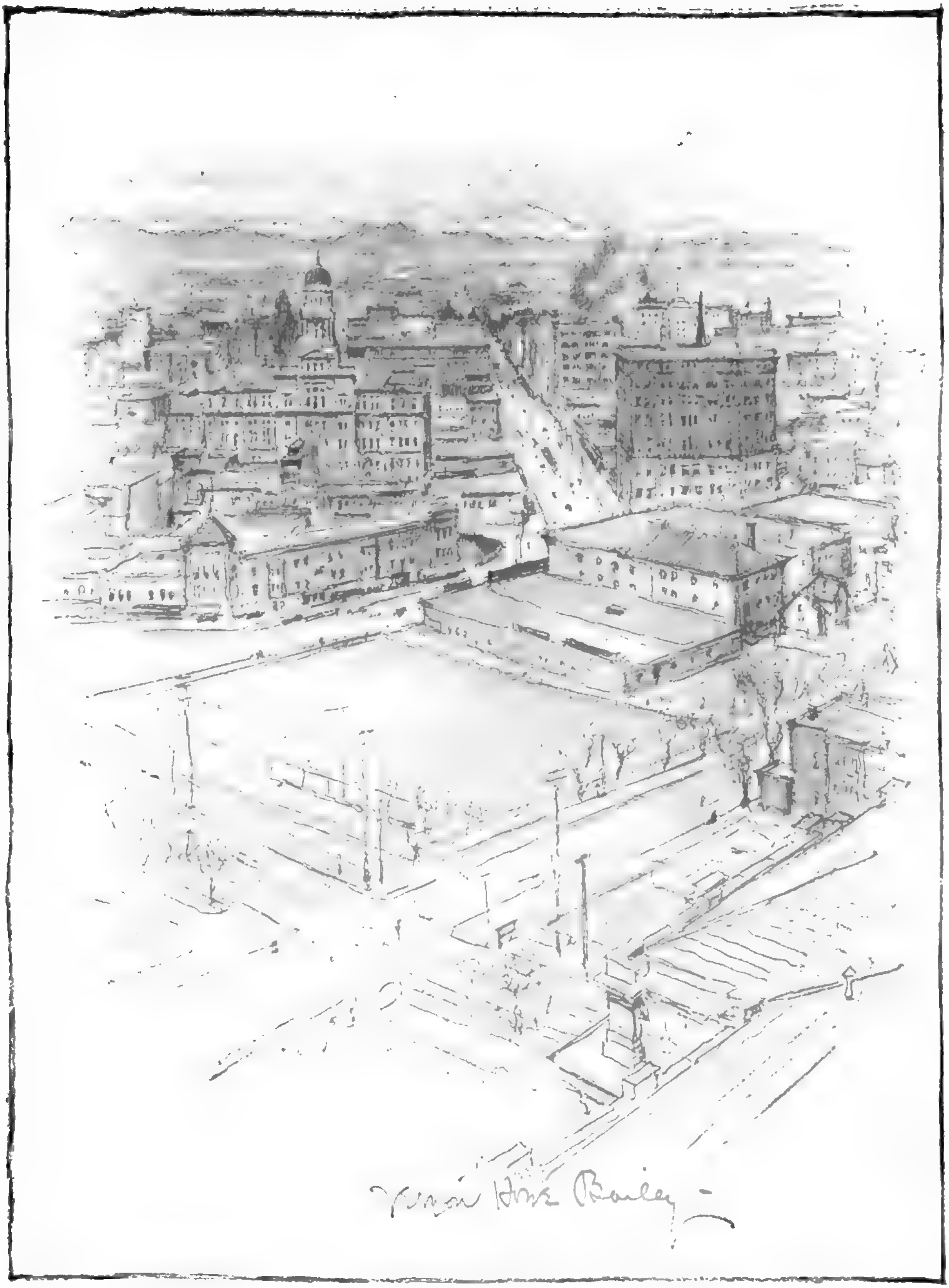
GLENWOOD SPRINGS.

Glenwood Springs is the favorite summer resort of Coloradoans. The Hotel Colorado, which is shown here, is built on the side of a mountain close to a group of warm sulphur springs. It is about forty miles down the western slope of the Divide, and faces the Aspen Valley. There are polo grounds, tennis courts, etc., but the chief feature is the great swimming-pool, six hundred feet long, fed by the warm springs, in which people can bathe even in midwinter, with snowflakes falling about them. Another feature of the place is the Vapor Caves, charged with steam from the boiling up of the springs within them, and with a temperature of 112° F. The original Old Cave was widely known among the Indians.



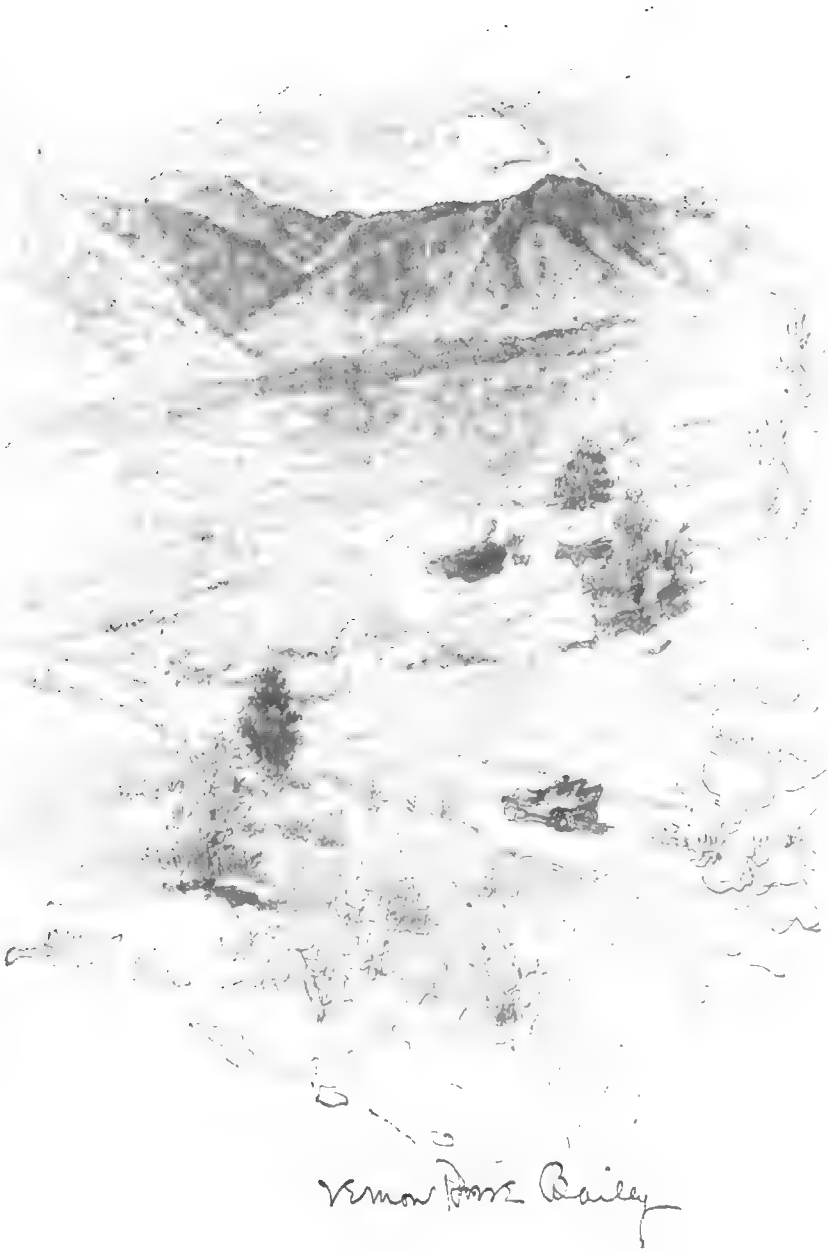
SMELTING FURNACE.

To Denver's markets come the products of a mountain district rich in every kind of ore; of wide, fertile plains producing splendid crops of grain and vegetables; of ranges feeding thousands of cattle, and of warm valleys maturing splendid fruits. In the production of precious metals, Colorado leads all other states and territories in the Union. For one year (1906) the value of her gold, silver, copper, zinc, and lead was $43,848,075. Because rich coal measures lie close at her hand, Denver is a great smelting center. The smelting plant shown here is the Argo, the oldest in the state and formerly owned by Senator N. P. Hill.



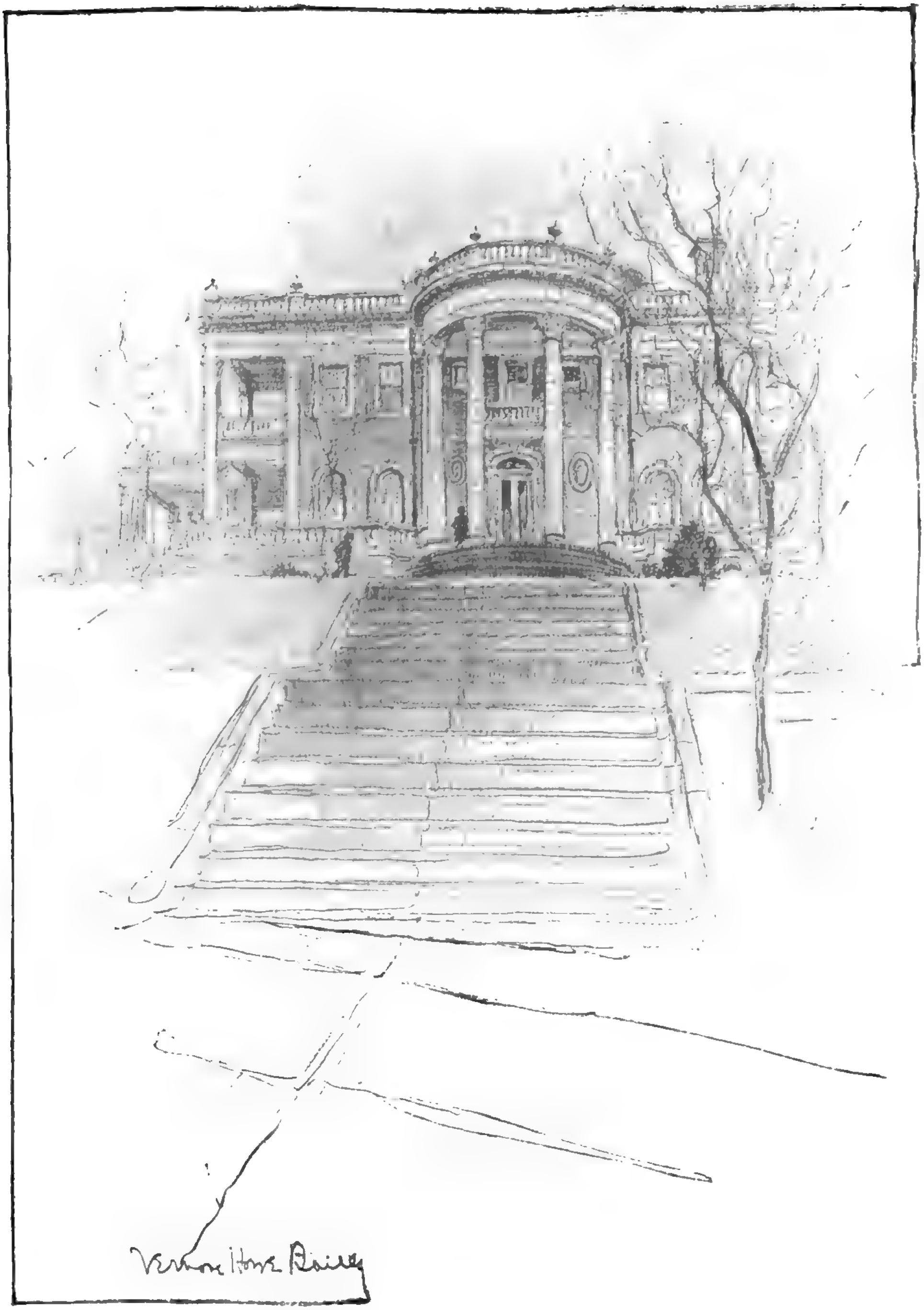
THE HEART OF DENVER.

Denver, "Queen City of the Plains," bears few traces of her frontier days. Broad asphalted streets, artistic residences, splendid tall business blocks combine with an indescribable atmosphere of cleanliness to give her a definite character and charm of her own. She is steadily prosperous; her business streets are filled with crowds that move more eagerly and faster than those of New York, and with happier faces. This picture shows the outlook from the dome of the Capitol, down Sixteenth Street, over the business district. To the right is the McMurtrie Block; further back, on the left, is the tower of the Court House. The Rockies, serene and cool, cut the sky-line in the background.



PIKE'S PEAK.

Pike's Peak seems to pervade the whole eastern Colorado landscape. Its white brow looms up from behind the shoulder of every foothill. From the plains that lead up to the famous collection of stone freaks, called the Garden of the Gods, there is an especially fine view of the mountain. The Peak is easily reached now by the cog railway, which starts from Manitou Springs, and the burro trail is easy and not dangerous. Several new lines of railroad leading to the Cripple Creek district cut the sides of the Peak at dizzy heights.



A PRIVATE RESIDENCE ON CAPITOL HILL.

The choice residential quarter of the city lies on the gentle slope back of the Capitol, along Colfax Avenue. On this broad street and the intersecting avenues are located, usually amid fine shade-trees and lawns, the substantial residences of the mining, land, and cattle kings. Denver is preeminently a city of homes, many extremely modest in size, but all pretty, well-kept, and marked by the bright cleanliness characteristic of the whole atmosphere about them. It is the least crowded, the least squalid, and the cleanest city on our continent.

The Way to Mrs. Morpont's

By HARRISON RHODES

Author of "Charles Edward," "The Flight to Eden," etc.

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

"WHEATOATLETTE" is manufactured, as most people know, in an Ohio city. It competes, not unsatisfactorily, with the great army of other American breakfast foods, and it has placed the Fairchild family in a position, both financially and socially, which is all that the most vaulting local ambition could desire. It brought Johnny Fairchild on to the Eastern office. He was glad to come. In New York was, as he well knew, the important money of our great country. There, too, was Broadway for the evenings. He talked freely to his father about the money and the business opportunity, and to his younger friends about the horse-show, the theatres, and Martin's restaurant. And on his arrival Johnny looked upon the town contentedly and found it good.

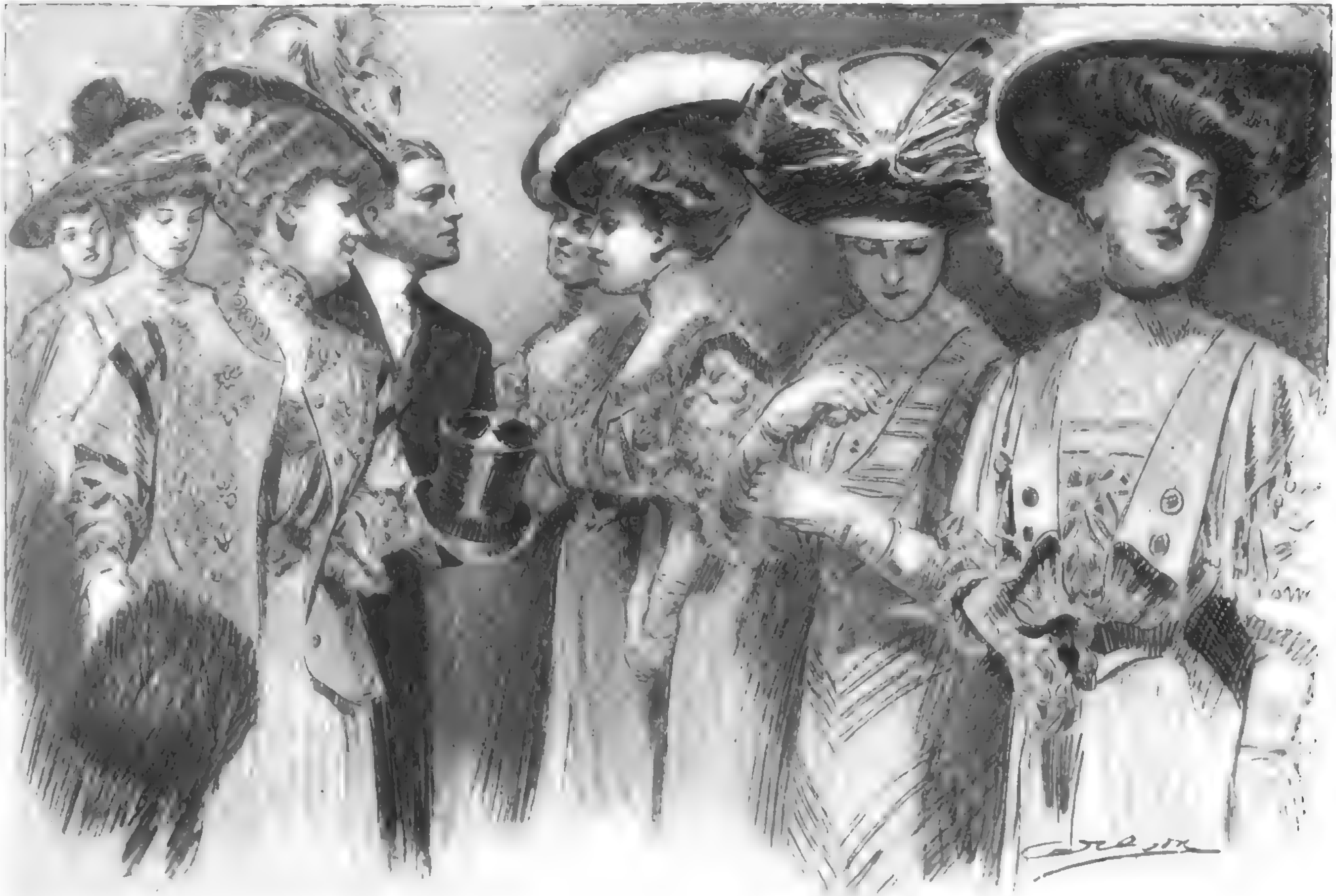
It would not have been surprising if, left to himself, he had continued to be satisfied with the simple pleasures and the comparative obscurity of the Western rich, and had never been roused to a proper realization of the fact that though Mrs. William Fairchild led fashion in Akron, her son John was not even the shadow of a name to the high-life of New York. The town is full of such young men. They are nice-looking and well-mannered. They wear their clothes with an air of smartness. They have the shiniest top hats, in which they go nightly to the play, and they possess, many of them, evening waistcoats that are the latest cry of fashion in the most expensive shop windows in Fifth Avenue. They consort with one another, and they often make pleasant acquaintances in the West Seventies and Eighties. But so out of touch are they with the people in the society columns of the Sunday supplements that they are not even embittered in their seclusion.

The best that can be done for Mrs. Fairchild is to let her shine somewhat in the glory reflected from her children. Yet it is only justice to her to say that her rather commonplace and uninspiring ambitions in a way started Johnny. But for his mother the boy might have blushed unseen along the Great White Way, and talents that his later career has permitted us to admire might have withered upon their stalk.

About the time that he came East, there were uneasy stirrings in the "Breakfast Food World." "Wheatoatlette" cast a hungry eye upon "Cornino," and "Crispanuts," and Mr William Fairchild prepared in his small way to become a trust. Now, when Western magnates dream of consolidations, their wives' eyes grow softer with thoughts of the metropolis. In December, a month or two after Johnny's arrival, Mrs. Fairchild came on to spend two weeks with her son. The very first day they lunched at Sherry's and passed the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. At these places Mrs. Fairchild, who had an excellent memory for faces, and who had read New York newspapers and illustrated magazines to some effect, was able to point out a great many fashionable people.

Among them was Mrs. Morpont, hung above their heads as the loveliest gem in that splendid, inaccessible circlet of boxes. Johnny viewed her with complete approval, as indeed must any of his sex have done. The reader, if he is worth writing for, knows perfectly who Mrs. Morpont is; knows also what little chance most of us have of ever knowing her; knows, moreover, that she is in herself a beautiful and a satisfactory excuse and explanation for any social ambitions that Johnny Fairchild or any one else may have. He will be able to appreciate Mrs. Fairchild's final talk with her son on the eve of her departure for Akron.

She confided to him her most secret hopes: that the family might ultimately settle in New York, that his mother might come to know people, and that his sister Cornelia, when the moment arrived for her début,



"WELL, IF YOU FIND YOU CAN SWIM BACK AGAINST THE CURRENT—" BEGAN MRS. MORPONT.

might emerge from her seclusion hand in hand with all the young Vanderbilts and Astors.

To Johnny, who had a sense of humor, and who was never in his career the least bit of a snob, this seemed just funny. He laughed; but as he was fond of his mother he did not laugh too much.

"But I can't get your father to come yet, Johnny, and I can't come without him," Mrs. Fairchild went on. "Now you're here, and can make friends. You know how much easier it is for a young man alone to get acquainted."

Johnny laughed again a little, and said he knew no one to make a beginning with.

"No one!" exclaimed his mother. "You know Mrs. Morpont!"

To the startled reader some explanation of this speech must be quickly offered. Three days before, there had been in West Thirty-seventh Street an opening of the Crèche for Blind Children. It was not essentially a social function, but the ladies of the Board of Managers were to "receive," and some friend of Mrs. Fairchild's had sent her an invitation. She had dragged Johnny at her heels, with his ears laid back, as the expression is. When they arrived, he saw a horrid crowd of women, and three aged men with beards. The smiling and weary line of lady managers stood ready. For a moment even Mrs. Fairchild must have felt the tediousness of the occasion. But only for a moment. Her friend had not deceived her. In the center stood Mrs. Morpont. She may have been as bored as a fish is out of water, but she was there; and her eyes brightened suddenly as our hero came into view. This is perhaps as good a place as another to state, for the benefit of those who do not already know it, that Mrs. Morpont, though some people *do* call her eccentric, is one of the liveliest and most agreeable, as well as one of the most fashionable, women in the world.

"A young man!" she exclaimed in perfectly audible tones, and smiled in a wholly unembarrassed way as he approached.

"My son," explained Mrs. Fairchild, in real agitation. "He has come to New York to live."

"I'm sure I'm glad," said the lady, still smiling.

Johnny flushed a nice pink.

"I'm even glad I came here," he ventured.

The speech was well received, but behind him a throng of the charitable was gathering. He glanced over his shoulder.

"I guess I'm caught in the rapids," he said.

"Well, if you find you can swim back against the current—" began Mrs. Morpont; then her attention was called to the next arriving lady.

Later, Johnny "swam back," but the close air had given Mrs. Morpont a headache and she had gone.

"Yes, Johnny, you know her," Mrs. Fairchild repeated. "I certainly think that you might go to call. That will be the beginning, and if you take any pains, you'll soon know everybody."

This had been his mother's final word.

The next Sunday, beautifully dressed, but perhaps a trifle embarrassed, he had gone to the big house in Fifth Avenue by the park. It was true that he had been passing there, in any case. It was true that the lady who lived there had appeared to him, on his two inspections, exceptionally attractive. But it was true also—and this one must understand to appreciate Johnny and his career—that it was the fantastic and ridiculous in this act that tempted him to it. Just "getting into society" would have seemed a dull, laborious, and rather unworthy job. But the moment that it appeared a joke, or a whimsical adventure, he was ready for it. However, more of this later; for the moment, Mrs. Morpont was not at home. He left a card. Then nothing happened, and this gateway seemed closed forever. Indeed, closed forever it would have remained, had not Johnny, as most people know now, been a genius.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that his genius was for the truth. Yet perhaps it is not too difficult to understand and to pardon the first deviation. Johnny sat with a twinkling eye writing home, and thought that nothing could make his mother in far-off Akron happier than to receive details of his social progress. The first step was so easy!

"Called again at Mrs. Morpont's, yesterday," he wrote. "She seems a nice woman."

This brought an affectionate and enthusiastic response, and even a generous check. Mrs. Fairchild remembered Johnny's saying that he needed a fur coat. "Going out in thin evening dress constantly as he will be, my boy must be warmly wrapped up," she wrote. The second step was taken as lightly as the first, and then, almost before he realized it, he had embarked on a lovely sea of lies.

It was so easy, and it was only necessary to read the morning papers to do it. "With the Reggie Giffords at the opera last night." Or, "To-night I shall look in at Mrs. Halling's. She has a dance on." Or, "Saw Mrs. Morpont at Mrs. Jack Walter's for a moment, yesterday." Imagination stirred in our hero, as he mapped out for himself a fashionable and amusing life. Sometimes he almost believed in it himself. You had only to see some one and take a fancy to her, to be in the twinkling of an eye at her side, whispering fond and caressing words. Mrs. Morpont, for example, on Monday nights, still hung, the loveliest gem in that inaccessible crown of opera boxes, and looked upon Johnny in the stalls with no apparent remembrance of that meeting at the Crèche reception. Yet in his letters home he was often with her, and though Ned Morpont was very much alive, there can have been no harm in Johnny's little flirtation with his wife, for the young man's mother herself seemed to take only pleasure in it. Everything conspired to lead the boy on to the crisis where danger threatened and his genius waked.

There was what he perhaps ought to have recognized as a preliminary rumble of thunder when Mrs. Fairchild proposed coming on for a visit in the spring. So full of bright hopes was she that she was almost ready to migrate with the whole family to the metropolis and push the unhappy Cornelia's début ahead two years. Johnny was forced to feign a slight illness and to return to the more bracing air of Akron for a brief visit. At home he embroidered still more the tissue of his prevarications, though he sternly reminded his mother how she herself had told him how much easier it was for a young man alone to get acquainted, and convinced her that her own opportunity was not yet ripe. The day of final reckoning being thus postponed till the following winter, Johnny, who was, as has been hinted, of a volatile and optimistic nature, returned to New York care-free, and was soon again, if his letters were to be trusted, at Mrs. Morpont's side.

A week or so later, quite casually, his mother wrote that in a way it seemed a pity (though of course she had herself always hated publicity) that, since Johnny went to all these smart parties, his name never got into the papers as "among those present." The *Topical Tattler*, for instance, printed very full lists; it was queer in a way, etc., etc.

At the time, Johnny felt nothing sinister in the suggestion. A fortnight later, the desire to see her son's name in print had become a kind of mania with Mrs. Fairchild.

It is probable that Satan had found some work for Mrs. James Calkins's idle hands to do. Akron readers will not need to be reminded that the two ladies have never been friends since the chapter of Colonial Dames was organized, when Mrs. Calkins said, more or less publicly, that Mrs. Fairchild's only colonial ancestor appeared to be a hostler at the inn at Weathersfield, who had given Washington's horse "a hot mash" when the great man was on his way to Boston; whereas the Calkinses, as any one who knew Virginia families at all must realize, were, etc., etc. Mrs. Calkins is quite viperish enough to have suggested that our hero was not really in New York society so much as he pretended to be.

His mother's letters grew almost pathetic on the advisability of some little newspaper notice. It was "due his position," she said, and he "must not shrink from it." He thought almost for the first time to what lengths maternal pride must have led his mother in conversation in Akron, and realized what bitter humiliation for her the discovery of the truth might be. Before this the whole thing had been for him only a joke—exposure would, for him individually, have been only another and a better one. Now, in common decency to his mother and to himself, he saw he must be not only in the newspapers, but in society, too, and that with no delay. It is in such fiery crises that men's souls are tested! Our agreeable and light-hearted hero formed a plan.

II

It is with regret that we have already presented a hero deviating from the truth. We must now picture him behaving, against all his natural instincts (and ours), harshly to a woman.

Miss Estelle Tompkins, the society and chit-chat editor of the *Daily New Yorker*, sat in her office one afternoon about this time, somewhat frayed and worn by the cares of her exalted calling, irritable, one might almost have said, when the office-boy brought a card to her announcing Mr. John Fairchild. Miss Tompkins, being from the East (Tompkins is one of those old Long Island names), could not be expected to know about Johnny, Akron, nor Wheatoatlette; still, she had him fetched up.

He entered, dressed more carefully, almost more richly, than are princes of the blood, and with an air of languid ostentation that was quite different from his ordinary unaffected liveliness. He looked at Miss Estelle Tompkins with a vague air.

"Oh, I say," he began, "I hoped I should find the society editor was a man."

"Very few men could hold the job down," retorted Miss Tompkins. "I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"Oh, you're all right——"

"Thanks," she snapped.

"Only," Johnny continued, "when I've come to make a sort of row, to complain about this rotten paper, I'd naturally just a little rather that——"

"I guess I can take any complaints that are coming. Are they in my department?"

"Yes."

"Well——?"

"Well, I don't see any reason why my name has got to be put into all these society notices."

"I didn't know—" began Miss Tompkins, but Johnny paid no attention to her.

"Why can't I go to dine at Jack Walters's, or to the opera with Mrs. Reggie Gifford, or to a dance at the Hallings', without its being supposed to be a fact of public interest?"

"I should say—" Miss Tompkins got no farther.

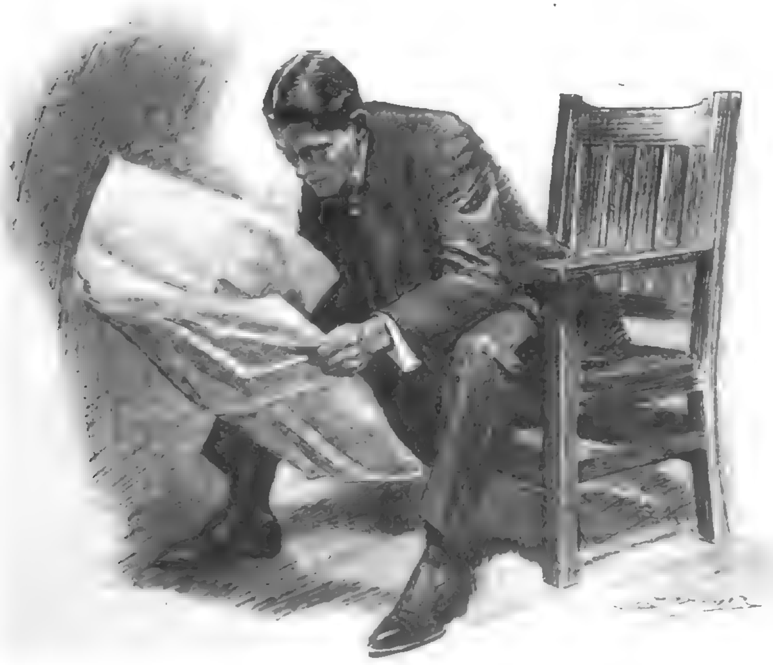
"Just because my father is prominent out West and is supposed to have become pretty rich over this new consolidation, doesn't seem to me any reason why I can't go to Mrs. Morpont's to-night without having all sorts of things about Westerners in New York society put into the papers. Perhaps you think it odd that any one should protest, but really the whole thing is so distasteful to me that I feel I must take a stand."

Miss Tompkins's face was set.

"Will you allow me just one word?" she asked, with sinister coldness. Johnny had paused for breath. "So far as I know, your name has never appeared once in the society column of the *New Yorker.*"

Astonishment, then radiant joy, seemed to sweep over our young man's countenance.

"Really?" he cried, and rushing forward, seized the astonished Miss Tompkins by both hands. "Thanks. You see I've quite given up reading the rotten stuff myself, but my mother is always writing me to complain about my name being in the papers, and



IT WAS ONLY NECESSARY TO READ THE MORNING PAPERS TO DO IT.

I supposed that if my movements were in this strange way considered news, the *New Yorker* would have had an account of them as soon as anybody."

"I don't even know who your father is." Miss Tompkins spoke with unnatural calm.

Johnny very gently explained to her, though with becoming modesty, how important his father had become through the consolidation of "Wheatoatlette" with "Cornino" and "Crispanuts."

There succeeded a pause, which might have been thought ominous. Then the silence was broken by Johnny, who spoke in a voice almost tenderly sympathetic.

"I'm sorry for you, Miss Tompkins—I hope you won't be offended by my saying so. I see that you are above your job. You'll pardon me—but, in the beginning, you are so obviously incompetent. Of course, I'm personally glad that you are so, that you didn't know about my father or about my having friends in New York. But frankly, as man to man, you know, if you were worth your salt you would have known it, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I know it now," replied Miss Tompkins grimly.

"And I understand how distasteful to you such a vulgar occupation as that of society editor must be."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do. I know how you must hate forcing people into publicity. Well, to take the case in hand, you know that I'm going to Mrs. Morpont's to-night and you know I don't want my name in your society column to-morrow. Naturally, all your instincts are against putting it there. Yet I suppose it's considered news and it's your professional duty to do so."

"You seem to have a grain of sense at last! But I guess you've never had much to do with the newspaper business. Now listen to me. I'm as much of a lady as anybody and———"

"I said so, Miss Tompkins. I said so," interrupted her visitor.

"But this talk about a good, husky, young fellow like you hating publicity just makes me sick. Does it occur to you that if Mrs. Morpont can stand it to have her name in the paper as giving the ball, you could stand it to have yours in as going to it?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I see that," conceded Johnny. "But of what interest to the public is it, anyhow? Why is it news?" He put the question with great mildness, turning upon the lady pleasant, innocent-looking eyes.

Miss Tompkins gave him a look in which one might have seen astonishment beginning to drive away anger.

"You *are* a wonder!" she began. "How you've ever got on so in this great big city without knowing anything about it, I don't see. Don't you know that the list for this ball to-night at Mrs. Morpont's is supposed to fix who's in society and who isn't?"

"Why, I think I've heard people say something about it," faltered Johnny.

"You ought to be tickled to death to be going."

"Oh, I'm pleased, of course, I'm awfully pleased."

"It isn't every day that young men from Akron, Ohio——"

"Oh, I know, I know."

"Most people who didn't get mentioned among those present would come in and complain, instead of doing what you're doing."

"Really?" in surprised tones.

"Yes, really. Why, Mr. Fairchild, there are people who would pay me to keep running their names in my column."

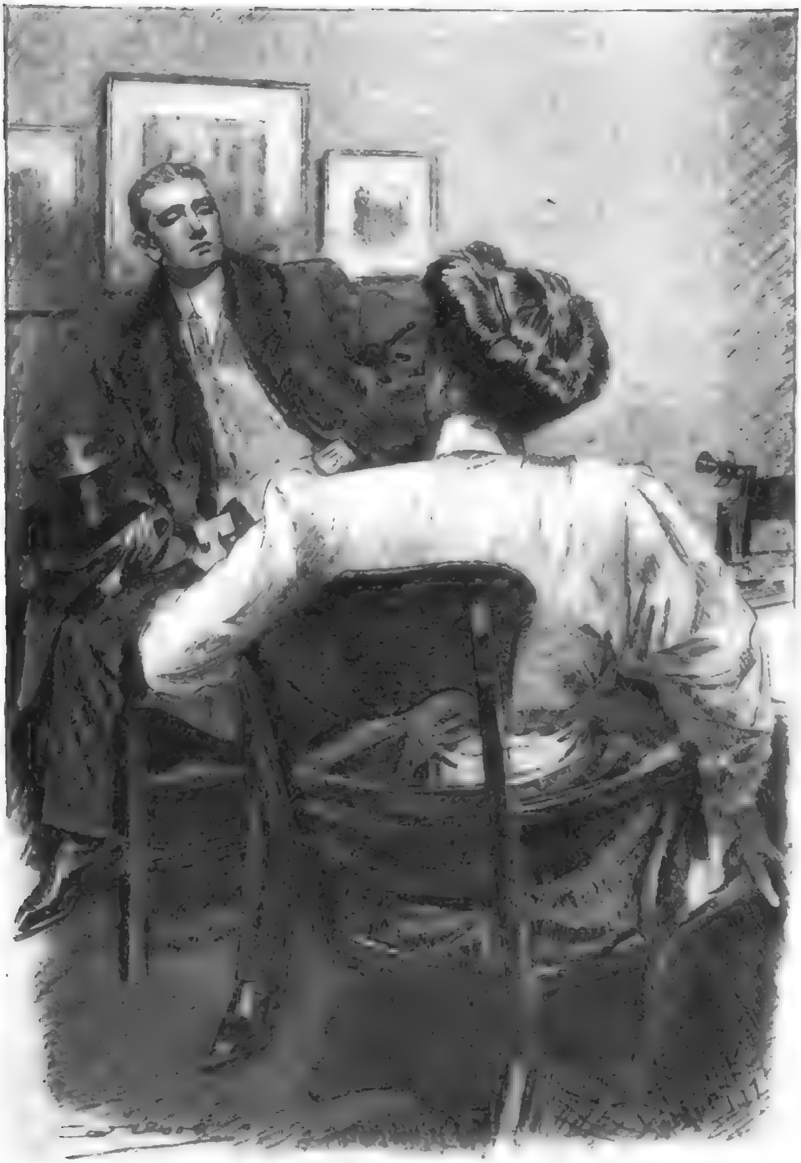
"They would?" Johnny's astonishment grew, and the innocent-looking eyes opened wider.

"But I'm not a grafter."

"I should think not," cried our young man enthusiastically. "I should think anybody was a great fool who tried to play any tricks on you."

"Well, I guess," assented Miss Tompkins. The atmosphere had grown warmer and more genial, and the pause that followed Miss Tompkins's speech was not awkward. Johnny broke it, emerging from an engaging, shy boyishness.

"Do you know, Miss Tompkins, I've an enormous admiration for women who earn their own living, as you do. I'm sorry"—he hesitated, with a trace of embarrassment—"I'm rather ashamed of having come in to make a row the way I did. I apologize. I think I see things more plainly now. Of course it's your business to get up that social column, whether you like it or not. And after all, as you say, I suppose there's no such awful harm in being in the papers. Look here, Miss Tompkins," he went on, in a kind of burst of generosity, "I don't mind; if it's any good to you, you can put me in. You can talk about Wheatoatlette and the old man, and how I'll be the only breakfast-food boy at Mrs. Morpont's to-night. Run my photograph if you want to, though of course,"



"SO FAR AS I KNOW, YOUR NAME HAS NEVER APPEARED ONCE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN OF THE *NEW YORKER*."

he added modestly, "that would be carrying it too far."

Miss Tompkins made a note on a pad of paper at her side.

"Send me the photograph, will you?" she asked in a businesslike way. "I've got a half page on 'Eligible Bachelors' in the Sunday paper. I can run you, I think."

"'Eligible Bachelors'!" exclaimed Johnny. "Great Scott, Miss Tompkins, I don't quite know—I didn't mean to let myself in for all that." Then he smiled; and, as has been hinted, Johnny's smile is very pleasant. "Well, here goes. Only, Miss Tompkins, not one other paper in this town shall ever have my picture."

"All the better for the *New Yorker*."

"All right. I'll fire it down to you. But," and here he started laughing, "this certainly makes me look pretty foolish. And it will stir up a warm time for me out in Akron when my mother sees the *New Yorker*. When I think what I came in for and——"

"Well, you can't always expect in this world to get what you start out to get," commented Miss Tompkins philosophically.

"No," said Johnny reflectively, as he turned to go; and the air of innocence was again very noticeable. "I never get what I start out to get."

As to this, one may leave the reader to judge.

To complete the anecdote of Johnny, it remains to copy down a letter that he sent the morning after Mrs. Morpont's ball:

"DEAR MRS. MORPONT: After having passed quite a dull evening by myself last night, I find to my astonishment, on reading the account of your ball in the morning's *New Yorker*, that I was there! I'm very puzzled, and what I'm writing for now is to ask you whether by any chance an invitation was sent to me that I have had the horrible bad luck to miss somehow. If that happened, my name would be on your list, if you gave it to the newspapers, and the thing would be made clear. I did call on you, and so you had my address and the thing is possible, though it seems to me too good to be true.

"For really, I thought you had utterly forgotten me, although you told me to 'swim back against the current,' if I could, that awful afternoon of the reception for the opening of the Crèche. I didn't imagine that you could remember.

"In any case, I want to apologize for whatever strange cause got my name in the *New Yorker* if I wasn't asked. If I was asked, of course I'm in despair at having missed it. At any rate, I am

"Yours most sincerely,
"JOHN FAIRCHILD."

In reply this came:

"DEAR MR. FAIRCHILD: It is all very mysterious, but at any rate I do remember you perfectly now. The current isn't so very strong in Fifth Avenue late, about six. Why not swim in to tea some day, say Tuesday next, perhaps?

"Yours sincerely,
"EVA MORPONT."

This is how Johnny opened the way. It is the beginning of history.

The Hidden Threshold

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WITHIN the shadowed Under Land
Two figures met, and for a space
Each held the other by the hand—
Each looked into the other's face.

Then he who last had entered, brake
His clasp and stood in sudden fear,
And, as he made The Sign, he spake:
"You are my friend who died last year!"

"Yea, truly, I am he who died;
Why do you quail?" the other said:
"I do not know," the first replied,
"But I have always feared the dead.

"I feared their hands were cold and thin,
Their ghosts like pallid flame would shine;
But now I see I erred therein—
Your body seems alike to mine."

The other heard him to the end;
Then, very pitiful, he said:
"Nay—fear the dead no more, dear friend;
Did you not know you, too, are dead?"

A Burglar in the Making

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good," "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This terrible story of life in a Georgia convicts' camp was related to Mr. Russell by a one-time criminal, now a man reformed and regenerated. For apparent reasons, the man's identity must be carefully guarded here; but all the essentials of the narrative are exactly as recited. Many of them Mr. Russell has been able to verify from his own observations; the others can be accepted upon faith. They reveal clearly the shameful system by which the State of Georgia surrenders for profits the solemn duty of correcting her wrong-doers, and thereby insures day after day the perpetuation of evils that result in the murder of souls and the making of hardened and desperate criminals. There is a broader application of the momentous lesson of these facts than to the State of Georgia. In a way that you have never suspected, but is here made plain, the convicts' camp in Georgia is but a symbol or type of conditions existing in every part of the United States.

HE had stolen the $300, there was no doubt about that, and now he sat in the Atlanta court room and listened while his lawyer pleaded in his behalf, urging his youth and inexperience and previous good record, since there was so little else to urge, and trying to break or mitigate in some way the force of the cold, pitiless, indubitable testimony that had bound chains upon him while he sat there.

Young he was, true enough; his look still ingenuous, his face fair and fresh and boyish. You could well understand that, as the lawyer said, droning on interminably and hopelessly, his antecedents and training had been good; he was no familiar and hardened criminal. But he had stolen the $300; and in a place of trust. His employer's cash-drawer had been in his charge, he had become fascinated with that devil's own game that is called playing the races; he had stolen again and again: with open eyes he had broken the law, now upon his head were to fall the consequences.

At last the droning lawyers ceased to drone; the judge charged briefly and in curt, keen sentences, each a slash at the young man's frail hopes; the jury retired. The young man sat there very pale, his dry lips apart, his pulses beating visibly in his neck, his fingers fumbling incessantly on his hat brim. He had not long to wait—the jurors' retirement was merely for form's sake; they gave the expected verdict, and the young man stood there, shivering, to take his sentence. Four years.

With obvious hopelessness the lawyer made the usual dilatory motions. It appeared that the young man was without friends or funds, his parents were dead, the court had been obliged to appoint counsel for his defense, there was for him no stay, no appeal, no arrest of judgment. The sheriff's officer put his hand upon the young man's shoulder and led him gently away. He walked like one in a dream.

That afternoon they started for the farm near Milledgeville that the State of Georgia provides for the reception of its convicted lawbreakers, for it has no penitentiary nor prison. The next day, shaved and shorn and clothed in the stripes that are the badge of the convicted wrong-doer, he found himself standing in a long line of other men similarly clad, black men and white men, placed on exhibition, while an agent for the contractors passed along and appraised their muscles and estimated their worth.

He was making selections, this man, for the forces to be drafted to a convicts' camp, where the contractor should have his will of them. For the State of Georgia, having no penitentiary nor prison nor other means of caring for its offenders, practises upon them a very strange device. It sells them for the terms of their sentences into the hands of private and irresponsible persons, and it was for these persons that the man was now going up and down the line, selecting the likeliest and choicest. Fifty years before, on another spot near at hand, another man had gone similarly up and down another line, making similar selections for service. But the service of fifty years ago had been called slavery, and the service of this day was called contract labor, and with this difference of names a great and splendid state had managed in some way to salve its conscience.

A BURGLAR EAGER TO REFORM—

But the man did not choose George, the new-made thief from Atlanta; not George, who was thin and weak and waxen; not George, whom the doctor had certified to have a valvular disease of the heart: therefore he went back to the plain, rough sleeping quarters and the plain, simple duties of the farm. He had food, poor in quality and scanty in quantity, but he lived; and not being hardened nor sullen, he reflected at times upon the huge folly that had brought him to this situation and the inevitable fact that he had wrought his misfortune upon himself. He reflected upon these things and had no disposition to complain of his lot; but he did wish, with a yearning that was at first a wholly novel sensation and gradually grew toward a passion, that in some way he could obliterate the past and forget it.

In the jail back in Atlanta some kind of missionary or chaplain or Salvation Army worker, he knew not what, had talked with him and told him that, with his youth and his capabilities, he had every chance to reform his life and redeem his errors and recover the world's respect. At the time he had pushed aside the suggestion, because in his misery and chill terror it had been but as a senseless drumming in his ears; but now he recalled it, and it began to form some vague sense of hope or promise in his heart. Perhaps he could start over again. The man in the next cell at Atlanta had told him that he would always be a criminal; that, once a man got down, the world was leagued to keep him down; that police and courts and law would hedge him in and compel him to add crime upon crime. He had cared little then, because somehow a vague idea of being an outcast and defying everybody rather appealed to him so long as the man talked, and seemed romantic, and like the brave spirits he had admired in books he had read and plays he had seen; but out here at the convict farm the thing looked very different. He saw day by day drift by him the battered old hulks of professional criminals, and the sight inevitably revolted him and shook the spirit of bravado. He did not want to end like these men, and after a while he made up his mind that when he got out he would try the missionary's advice. He had still a chance in the world. And then one day an older man, and one whose business was to say to him anything else framable in words rather than this, came to him, leering, and said:

"You're Big Bill's pal, ain't you? You're in the bank-sneak line, ain't you?"

George said:

"I never heard of Big Bill, and I'm not in any line."

"Aw, go on," said the man, "don't give me none of that. Think I ain't fly? I seen you pinched many's the time. Think you can fool anybody here? I guess not. You're smooth all right enough, but you needn't play them games here: we're on to you."

A few days later the same man came upon George sitting with his head in his hands, thinking.

"Framin' up a yeggman's job?" asked the man.

—IN THE POWER OF CROOK MAKERS

"I was thinking what I can do to keep straight when I get out of here," said George.

The man croaked with evil laughter. "Keep straight! You won't keep straight. Do you suppose anybody ever came in here and kept straight afterward? You're a crook now, if you never were before, and a crook you'll stay till the end of your days. There ain't power enough in all this country to make you anything else."

George could write, and very many of his fellow prisoners could not, for 39.10 per cent. of the convicts in Georgia are illiterate (the state apparently preferring chain-gangs to schools), so he fell into the way of writing letters home for the others. They told him what they wanted to say and he said it. He had no idea what became of these letters, and it never occurred to him that he was in any way responsible for the sentiments that he transcribed at dictation. One day he wrote for a prisoner a letter wherein some complaint was made about the food and other matters at the farm, not necessary to go into here. The next day a prison officer, holding in his hand this letter, stalked angrily up.

"You wrote that, didn't you?" he said, shoving the letter into the boy's face.

"Why, yes," said George. "I wrote it for this prisoner. What's the matter?"

"You wrote this about the food and these other things, didn't you?"

"Why, yes; but he dictated it: it wasn't my letter."

"You're a liar," said the officer. "You put him up to kick."

"I didn't, really I didn't," said the boy.

"You're a liar and a sneak," said the officer, "and now you'll get what's coming to you."

The next day the prisoners were lined up for the slave mart, and George was promptly chosen.

GEHENNA—A CONVICTS' CAMP

He was taken to a convicts' camp at a place that I shall call Gehenna. That is not its name on the map, but it will do well enough for our purposes. It was one of many convict camps; some better, some worse. The company that had bought of the State of Georgia this particular batch of slaves was engaged in making brick. Its camp was remote from the cities and ordinary ways of men; nobody knew what went on there, and nobody cared.

It was morning when George, with a fresh detail of purchased slaves, arrived at Gehenna. With the first glance at the camp, a chill struck to his heart; there was something most forbidding about the wild and desolate spot, made more hideous with the ragged, dirty structure and the black chimneys of the brick-yard. In one corner was a high stockade with guard pens about it and men with rifles on guard; within the stockade were wretched, dark, dilapidated, and most filthy huts in which other men were doomed to sleep and eat. About the factory yard were men at work, in the broad stripes of the convict, some preparing the clay, some wheeling the yellow, damp, new bricks to the furnaces to be baked. George noticed that all these men were very badly clad, and some went almost naked. Beyond the brick-kiln the land sloped into a swamp, a promising breeding-place for disease.

George and the others of the new gang were led to one of the filthy sheds, where they received a breakfast of one slice of boiled salt pork and one piece of greasy corn bread. There were no knives nor forks, and George took the pork into his fingers. He felt something move under his fingers. He looked sharply at the pork. He saw what it was that had moved. It was worms.

SLAVE WOMEN IN GEORGIA

Struggling hard with himself, he managed to swallow a little of the corn bread (after he had carefully examined it), and with the rest of the gang he was marshaled into the yard. His work was to wheel loads of those fresh, clayey, yellow brick from the place where they had been shaped to the place where they were to be baked. When he went the first time to the place where the bricks were shaped, he was amazed to see that the persons engaged in removing the bricks from the drying belt were women. He remembered then that the State of Georgia has no prison for convicted women, and that they are rented to slave brokers just as the men slaves are rented. The work that these women were doing seemed very laborious: with bended backs they must toil hour after hour, lifting the heavy bricks and piling them. A man with a rifle stood and watched the women. They regarded him with manifest terror. If for an instant he turned away, they were wont to stand up and straighten their backs and draw in long breaths of air.

From the place where bricks were shaped to the place where bricks were burned there wound through the yard a path about four hundred feet long. George was told that by this path he must take upon the wheelbarrow each time from fifty to seventy bricks and that he must deliver at the furnaces not fewer than 105 loads in the day, sixty loads from sunrise to noon and forty-five loads from the end of the noon hour to sunset. He was also told that his work would be checked up every few hours, and that if he were found to be falling behind he would with good reason be sorry. This is the substance of the information conveyed to him: I need not quote the words. Each of the unbaked bricks weighed between five and six pounds. That made usually a wheelbarrow load of more than three hundred pounds. George weighed 110 pounds and he had been certified by the prison doctor to have heart disease.

UNDER THE TASKMASTER'S LASH

He has not proceeded far with that first day's work when he has an opportunity to learn exactly what are the good reasons for regretting a failure to complete an apportioned task. There is a commotion in the yard, and two of the guards appear, leading forward a convict to a place where a great barrel lies on its side. A big, authoritative man comes forward and gives orders. The convict is stripped. Then he is bent over the barrel. Two negroes hold his arms and his head. Two others hold his legs. He begs and pleads and struggles. The negroes hold him fast. Another man stands by with an instrument. It is made of sole leather about three inches wide, three feet long, and three-eighths of an inch thick. It has a stout wooden handle. The man lifts the instrument high in the air. He brings it down, swish! upon the naked man on the barrel. The man on the barrel screams aloud with sudden agony. He does not shout nor exclaim, he screams a horrible shrill scream of unutterable pain.

The other man raises the instrument and brings it down, swish! again. Again the man on the barrel screams. A blow and a scream: a blow and a scream. Presently it is a blow and a sob: the man on the barrel is crying. Again a moment, and his blood trickles down his side; he is screaming, sobbing, crying now—and bleeding. The blows fall upon his bruised and bloody back; he wriggles and twists about; the negroes can hardly hold down his head and his legs; the other men stand and gaze; the guards hold their rifles; and from the bluest of skies the soft sun of Georgia looks upon the frightful scene, and the sweet spring air from the Southern woods blows over it.

But the man has done wrong: he has committed a fault.

Yes: from sunrise to noon he has wheeled fifty-seven loads of fresh brick; the regulations of this hell on earth require that in such a time he shall wheel sixty loads. So, having thus transgressed, power and law and justice as administered in the State of Georgia exact from him this penalty until he screams and cries and sobs—and bleeds.

He walks with difficulty, this offender against the majesty of the State of Georgia and its slave contracts. George notices his limping gait and thinks it arises from the punishment the offender has earned. But day after day George notices that the offender walks always with the same difficulty. Then George learns that the offender is a cripple; he has chronic rheumatism in his back. So that is why he offends concerning the three loads missing from his tally between sunrise and noon. He is lame, he is no longer young, about fifty-five, George thinks; he cannot with ease wheel three hundred-pound loads. So thereupon the State of Georgia by means of the slave contractors that it tolerates quickens his movements with three feet of sole leather, well laid on.

So grinds on the first day. For dinner they have each a piece of boiled salt pork, a piece of greasy corn bread. Although he is nearly famished, having worked all morning in the open air, George looks upon the food before him, and at the recollection of his breakfast his stomach revolts upon him and he turns sick and faint. But he gulps down the corn bread and, at last, turning the salt pork to the light and shredding it with his fingers, he manages for sheer hunger's sake to swallow a little of it. The rest is begged by the hungry man next to him. For supper he has boiled salt pork and a piece of corn bread. He learns then that the State of Georgia does not furnish these viands: they are provided at the sole charge and cost of the company to which his slave labor has been sold.

STATE-MADE CRIMINALS

A light begins to dawn upon him. He perceives that he is no concern of the State of Georgia and no concern of the company to which he has been sold. Between the two he is the lost and forgotten outcast and pariah. The state turns him over to the company and does not care; the company can get all the convicts it wants and does not care. Nobody cares. Why, then, should the convict care what war he makes upon the society that has thrust him into a pit and left him there?

The days that followed that first day were to George like days in a madman's dream. He must learn to face the salt pork and its animated contents; he must harden himself against the daily whippings, he must harden himself against the incessant brutality, vile smells, and abominable sights. While all else is being hardened in him, shall his soul escape? At night he crawls sore and weary into his horribly bestenched prison house, where whites and negroes, young and old, veteran criminal and novice, decent and vile, herd together indiscriminately. Every few days his stomach, which, however his mind may fare, will not become accustomed to the salt pork and greasy corn bread, rebels and rejects the poisonous stuff, and then he works on in the sun ready to drop of weakness and weariness.

THE PROCESS OF SOUL-KILLING

Once he falls in a faint at his task and his companions in misery carry him to his filthy bunk, and even the camp doctor admits that he can work no more that day. And so he lies there, and a million insects that inhabit his bed crawl over him and feed upon him, and for weakness he can hardly lift his hand to brush them from his face. So he lies there two days, three days, four days, five days, delirious part of the time, happily unconscious part of the time. The doctor comes and glances at him and goes his way; the slave contractor's agent looks in at the door and curses him. There is one person that seems to feel a spark of human interest in him. She comes in at noon and gives him a drink and lays her hand on his head and straightens the pillow and chases away the insects. She is one of the convict women that pile brick down there at the drying-place.

At last he comes back from the shadowland where he has strayed, and the insects drive him to his feet, and he puts on the broad stripes and staggers into the yard. And then his wheelbarrow is put into his hands again and he begins to wheel brick. But they do not exact of him that day nor for many days the 105 loads. Even in the brickyards of Gehenna there is a limit to brutality. Or maybe it would be ill if in such a way he should die on the slave contractor's hands. Long afterward he learns that in the near-by town some church society or Salvation Army or some one else had learned that there was a very sick convict and had sent him invalid's food and chickens to be made into broth. But he never received them. He knew why. And if the agents of society practised theft upon him, why should he not practise theft upon society?

Many were the horrible sights he witnessed and shuddered at in those days before the crushing of the system had atrophied in him the last nerve of conscious revolt and he had arrived at the state in which he did not care. Three times in one day he saw that same old man whipped, the man that had rheumatism in his back: three times, and for no fault but for failing to make the required number of loads. After the third whipping he was too sore to move and had to be helped to his cot. His rheumatism was very bad, but he lay on his filthy bunk with no covering but a cotton sheet, and between the chinks of the wretched wall of that hut the night wind blew sharply upon him. The rags wherewith he was clad scarcely covered him; his rheumatism grew worse; it was in his legs now as much as in his back. To see him struggling along the path with his barrow of heavy brick was a pitiable sight, but after a time George didn't notice it. He was sinking into a lethargy of indifference. He had learned to eat his salt pork now—sometimes. And when he could not, his companions would beg it of him.

The whippings went on. Nobody cared, except those that were whipped. George learned after a time that the men in charge were obliged by the rules to report to the State Prison Commissioners every case of punishment, with the cause thereof and the name of the person punished, but in fact not one case in twenty was ever so reported. He knew that because, writing a neat hand, he was employed to copy the reports and had monthly before him the evidence of the dereliction.

SERVING TWO MASTERS

The deputy warden that represented the state in charge of the camp was also in the pay of the company, which paid him three times as much as the state paid him and to which his obligation was in the same proportion. To the contracting company his use seemed to be to extract from the convicts the utmost labor at the least cost. To the state his duty was much vaguer. The contracting company was obliged by its contract to feed and clothe the slaves; the function of the state seemed to be that it kept the convicts from running away. Simply that and nothing more. Nowhere appeared the slightest suggestion that any of these unfortunates were men—men, made in the divine image and in spite of follies and weaknesses and sins like our own, still men to be pitied and helped and reformed and redeemed.

There were rules, George found, of the most beautiful and humane character, rules evidently designed by kind-hearted men to prevent cruelty and to secure some measure of comfort to the convicts, but all the rules were merely a jest among the persons in charge of the camp; no one pretended to observe them. Thus, it was prescribed that the contracting company should furnish ample food of good quality, good and sufficient clothing, good and clean beds. All these rules were as if they had never existed. In that remote and seldom-visited spot the deputy warden was the unquestioned master and seemed to have no limit to his sway except the interest of the contractor.

All the conditions seemed framed and designed to make life wretched for the victims of this terrible system. In the beginning the contractor had bought the labor of the convicts for $11 a head for each year. Now competitive bidding had increased the price to $225 a head a year, and even more, and besides the contractor bore the expense of feeding and clothing. That he might secure a profit on such a bargain it was necessary that the men should be driven through long hours to the utmost capacity of their endurance. And that was why the deputy warden was on the contractor's pay-roll.

THE MOCKERY OF INSPECTION

Once in a long time an inspector from the State Prison Department came to visit the camp, but his coming was invariably known in advance, and the men were set to work to clean up the barracks and whitewash the stockade; and when the inspector came, for that one meal the men had decent food, and the whip was out of sight. The inspector went among the convicts to receive complaints, but a deputy warden or a yard boss went with him everywhere, listening to every word said to him, and the convicts knew too well what would be the consequences to them of any complaint. They were in a trap.

In the middle of George's second year, the term of the old rheumatic sufferer expired. He had made a faultless prison record, for there is one gleam of mercy in this system of evil in that the whippings for insufficient work are not allowed to be entered against a convict's record. Therefore, the old man had earned for good behavior eleven months' commutation. He knew it and was filled with joy as the day of his freedom drew near. The Prison Commission in Atlanta looked over his record and found it good, and the customary order was sent for his release. But he was not released. Instead, he served out his full time, and for eleven months longer he toiled with his heavy wheelbarrow up and down the path, battened upon scraps, and endured the lash. Another kind of man would have complained, or his friends would have complained for him. This old man was ignorant, friendless, helpless—and a criminal. So he bore his lot and went forth at last with another sense of injury burning at his wronged heart.

LESSONS IN A SCHOOL OF CRIME

Some incidents came to vary the monotony of horror, the whippings, the tugging at the wheelbarrow, the struggle to and fro in the hot sun or the cold rains. Old faces disappeared as men died or as time won for them an exit from the doors of hell; new faces appeared as fresh relays of slaves were brought up to feed the insatiable contract. At rare intervals other events broke upon the stupor in which they dragged out their days. One of the prisoners had a mistress, a prostitute of Atlanta, who came sometimes to the camp to see her lover, and then the extraordinary liberties allowed to this couple awoke a loathsome comment through the camp. And once a convict stood for a moment by the marge of the swamp, looking at the bright sunlight as it lay on the hills far away, and then plunged suddenly into the water. Instantly blazing rifle-shots awoke the echoes, and guards ran and shot and shouted; an hour passed in excitement until, covered with mud, the fugitive was dragged back, to be beaten first and then loaded with heavy shackles that for weeks he must wear.

And once there was something else. All day the man that was working next to George complained of terrible pains in his chest and stomach. Some instinct of fast-perishing decency must have revived in George, for he called a guard's attention to the case. A yard boss came and looked the man over and ordered him back to work. He toiled in agony, holding, when he could, his hand to his side. At last he fell in a faint. They carried him to his bunk and that night he died. His death was entered as due to sunstroke. It was no sunstroke; the time was the fall, and the weather was cool. But what of truth shall the records bear that are made in such a place?

Some of the men got pneumonia and died of it. Sometimes they stood for hours to their knees in icy water while they worked in the swamp. Always they were ill-clad, ill-nourished, and in no state to withstand the cold. The contractor furnished shoes as well as clothes, and the shoes were rotten and worthless even when they were new, and went quickly to pieces, so that in winter men with bare protruding toes walked in the slush. Some had no underclothes, some had no socks. One received a letter from a friend announcing that a supply of shoes and socks was about to be sent to him. Some days later he received one pair of socks but no shoes. Afterward he noticed a guard that wore socks of a pattern like his and good shoes. But he said nothing. He had no desire for the heavy shackles nor for more beatings than fell naturally to his lot.

The time wore by and George came to the end of his term. He had learned to be as sullen, as defiant, as hardened, as reckless as the indurated men about him. When at last the doors opened to set him free, a guard said to him:

"Well, I suppose you are going to yegg it."

And George said:

"By God, I am."

He did. He went back to Atlanta and turned burglar.

THE RIGHTS OF CONVICTS AND NEGROES

And was he the only man that went forth from those gates resolved to prey upon the society that had preyed upon him? I think not. Was he the only man that ever learned at Gehenna the terrible lessons of desperation and revenge that are taught daily in that most perfect academy of crime? I think not, by some thousands. Then how shall we justify to ourselves the system that makes criminals and turns them loose to do evil among us and then catches and brands still deeper the very criminals it has made?

Convicts. I know it. Most of them negroes. I know it. Convicts and negroes, we have decided, are outside the pale of humanity, having no souls, nor rights nor feelings. I know it. The convict must be punished—society has so decreed; he has done ill, he has brought his retribution upon himself. I know it. Then why bother? What is all this to us?

Much: it is very much to us for three reasons. In the first place, if it had been a horse or a dog that had been thus beaten and maltreated in the name of the State of Georgia, a million voices would have been raised in vehement protest, a million hands would have been stretched out to shield the victim. It is ill for us all, ill for our common humanity that to anything in the shape of a man we should do that which we should not endure to have done to a brute. And this is true, soul or no soul, rights or no rights.

In the second place, for all these things the world at large must pay too dearly.

IS GEORGIA WORSE THAN OTHER STATES?

In the third place, there is back of the whipper and his dreadful thong, back of the screaming man on the barrel, back of the armed guard and the dreary stockade and the contract slaver, a typical American story that holds the glass up to us and shows exactly what spectacle we present to the world when we are engaged in our favorite national pursuit of dosing the symptoms of an evil instead of cutting out its source.

This is a story of "regulation" as a cure for social wrongs. It is also a story of how we fare and how our victims fare under the beautiful political system by which we are enabled to shoulder our civic responsibilities from one to another and to go smugly and undismayed about our private aims and personal profit, no matter who is wronged.

Georgia does ill to tolerate this abominable system. Oh, yes—how easy it is to say that! Shall the rest of us give thanks that we are not as the Georgians? How shall we do that when their trouble is only one phase of the universal disease, which is the dominance of corporation greed and the lack of a way by which our own affairs can be put into our own hands. Georgia tolerates one form of the evil; the rest of us tolerate others. For the same reasons that New Jersey and Pennsylvania allow themselves to be debauched and defrauded and rotted and ruled by corporations, Georgia allows this cancer to grow within it.

For the whole system of leasing convicts, in other words for the whole system of convict slavery, the great majority of the people of Georgia have only abhorrence. Of the hideous things the system involves they know little or naught, but on general principles and because they are a humane and kindly people, they abhor it. Against their will it was forced upon them; they never chose it nor wanted it nor approved of it. They have always loathed it; if a proposal to abolish the system could be submitted to a popular vote, it would carry five to one. At any time for many years such a proposal would have carried. And yet this hateful thing continues.

WHY CONVICT SLAVERY ENDURES

Why? For two reasons: first, the people of Georgia, being, like the people of the rest of the United States, cursed and clogged with representative instead of popular government, have no direct control of their own affairs; and, second, the system is profitable to very powerful interests. So far these interests have frustrated every attempt to end the abomination. Therefore, and for these familiar reasons, behold it still persisting in spite of all the indictments of its horrors that cry aloud against it and in spite of the plain evidence that it is of no avail in this world, truly none except to break hearts and maim bodies and ruin souls. And these profitable interests are able to maintain this system of hell in the midst of one of the most enlightened and progressive commonwealths in the Union.

Incidentally, the history of this matter involves a very curious illustration of another trait of ours, to wit, our quacksalving device of changing names and disguises.

Ten or twelve years ago, when the Populists were powerful in Georgia, they took up convict leasing and declared in their platform their intention to annihilate the business. The people of Georgia showed such a disposition to respond to this program that the ruling powers were alarmed and hastened to make a concession to popular sentiment. So ten years ago the system of making leases was gravely abolished. Thereafter "convict leasing" did not exist in Georgia—according to the ruling powers. Instead of leases there were "contracts," and, though no conceivable difference resulted in any essential particular, the change of name afforded to some persons that soothing relief for the conscience that we all are too ready to accept when civic duty interferes with our interest.

But however the thing may be named, lease or contract or what not, the fact remains that the state does give over to private, unauthorized, and irresponsible persons the care, control, and labor, and therefore the punishment, of its offenders; and that to the private persons thus most improperly endowed with one of the most solemn and perplexing functions of state, the sole interest lies in extracting the greatest possible amount of labor at the least possible cost. Under such a system the most terrible conditions, multiple and irremediable, are absolutely assured. It makes little difference and can make little that the present Prison Commissioners are honest, faithful, zealous, and kindly; it makes little difference that to the very utmost of their power, and unceasingly, they strive to remedy every abuse that is brought to their attention; * it makes little difference that the legislature repeatedly investigates the condition of the victims of these contracts. The whole thing is utterly and incurably and hopelessly evil. Nothing does nor can affect the great fatal fact that from the labor of the state's culprits private persons make gains, that the extent of such gains depends upon the amount of labor that the culprits can be forced to perform, and that the culprits are and must be practically at the mercy of those that buy such labor.

RESULT—MORE CRIME

For the year ending May 31, 1907, the State of Georgia had 2,464 convicts, of whom 1,890 were contracted into servitude to various private persons and corporations, and 574 were employed on the county roads. In 1906 the number was 1,773 to the contractors and 571 on the county roads. From the labor of these culprits thus sold to private persons, the state in 1906 received $333,463.84 and in 1907 $353,455.55. These profits are the sole returns from a system that multiplies criminals, breeds brutality, encourages crime, and puts upon one of the fairest states in the Union a hideous blot. If the profits were a thousand times as great, they would be dear at that price.

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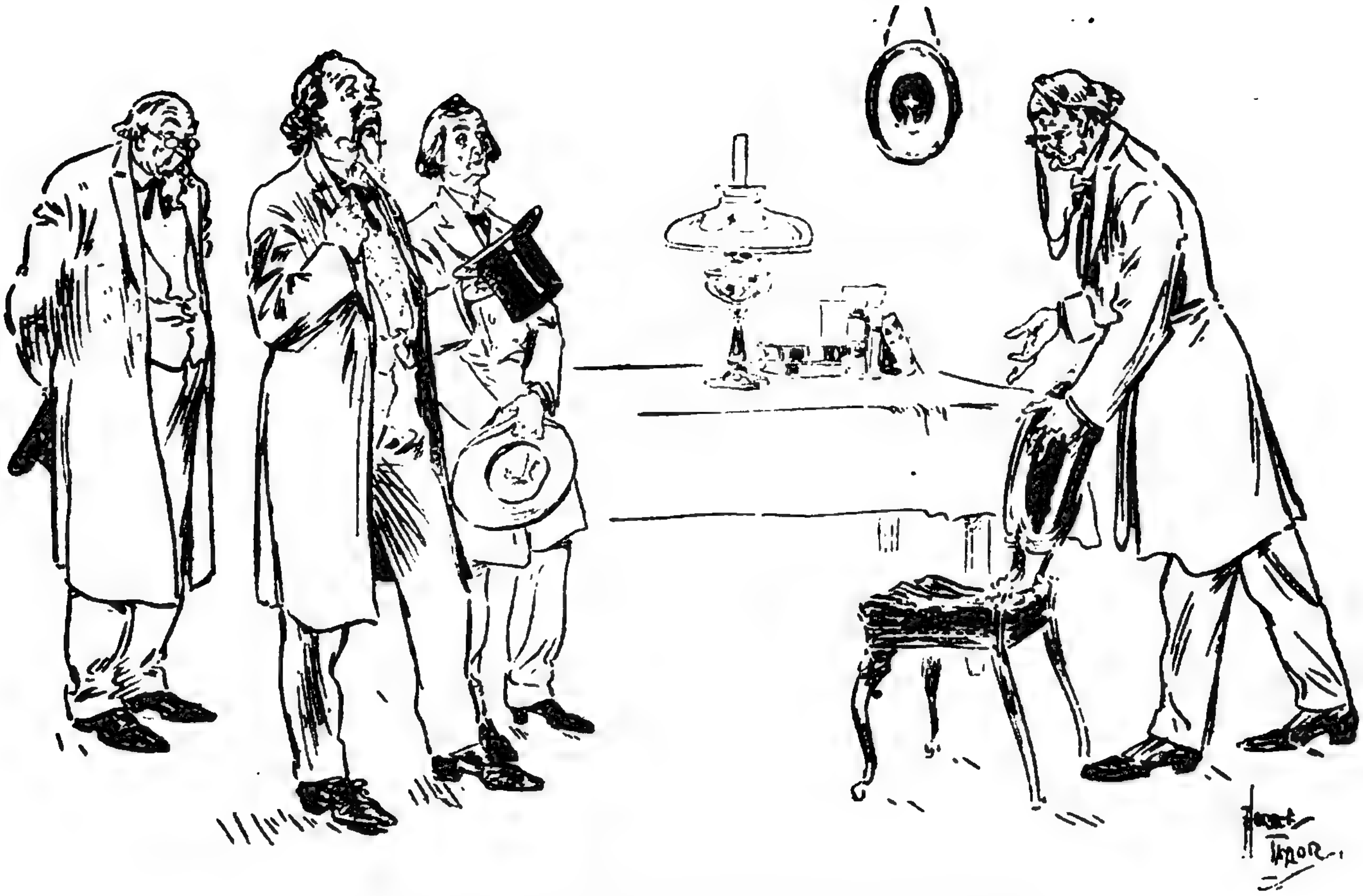
* In the month of March, 1908, the Commission, learning for the first time of the system by which the deputy wardens in charge of prison camps were in the pay of the slave contractors, issued an order forbidding the deputy wardens to accept such emoluments. The Commission will issue any order or make any possible change in existing regulations that seems to promise the least betterment: but how powerless it is to know what really goes on in the camps is shown by the fact that the deputy wardens have been for years in the pay of the contractors and the Commission has but lately discovered the fact. But of course it is useless to try to turn a wrong into a right by having a commission to sit upon it.



THE COLONEL RECEIVED THEM IN HIS GREAT LIBRARY.

The Rose of Dixie

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "Heart of the West," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

WHEN *The Rose of Dixie* magazine was started by a stock company in Toombs City, Georgia, there was never but one candidate for its chief editorial position in the minds of its owners. Colonel Aquila Telfair was the man for the place. By all the rights of learning, family, reputation, and Southern traditions, he was its foreordained, fit, and logical editor. So, a committee of the patriotic Georgia citizens who had subscribed the founding fund of $100,000 called upon Colonel Telfair at his residence, Cedar Heights, fearful lest the enterprise and the South should suffer by his possible refusal.

The colonel received them in his great library, where he spent most of his days. The library had descended to him from his father. It contained ten thousand volumes, some of which had been published as late as the year 1861. When the deputation arrived, Colonel Telfair was seated at his massive white pine center-table, reading Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." He arose and shook hands punctiliously with each member of the committee. If you were familiar with *The Rose of Dixie* you will remember the colonel's portrait, which appeared in it from time to time. You could not forget the long, carefully brushed white hair; the hooked, high-bridged nose, slightly twisted to the left; the keen eyes under the still black eyebrows; the classic mouth beneath the drooping white mustache, slightly frazzled at the ends.

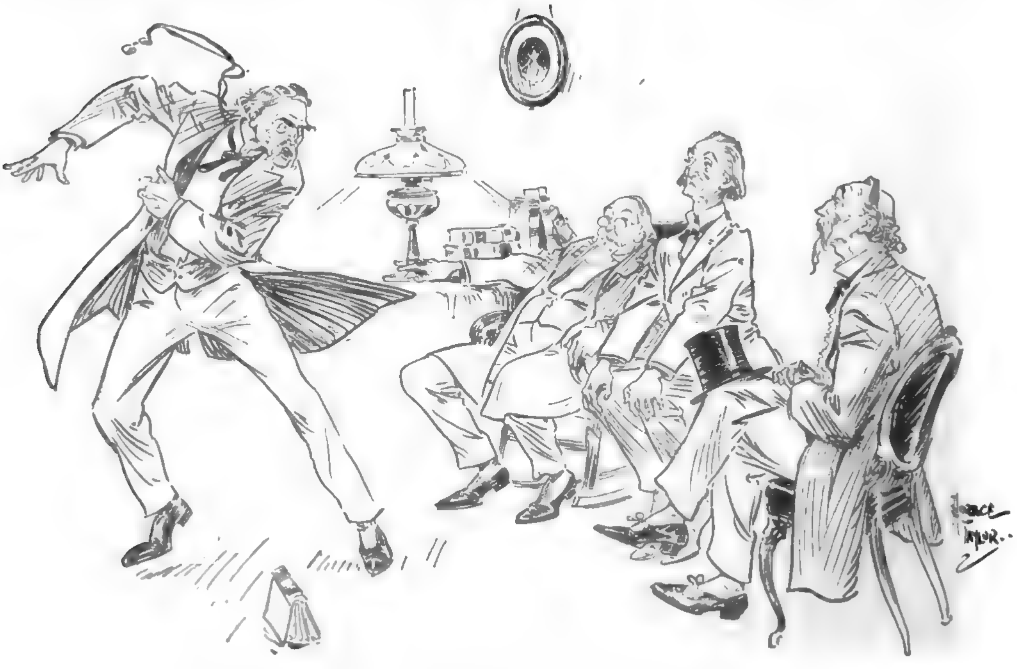
The committee solicitously offered him the position of managing editor, humbly presenting an outline of the field that the publication was designed to cover and mentioning a comfortable salary. The colonel's lands were growing poorer each year and were much cut up by red gullies. Besides, the honor was not one to be refused.

In a forty-minute speech of acceptance, Colonel Telfair gave an outline of English literature from Chaucer to Macaulay, refought the battle of Chancellorsville, and said that, God helping him, he would so conduct *The Rose of Dixie* that its fragrance and beauty would permeate the entire world, hurling back into the teeth of the Northern minions their belief that no genius or good could exist in the brains and hearts of the people whose property they had destroyed and whose rights they had curtailed.

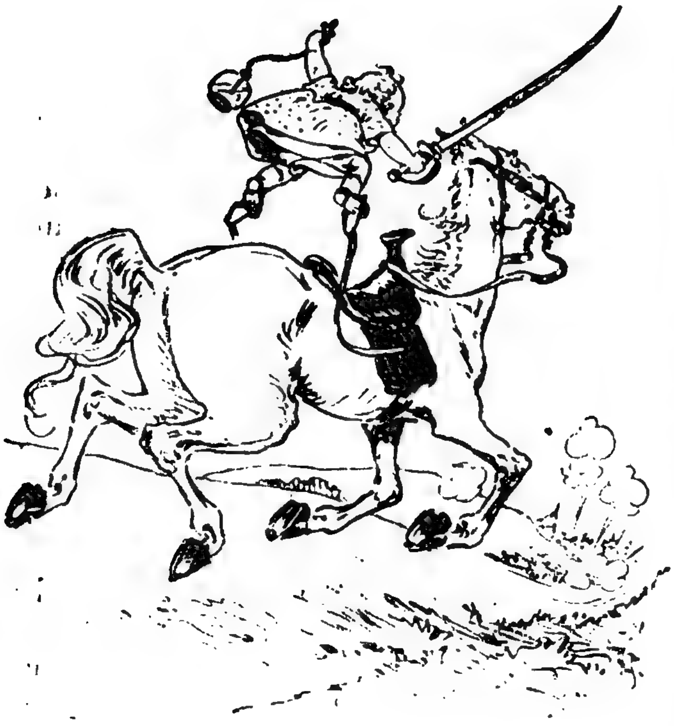
Offices for the magazine were partitioned off and furnished in the second floor of the First National Bank building; and it was for the colonel to cause *The Rose of Dixie* to blossom and flourish or to wilt in the balmy air of the land of flowers.

The staff of assistants and contributors that Editor-Colonel Telfair drew about him was a peach. It was a whole crate of Georgia peaches. The first assistant editor, Tolliver Lee Fairfax had had a father killed during Pickett's charge. The second assistant, Keats Unthank, was the nephew of one of Morgan's Raiders. The book reviewer, Jackson Rockingham, had been the youngest soldier in the Confederate army, having appeared on the field of battle with a sword in one hand and a milk bottle in the other. The art editor, Roncesvalles Sykes, was a third cousin to a nephew of Jefferson Davis. Miss Lavinia Terhune, the colonel's stenographer and typewriter, had an aunt who had once been kissed by Stonewall Jackson. Tommy Webster, the head office-boy, got his job by having recited Father Ryan's poems, complete, at the commencement exercises of the Toombs City High School. The girls who wrapped and addressed the magazines were members of old Southern families in Reduced Circumstances. The cashier was a scrub named Hawkins, from Ann Arbor, Michigan, who had recommendations and a bond from a guarantee company filed with the owners. Even Georgia stock companies sometimes realize that it takes live ones to bury the dead.

Well, sir, if you believe me, *The Rose of Dixie* blossomed five times before anybody heard of it except the people who buy their hooks and eyes in Toombs City. Then Hawkins climbed off his stool and told on 'em to the stock company. Even in Ann Arbor he had been used to having his business propositions heard of at least as far away as Detroit.



COLONEL TELFAIR REFOUGHT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.



THE BOOK REVIEWER WAS THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

So an advertising manager was engaged—Beauregard Fitzhugh Banks, a young man in a lavender necktie, whose grandfather had been the Exalted High Pillowslip of the Ku Klux Klan.

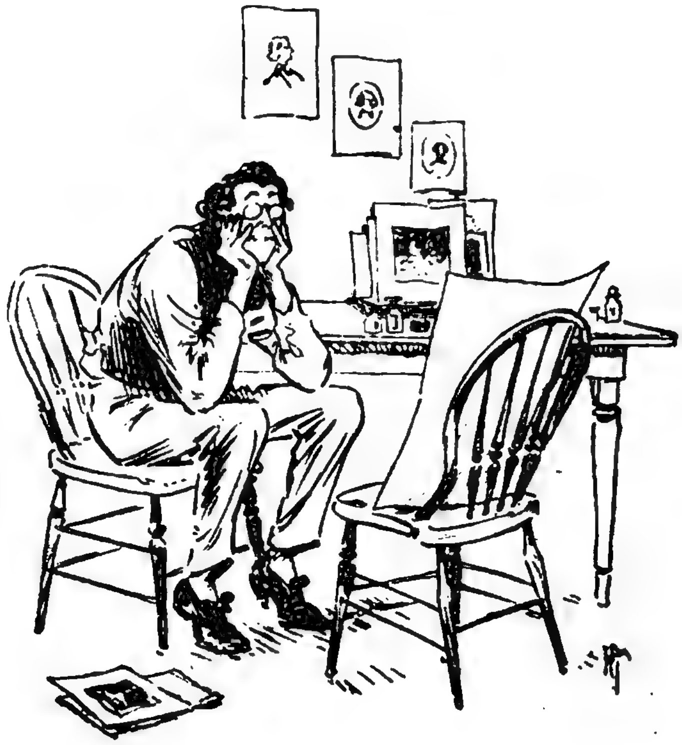
In spite of which *The Rose of Dixie* kept coming out every month. Although in every issue it ran photos of either the Taj Mahal or the Luxembourg Gardens, or Carmencita or La Follette, a certain number of people bought it and subscribed for it. As a boom for it, Editor-Colonel Telfair ran three different views of Andrew Jackson's old home, "The Hermitage," a full-page engraving of the second battle of Manassas, entitled "Lee to the Rear!" and a five thousand-word biography of Belle Boyd in the same number. The subscription list that month advanced 118. Also there were poems in the same issue by Leonina Vashti Haricot (pen-name), related to the Haricots of Charleston, South Carolina, and Bill Thompson, nephew of one of the stockholders. And an article from a special society correspondent describing a tea-party given by the swell Boston and English set where a lot of tea was spilled overboard by some of the guests masquerading as Indians.

One day a person whose breath would easily cloud a mirror, he was so much alive, entered the office of *The Rose of Dixie*. He was a man about the size of a real estate agent, with a self-tied tie and a manner that he must have borrowed conjointly from W. J. Bryan, Hackenschmidt, and Hetty Green. He was shown into the editor-colonel's *pons asinorum*. Colonel Telfair rose and began a Prince Albert bow.

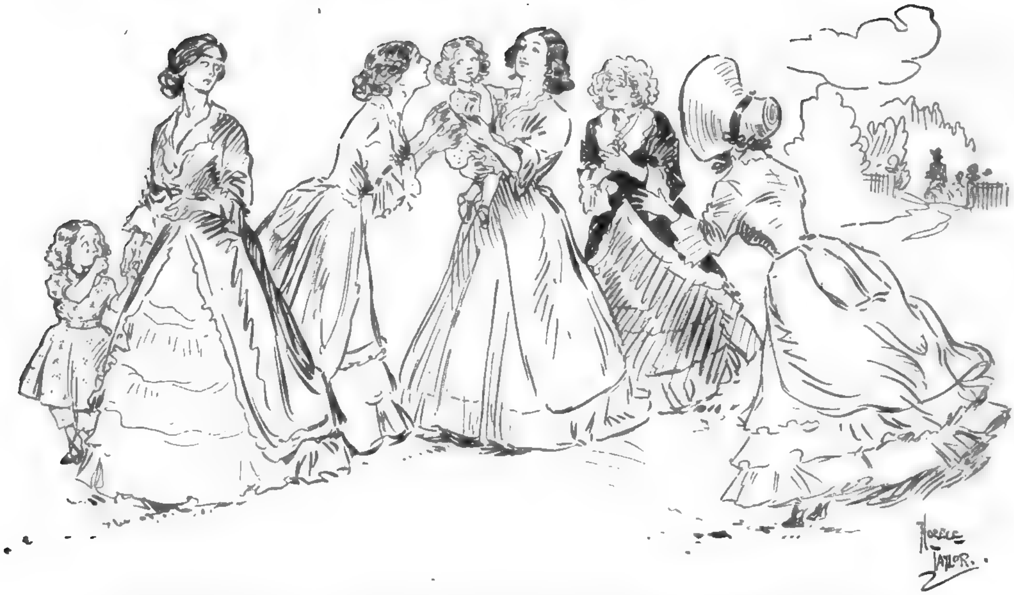
"I'm Thacker," said the intruder, taking the editor's chair—"T. T. Thacker, of New York."

He dribbled hastily upon the colonel's desk some cards, a bulky manila envelope, and a letter from the owners of *The Rose of Dixie*. This letter introduced Mr. Thacker, and politely requested Colonel Telfair to give him a conference and whatever information about the magazine he might desire.

"I've been corresponding with the secretary of the magazine owners for some time," said Thacker, briskly. "I'm a practical magazine man myself, and a circulation booster as good as any, if I do say it. I'll guarantee an increase of anywhere from ten thousand to a hundred thousand a year for any publication that isn't printed in a dead language. I've had my eye on *The Rose of Dixie* ever since it started. I know every end of the business from editing to setting up the classified ads. Now, I've come down here to put a good bunch of money in the magazine, if I can see my way clear. It ought to be made to pay. The secretary tells me it's losing money. I don't see why a magazine in the South, if it's properly handled, shouldn't get a good circulation in the North, too."



THE ART EDITOR WAS A THIRD COUSIN TO A NEPHEW OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.


HORACE TAYLOR.

THE STENOGRAPHER HAD AN AUNT WHO HAD ONCE BEEN KISSED BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

Colonel Telfair leaned back in his chair and polished his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Mr. Thacker," said he, courteously but firmly, "*The Rose of Dixie* is a publication devoted to the fostering and the voicing of Southern genius. Its watchword, which you may have seen on the cover, is 'Of, For, and By the South.'"

"But you wouldn't object to a Northern circulation, would you?" asked Thacker.

"I suppose," said the editor-colonel, "that it is customary to open the circulation lists to all. I do not know. I have nothing to do with the business affairs of the magazine. I was called upon to assume editorial control of it, and I have devoted to its conduct such poor literary talents as I may possess and whatever store of erudition I may have acquired."

"Sure," said Thacker. "But a dollar is a dollar anywhere, North, South, or West—whether you're buying codfish, goober peas, or Rocky Ford cantaloupes. Now, I've been looking over your November number. I see one here on your desk. You don't mind running over it with me?

"Well, your leading article is all right. A good write-up of the cotton-belt with plenty of photographs is a winner any time. New York is always interested in the cotton crop. And this sensational account of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, by a schoolmate of a niece of the Governor of Kentucky, isn't such a bad idea. It happened so long ago that most people have forgotten it. Now, here's a poem three pages long called 'The Tyrant's Foot,' by Lorella Lascelles. I've pawed around a good deal over manuscripts, but I never saw her name on a rejection slip."

"Miss Lascelles," said the editor, "is one of our most widely recognized Southern poetesses. She is closely related to the Alabama Lascelles family, and made with her own hands the silken Confederate banner that was presented to the governor of that state at his inauguration."

"But why," persisted Thacker, "is the poem illustrated with a view of the M. & O. Railroad freight depot at Tuscaloosa?"

"The illustration," said the colonel, with dignity, "shows a corner of the fence surrounding the old homestead where Miss Lascelles was born."

"All right," said Thacker. "I read the poem, but I couldn't tell whether it was about the depot or the battle of Bull Run. Now, here's a short story called 'Rosie's Temptation,' by Fosdyke Piggott. It's rotten. What is a Piggott, anyway?"

"Mr. Piggott," said the editor, "is a brother of the principal stockholder of the magazine."

"All's right with the world — Piggott passes," said Thacker. "Well, this article on Arctic exploration and the one on tarpon fishing might go. But how about this write-up of the Atlanta, New Orleans, Nashville, and Savannah breweries? It seems to consist mainly of statistics about their output and the quality of their beer. What's the chip over the bug?"

"If I understand your figurative language," answered Colonel Telfair, "it is this: the article you refer to was handed to me by the owners of the magazine with instructions to publish it. The literary quality of it did not appeal to me. But, in a measure, I feel impelled to conform, in certain matters, to the wishes of the gentlemen who are interested in the financial side of *The Rose*."

"I see," said Thacker. "Next we have two pages of selections from 'Lalla Rookh,' by Thomas Moore. Now, what Federal prison did Moore escape from, or what's the name of the F. F. V. family that he carries as a handicap?"

"Moore was an Irish poet who died in 1852," said Colonel Telfair, pityingly. "He is a classic. I have been thinking of reprinting his translation of Anacreon serially in the magazine."

"Look out for the copyright laws," said Thacker, flippantly. "Who's Bessie Belleclair, who contributes the essay on the newly completed water-works plant in Milledgeville?"

"The name, sir," said Colonel Telfair, "is the *nom de guerre* of Miss Elvira Simpkins. I have not the honor of knowing the lady; but her contribution was sent us by Congressman Brower, of her native state. Congressman Brower's mother was related to the Polks of Tennessee."

"Now, see here, Colonel," said Thacker, throwing down the magazine, "this won't do. You can't successfully run a magazine for one particular section of the country. You've got to make a universal appeal. Look how the Northern publications have catered to the South and encouraged the Southern writers. And you've got to go far and wide for your contributors. You've got to buy stuff according to its quality without any regard to the pedigree of the author. Now, I'll bet a quart of ink that this Southern parlor organ you've been running has never played a note that originated above Mason & Hamlin's line. Am I right?"

"I have carefully and conscientiously rejected all contributions from that section of the country—if I understand your figurative language aright," replied the colonel.

"All right. Now, I'll show you something."

Thacker reached for his thick manila envelope and dumped a mass of typewritten manuscript on the editor's desk.

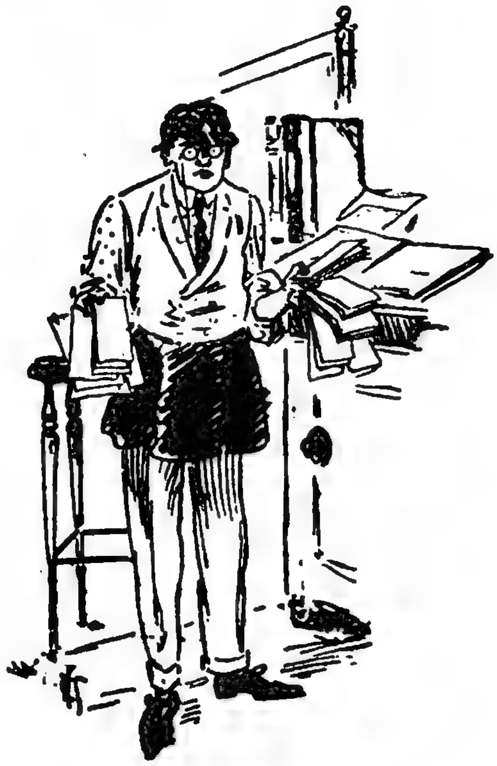
"Here's some truck," said he, "that I paid cash for, and brought along with me."

One by one he folded back the manuscripts and showed their first pages to the colonel.

"Here are four short stories by four of the highest priced authors in the United States—three of 'em living in New York, and one commuting. There's a special article on Vienna-bred society by Tom Vampson. Here's an Italian serial by Captain Jack—no—it's the other Crawford. Here are three separate exposés of city governments by Sniffings, and here's a dandy entitled 'What Women Carry in Dress-Suit Cases'—a Chicago newspaper woman hired herself out for five years as a lady's maid to get that information. And here's a Synopsis of Preceding Chapters of Hall Caine's new serial to appear next June. And here's a couple of pounds of *vers de société* that I got at a rate from the clever magazines. That's the stuff that people everywhere want. And now here's a writeup with photographs at the ages of four, twelve, twenty-two, and thirty of George B. McClellan. It's a prognostication. He's bound to be elected Mayor of New York. It'll make a big hit all over the country. He——"

"I beg your pardon," said Colonel Telfair, stiffening in his chair. "What was the name?"

"Oh, I see," said Thacker, with half a grin. "Yes, he's a son of the General.



THE CASHIER WAS A SCRUB NAMED HAWKINS, FROM ANN ARBOR.

We'll pass that manuscript up. But, if you'll excuse me, Colonel, it's a magazine we're trying to make go off—not the first gun at Fort Sumter. Now, here's a thing that's bound to get next to you. It's an original poem by James Whitcomb Riley. J. W. himself. You know what that means to a magazine. I won't tell you what I had to pay for that poem; but I'll tell you this—Riley can make more money writing with a fountain-pen than you or I can with one that lets the ink run. I'll read you the last two stanzas:

"'Pa lays around 'n' loafs all day,
'N' reads and makes us leave him be.
He lets me do just like I please,
'N' when I'm bad he laughs at me,
'N' when I holler loud 'n' say
Bad words 'n' then begin to tease
The cat, 'n' pa just smiles, ma's mad
'N' gives me Jesse crost her knees.
I always wondered why that wuz—
I guess it's cause
Pa never does.

"''N' after all the lights are out
I'm sorry 'bout it; so I creep
Out of my trundle bed to ma's
'N' say I love her a whole heap,
'N' kiss her, 'n' I hug her tight.
'N' it's too dark to see her eyes,
But every time I do I know
She cries 'n' cries 'n' cries 'n' cries.
I always wondered why that wuz—
I guess it's 'cause
Pa never does.'

"That's the stuff," continued Thacker. "What do you think of that?"

"I am not unfamiliar with the works of Mr. Riley," said the colonel, deliberately. "I believe he lives in Indiana. For the last ten years I have been somewhat of a literary recluse, and am familiar with nearly all the books in the Cedar Heights library. I am also of the opinion that a magazine should contain a certain amount of poetry. Many of the sweetest singers of the South have already contributed to the pages of *The Rose of Dixie*. I, myself, have thought of translating from the original for publication in its pages the works of the great Italian poet Tasso. Have you ever drunk from the fountain of this immortal poet's lines, Mr. Thacker?"

"Not even a demi-Tasso," said Thacker. "Now, let's come to the point, Colonel Telfair. I've already invested some money in this as a flyer. That bunch of manuscripts cost me $4,000. My object was to try a number of them in the next issue—I believe you make up less than a month ahead—and see what effect it has on the circulation. I believe that by printing the best stuff we can get in the North, South, East, or West we can make the magazine go. You have there the letter from the owning company asking you to cooperate with me in the plan. Let's chuck out some of this slush that you've been publishing just because the writers are related to the Skoopdoodles of Skoopdoodle County. Are you with me?"

"As long as I continue to be the editor of *The Rose*," said Colonel Telfair, with dignity, "I shall be its editor. But I desire also to conform to the wishes of its owners if I can do so conscientiously."

"That's the talk," said Thacker, briskly. "Now, how much of this stuff I've brought can we get into the January number? We want to begin right away."

"There is yet space in the January number," said the editor, "for about eight thousand words, roughly estimated."

"Great!" said Thacker. "It isn't much, but it'll give the readers some change from goobers, governors, and Gettysburg. I'll leave the selection of the stuff I brought to fill the space to you, as it's all good. I've got to run back to New York, and I'll be down again in a couple of weeks."

Colonel Telfair slowly swung his eyeglasses by their broad, black ribbon.

"The space in the January number that I referred to," said he, measuredly, "has been held open purposely, pending a decision that I have not yet made. A short time ago a contribution was submitted to *The Rose of Dixie* that is one of the most remarkable literary efforts that has ever come under my observation. None but a master mind and talent could have produced it. It would about fill the space that I have reserved for its possible use."

Thacker looked anxious.

"What kind of stuff is it?" he asked. "Eight thousand words sounds suspicious. The oldest families must have been collaborating. Is there going to be another secession?"

"The author of the article," continued the colonel, ignoring Thacker's allusions, "is a writer of some reputation. He has also distinguished himself in other ways. I do not feel at liberty to reveal to you his name—at least not until I have decided whether or not to accept his contribution."

"Well," said Thacker, nervously, "is it a continued story, or an account of the unveiling of the new town pump in Whitmire, South Carolina, or a revised list of General Lee's body-servants, or what?"

"You are disposed to be facetious," said Colonel Telfair, calmly. "The article is from the pen of a thinker, a philosopher, a lover of mankind, a student, and a rhetorician of high degree."

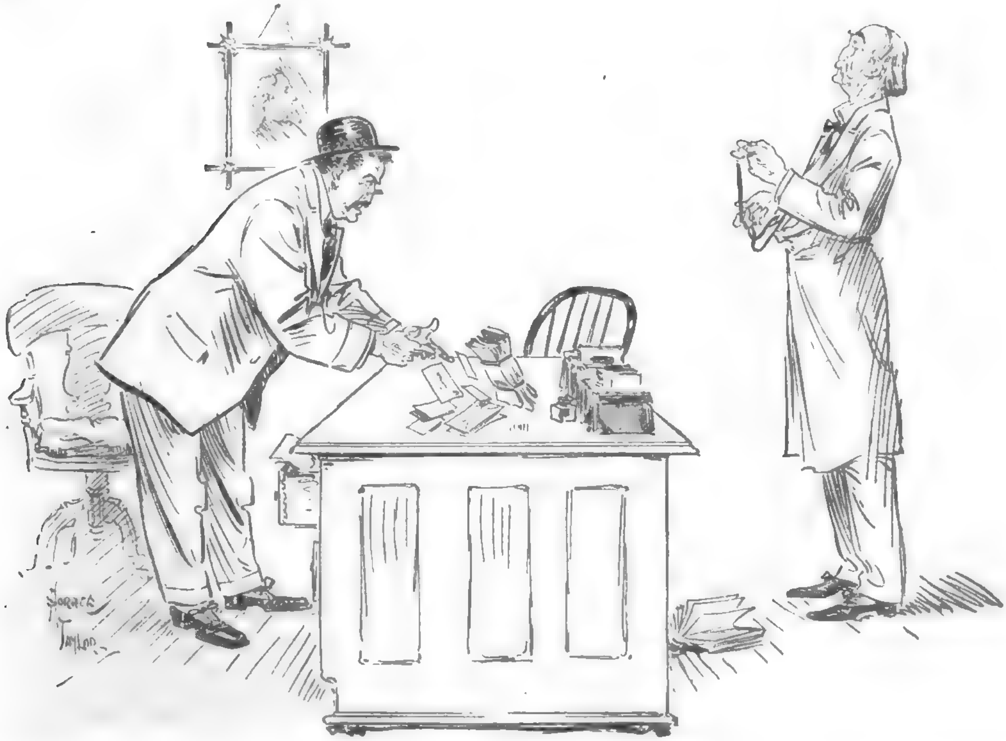
"It must have been written by a syndicate," said Thacker. "But, honestly, Colonel, you want to go slow. I don't know of any eight thousand-word single doses of written matter that are read by anybody these days, except Supreme Court briefs and reports of murder trials. You haven't by any accident gotten hold of a copy of one of Daniel Webster's speeches, have you?"

Colonel Telfair swung a little in his chair and looked steadily from under his bushy eyebrows at the magazine promoter.

"Mr. Thacker," he said gravely, "I am willing to segregate the somewhat crude expression of your sense of humor from the solicitude that your business investments undoubtedly have conferred upon you. But I must ask you to cease your jibes and derogatory comments upon the South and the Southern people. They, sir, will not be tolerated in the office of *The Rose of Dixie* for one moment. And before you proceed with more of your covert insinuations that I, the editor of this magazine, am not a competent judge of the merits of the matter submitted to its consideration, I beg that you will first present some evidence or proof that you are my superior in any way, shape, or form relative to the question in hand."

"Oh, come, Colonel," said Thacker, good-naturedly. "I didn't do anything like that to you. It sounds like an indictment by the fourth assistant attorney-general. Let's get back to business. What's this 8,000 to 1 shot about?"

"The article," said Colonel Telfair, acknowledging the apology by a slight bow, "covers a wide area of knowledge. It takes up theories and questions that have puzzled the world for centuries, and disposes of them logically and concisely. One by one it holds up to view the evils of the world, points out the way of eradicating them; and then conscientiously and in detail commends the



"I'M THACKER—T. T. THACKER, OF NEW YORK."

good. There is hardly a phase of human life that it does not discuss wisely, calmly, and equitably. The great policies of governments, the duties of private citizens, the obligations of home life, law, ethics, morality—all these important subjects are handled with a calm wisdom and confidence that I must confess has captured my admiration."

"It must be a crackerjack," said Thacker, impressed.

"It is a great contribution to the world's wisdom," said the colonel. "The only doubt remaining in my mind as to the tremendous advantage it would be to us to give it publication in *The Rose of Dixie* is that I have not yet sufficient information about the author to give his work publicity in our magazine."

"I thought you said he was a distinguished man," said Thacker.

"He is," replied the colonel, "both in literary and in other more diversified and extraneous fields. But I am extremely careful about the matter that I accept for publication. My contributors are people of unquestionable repute and connections, which fact can be verified at any time. As I said, I am holding this article until I can acquire more information about its author. I do not know whether I will publish it or not. If I decide against it, I shall be much pleased, Mr. Thacker, to substitute the matter that you are leaving with me in its place."

Thacker was somewhat at sea.

"I don't seem to gather," said he, "much about the gist of this inspired piece of literature. It sounds more like a dark horse than Pegasus to me."

"It is a human document," said the colonel-editor confidently, "from a man of great accomplishments who, in my opinion, has obtained a stronger grasp on the world and its outcomes than that of any man living today."

Thacker rose to his feet excitedly.

"Say!" he said. "It isn't possible that you've cornered John D. Rockefeller's memoirs, is it? Don't tell me that all at once."

"No, sir," said Colonel Telfair. "I am speaking of mentality and literature; not of the less worthy intricacies of trade."

"Well, what's the trouble about running the article," asked Thacker, a little impatiently, "if the man's well known and has got the stuff?"

Colonel Telfair sighed.

"Mr. Thacker," said he, "for once I have been tempted. Nothing has as yet appeared in *The Rose of Dixie* that has not been from the pen of one of its sons or daughters. I know little about the author of this article except that he has acquired prominence in a section of the country that has always been inimical to my heart and mind. But I recognize his genius; and, as I have told you, I have instituted an investigation of his personality. Perhaps it will be futile. But I shall pursue the inquiry. Until that is finished, I must leave open the question of filling the vacant space in our January number."

Thacker arose to leave.

"All right, Colonel," he said, as cordially as he could. "You use your own judgment. If you've really got a scoop or something that will make 'em sit up, run it instead of my stuff. I'll drop in again in about two weeks. Good luck!"

Colonel Telfair and the magazine promoter shook hands.

Returning a fortnight later, Thacker dropped off a very rocky Pullman at Toombs City. He found the January number of the magazine made up and the forms closed.

The vacant space that had been yawning for type was filled by an article that was headed thus:

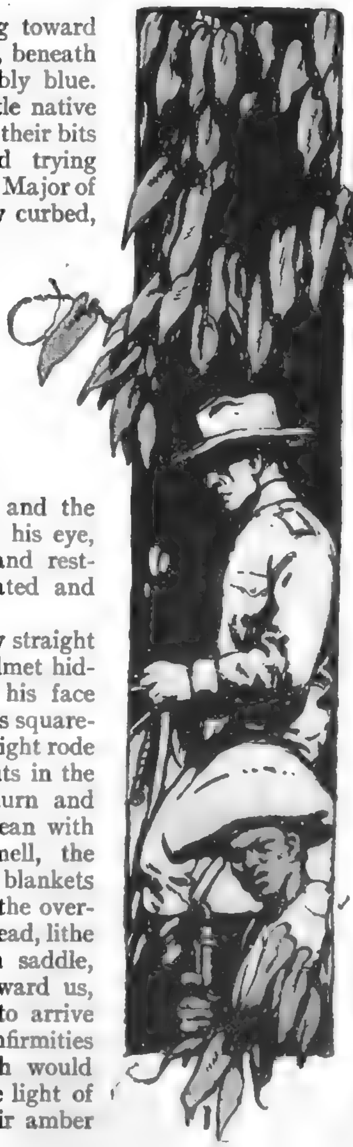
SECOND MESSAGE TO CONGRESS
Written for
THE ROSE OF DIXIE
BY
A Member of the Well-known
BULLOCH FAMILY, OF GEORGIA
T. Roosevelt

KLING

BY JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "CAYBIGAN," etc.

ILLUSTRATED by C·B·FALLS



WE had been riding toward San Juan all day, beneath a dome of sky implacably blue. For the last hour our little native ponies had been fighting their bits with arched necks and trying bursts of speed which the Major of Constabulary continually curbed, for he wished to arrive only just at the time set for his conference with the notables whom he had summoned. He was on a tour of pacification; for days we had gone from town to town of Batangas and Cavite, and by the persuasion of his word and the calm green command of his eye, I had seen the sullen and restive populations intimidated and soothed.

He was to my left, very straight in the saddle, his cork helmet hiding the upper half of his face and making prominent his square-carved chin; and to my right rode Kling, lieutenant of scouts in the secret division — a taciturn and silent man, yellow and lean with service. Behind, pell-mell, the escort followed, their red blankets a warm note of color in the over-green landscape. And ahead, lithe as a cat in his English saddle, Manuel turned often toward us, like a youth impatient to arrive and yet indulgent of the infirmities of his elders; his teeth would flash in a smile, and the light of his brown eyes, with their amber glints, passed over us almost in a caress. He was a mestizo, with some blood of hidalgos, and he was good to look at.

Crossing a river, an hour before, I had seen him stripped—and had been astonished at finding his aristocratic body knife-scarred to the point of mutilation. I had been thinking of it ever since; it was so incongruous, this grim marking of the amiable youth.

"How the deuce did he ever get so cut up?" I asked.

"He got that killing De La Rama," said the Major. And then with a sly glance over my horse toward Kling: "He kills for Kling; we call him 'Kling's murderer.' There's some weird understanding between them."

"*Didn't* he kill De La Rama for you? Own up now, Kling," persisted the teasing Major.

But Kling rode on, eyes forward and inscrutable.

We were drawing up to Manuel, who had reined in after a dash, and stood in the middle of the road, waiting. He flashed us a smile; then, whirling, he was off in another run.

"That boy kill!" I said. "I never *will* know these Filipinos. He seems gentle as a girl. And who was this De La Rama?"

"Umph—that's hard to tell—exactly. I never knew the gentleman. Kling, here, knows all about him—but he won't tell. During the insurrection he was colonel—head of an independent command, mostly mounted, which for a while really raised the dickens with us. He was a mestizo, like Manuel over there, half Spanish blood—and that half was good stuff, had a few drops of *conquistador*, perhaps; because certainly he was handsome and daring as the devil, with the manners of a grandee—and the morals of a kitchen scullion. He raised the deuce simultaneously with us in war and with the women of the country in love. And he had a wife at home, a sweet, dark-eyed little thing—we'll see her—whom he treated shamefully. He was interesting, anyway; after he was dead, I found that I had always wanted to know him.

"When the insurrection had collapsed, he took the oath of allegiance and went back to his haciendas about San Juan; but there he plotted against us, continuously and very murderously. He was of the *Katipunan* and head of one of the town's factions—the strongest; a sort of feudal lord, in short, with almost unlimited power. And then along comes this young fellow Manuel, and challenges his supremacy, and ends by killing him—which is a good riddance, a service rendered to the U. S., and a consummation toward which, I suspect, Kling had been working a long time. How did you do it, Kling, eh? And how did Manuel get so cut up?"

"When they met," said Kling, without looking at us, "it was with knives. Manuel's went out of his hand. De La Rama had him for a long time. Manuel was on his back, fighting up with his feet, and De La Rama was cutting him all over, trying to get at his heart. And all the time he was kicking up in the air, Manuel was making little jumps on his back toward the corner of the room where he had left his belt. De La Rama did not notice—he was so blind-mad at not finding the heart; and Manuel got to his belt and shot De La Rama with his revolver, through the head. 'Twasn't quite according to the rules of the game—but it killed De La Rama all right. Manuel's a catamount."

"And now he's courting the widow," said the Colonel, glancing ahead at him.

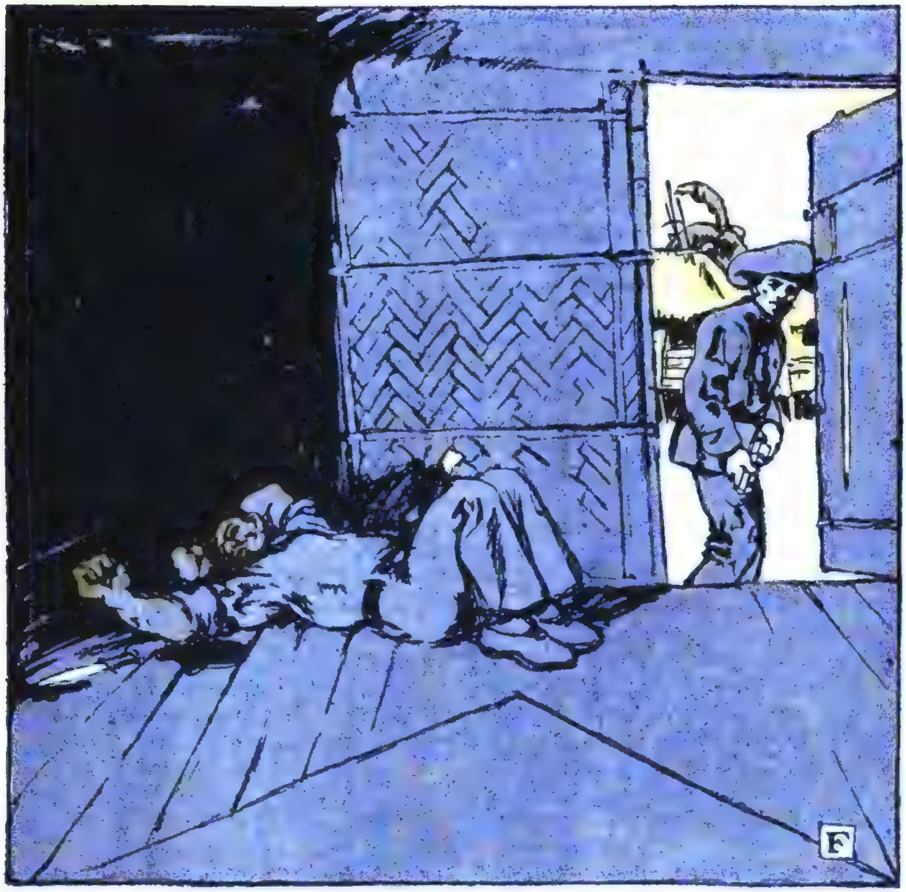
"The widow!"

"Yes, the widow De La Rama. She was but a little girl when De La Rama was playing his game; they say she's developed since. Manuel is courting her, with considerable success, I hear, too. We'll dance at her house to-night. That's the Philippines for you! I don't know how much of this is Kling's work —eh, Kling?"

But Kling refused to be drawn out. It was hot. The sun, nearing the feathery tops of a line of cocoanuts to the west, searched us mercilessly with its oblique rays. On all sides the humid land exhaled its fragrant and oppressive breath. The horses, trotting and walking, rocked us; a torpor slowly enwrapped me. I thought of the story I had just been told. I thought of Manuel, with his tender smile, his caressing eyes, and his capacity for murder; of De La Rama, with his beauty, his bravery, his savagery, De La Rama who, dead, seemed yet to hover above the drama, still the imposing and crushing individuality in it; and I thought of the girl, the sweet, shrinking, fawnlike being, whirled helplessly in the cyclone of these passions. It was all colored, elemental, and interesting.

I was aroused with a snap by a sudden lurch beneath me, a clatter of hoofs about me. The Major had released the pace; we were arriving; among the trees at the end of the palm-lined road the zinc roofs of San Juan glittered. The horses loped with curved necks, the Major's to my left, Kling's to my right; the escort behind was coming in flaming helter-skelter; and ahead, fleeing, fleeing upon his dainty little bay, Manuel, waving his hat above his head, was riding like mad.

After the Major, in the hall of the *Casa Popular*, had addressed the *distinguidos* of the town with soft voice and paternal words, but with his green eyes leveled upon them all the time—those *ojos verdes* (so they called them) that flashed right through their little



'TWASN'T QUITE ACCORDING TO THE RULES OF THE GAME.

dark plots and counterplots, their reservations and reticences, their very natural distrust of their conquerors; and after he had been banqueted by the same *distinguidos*, suddenly pleased and loving as children, we went to the *baile* at the house of the widow Constancia De La Rama.

The ball had already begun—in that timid, tentative way in which such things do begin before the advent of the real personages. That is, in the outer hall, the musicians were purring plaintively on their hempen strings; within the wide, glistening *sala* all the chairs, ranged stiff along the walls, were taken—on one side by a row of men, white-jacketed, black-trousered, pomaded, perfumed, and waxen-mustached; on the other by a bank of demure maidens, be-starched and colored, their skin playing in copper glints beneath their transparent *camisas*, their eyes, curtained by long lashes, turned down modestly upon their little feet, which peeped from beneath the hem of their silken *sayas*. As we entered, a more audacious couple, who evidently had been dancing a few turns alone, dissolved in panic, the girl collapsing in her chair in a cloud of shimmering stuffs, the *chico* returning stiffly to his, on the other side of the room.

Seats of honor had been reserved for the Major and his party; we took them, the Major, Kling, and I, but Manuel was not with us. I saw him in the corner, on the other side, withdrawn a bit behind the throng, and standing in a posture that was the personification of The Wait. I could have sworn that he was pale, too. "Phoo," said the Major to whom I made this remark, "people in love are always pale." Everything was ready now—but the widow Constancia; it was her mother who had met us at the threshold and had acted the hostess. There was a moment of silent expectancy, all eyes upon the shining panels of the double doors of her room; and then she came in.

It was a theatrical entry. The double doors swung open; she stood a moment, framed between them; then they closed silently behind her, as, with that rhythmic smoothness of motion of the woman still half savage, she flowed toward us. She was not the timid, fawnlike girl I had imagined as the wife of the masterful De La Rama; if ever she had been that, she had developed into something much bigger, more enigmatic and splendid. She came swiftly across the room, with a pantherlike litheness; the chandelier, as she passed beneath it, flashed up into transparency the iridescent vapor of her garment; we had a brief glimpse of her golden arms, her golden throat, gleaming like metal things; and her bracelets, striking together, gave one sharp, announcing click, as of castanets.

She stood before the Major, her hand in his, and to his elaborate and ultra-Spanish compliment murmured some soft nothing. Then she passed on to me, and I had a plunging look into two dark, deep, and liquid eyes, with pupils, I thought, rather distended, as by some internal fever. But when she came to Kling, I saw the heavy curtain of her lids drop slowly over them. He stood very erect, stiff with the embarrassment of the man unused to social amenities, but with no timidity in his eyes. He was looking straight at her, in a strange, scrutinizing fashion, with almost a question, and to the scrutiny she offered only the draped reserve of her heavy, long-fringed lids. Then she turned to Manuel.

It was a singular movement in that it was without hesitation; although Manuel stood apart and half hidden, and up to that time she had not given so much as a rapid glance about the room, the movement was without a trace of indecision. She turned to him with absolute certainty; she went toward him in one long glide, as if drawn; again, as she passed the cluster of lights, her skin flashed golden beneath the colored transparency of her *camisa*, and the heavy bracelets upon her arms came together in one tense, dramatic click—and then she stood before him, bathing him in the splendor of her eyes. He was very much moved, the young fellow; his left hand went behind him, as if seeking the support of a chair, and he was pale. These tropical people feel violently; I suppose that for a moment she swam before him a mere effulgence, a radiance, the light ineffable. His nostrils distended to his sharp intake of breath; then the violins in the outer hall struck up in rhythm, and she turned to the Major, who had come across to beg for the honor of the ceremonial first dance.

She danced the stately *rigodon* with the Major, then she danced with the *Presidente*, then with the *Gobernador*, who had just ridden in, then with several *chicos*, vain as peacocks of their good fortune. I fancied there was the mature woman's serpent wisdom in her subtle evasion of Manuel, who from the corner followed her with his glowing eyes. So that when finally she stood before him and, enlacing, they slid out upon the glistening floor, the thing came to him, I suppose, like a holy ascension.

The music was a Spanish waltz of rapid cadence—but with that confounded plaintive undercurrent which all these Filipinos manage to put into the most rational and joyous tune. It would take the couples along in a whirling madness, then suddenly—bing!—a series of cries and sobs would go through it (I don't know the means; I'm no musician—it may have been merely a matter of discords), which reverberated somewhere deep within you. I watched the two. The rhythm, when untrammeled, carried them off absolutely upon its wings; they slid and turned with an effort slight and imponderable as that of a will-o'-the-wisp on a midnight plain; then would come the plaint, a sort of muffled and stubborn lamentation (it seems to exist in the music of all races that feel themselves dying)—and a heaviness descended upon them, a languor; hardly moving, they almost writhed to it. His head was up; he did not look at her, but straight ahead, with far, hypnotized eyes, at I don't know what entrancing vision; and her head was inclined a little toward him, and at times her left hand, its fingers sinking into his shoulder, brought him nearer with a rapid, nervous little clutch, intimate, imperious, and intoxicating.

"How long has this gone on?" I whispered to Kling.

He was watching them, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands. "Months," he said.

And then, still looking at them, with that alert and understanding scrutiny: "It's coming to the end soon, now," he murmured.

"Certainly can't go on much longer," I said.

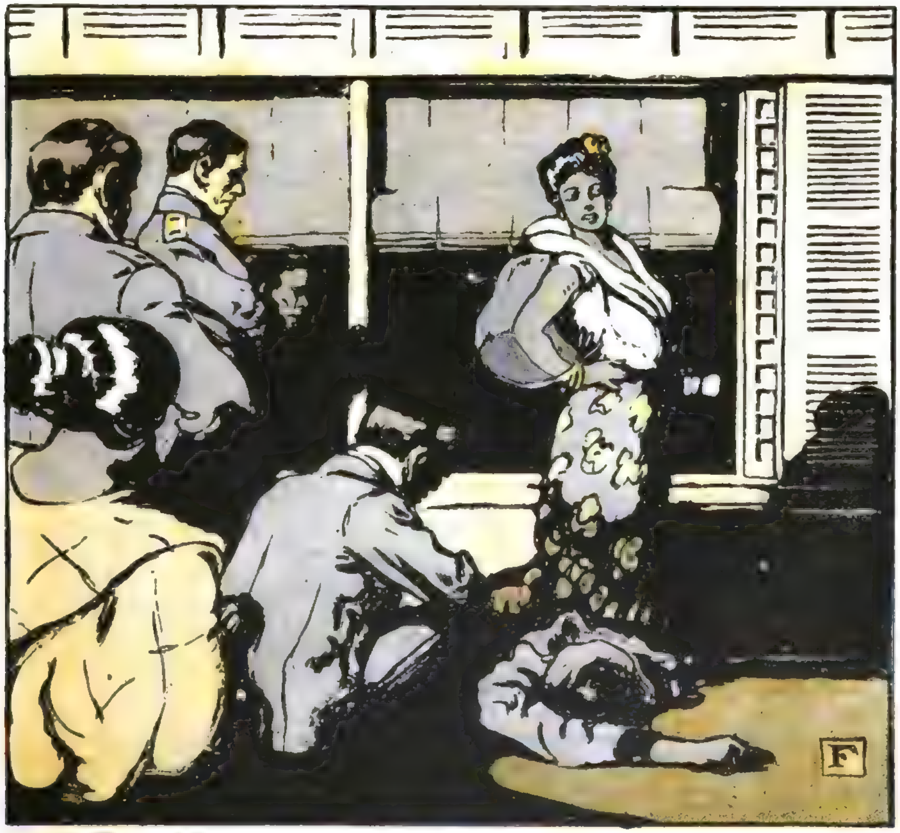
He gave me a singular look—and a complete realization came to me suddenly: that I had not understood him.

And we watched on, watched this one couple in the shifting maze of dancers as though they had been alone. And they *were* alone; so strange, so compelling was the thing that now, when I look back, I see no other dancers—just the two, flitting like entwined will-o'-the-wisps, then stopping, almost in one place, balancing languidly beneath the oppression of the violin's plaint—and then that sudden little nervous clutch of hers, sweetly intimate and imperious, maddeningly promising——

I can see now the masterfulness of it, the prolongation of it, the cunningly graduated crescendo of it to the calculated climax. What a game! For long intervals she would desert him, drop him as if out of her life—for an hour at a time, while she gave her waist to other men, and he, from his corner, looked on with glowing eyes. Then would come the quick surprise, the repossession: the enlacing, the whirling madness, the cries of the violins, the swaying in place to the heart-pinching of the wail. It was as if alternately he were dashed into a black abyss, and raised in intoxicating ascension into blue altitudes of ineffable hope. It was a torturing game—and all of it graduated toward the climax determined by her, already a palpitating reality within her inscrutable soul.

It came as a faint cold light, precursor of the dawn, was filtering through the closed shutters, and a cock crowed outside.

They had been dancing *la jota*—a native dance which, if dancing is representative of life pursuits, is symbolical of wooing; in which the man and the maid, balancing,



"THE MOUSE," SHE SAID, "WHO KILLED THE LION. AND WOULD MATE WITH THE LIONESS!"

waving their arms in airy gesture, flit about each other, advancing, retreating, pursuing, fleeing, without touching; till finally the music's last strains throw them into each other's arms. These two had been dancing it long, elusive of each other, flitting about their desire as butterflies about a rose, the fever of the violins rising in their veins; her eyes, like abysses, drew him, her suppleness evaded him; he was mad.

The violins stopped in a last wild cry. There was a moment of silence; they stood before each other, and her bosom, golden beneath the *jusi*, rose and fell, her eyes were slumbrous pools of melted jade, and he was very pale; then the violins swung languorously into a slow waltz, and they clasped.

I saw her hand go into her breast and come out flashing; her bracelets clicked. Then with that same nervous little clutch, she drew him close. But this time her hands were behind him, and simultaneously with that imperious movement there was a slight ripping sound, and a soft crunch that was horrible. His head reared back on his shoulders, his arms dropped down along his sides, palms outward, as if in a gesture of surrender, his eyes closed shiveringly; and thus, head back, arms limp, eyes closed, in an attitude of ecstasy, he turned three times slowly with her, still in her arms, and as these opened, whirled and slapped the floor with the whole length of his body.

Kling, the Major, and I—we found ourselves standing about him; on his back, right between the shoulders, the jeweled hilt of a dainty dagger flashed—the hilt, and nothing else.

She stood above him, very stiff, her lids lowered; but beneath their heavy fringes the black light of her eyes oozed downward to this thing at her feet.

"The mouse," she said softly, "the little mouse!" Her voice was weary and held almost a tenderness; an irony superb and somber now came into it. "The mouse," she said, "who killed the lion. And would mate with the lioness!"

She turned, parted the shuddering throng as a galleon parts the waves; the double doors of her chamber swung open, then slammed shut upon her—and confusion, held tense by her presence, immediately broke out into uproar.

"Kling! Kling!"—in the heated silence the voice of the Major rose with the tone of the man who, dreaming, has come to sudden revelation. "Kling, YOU brought on this De La Rama affair!"

It was two days later. We were riding again along the golden roads, between the palms, beneath the implacable sun.

Kling did not answer. But after a while, very quietly, he said, "Manuel was a traitor."

"You found Manuel was playing double and you—" I began excitedly.

He raised his hand as if to quiet an impertinent child. "Wait," he said.

We rode on, the Major and I, silent and crushed. After a while Kling jumped his horse across the ditch bordering the road; we followed him into a field, along a curtain of willows, and came suddenly upon a trench.

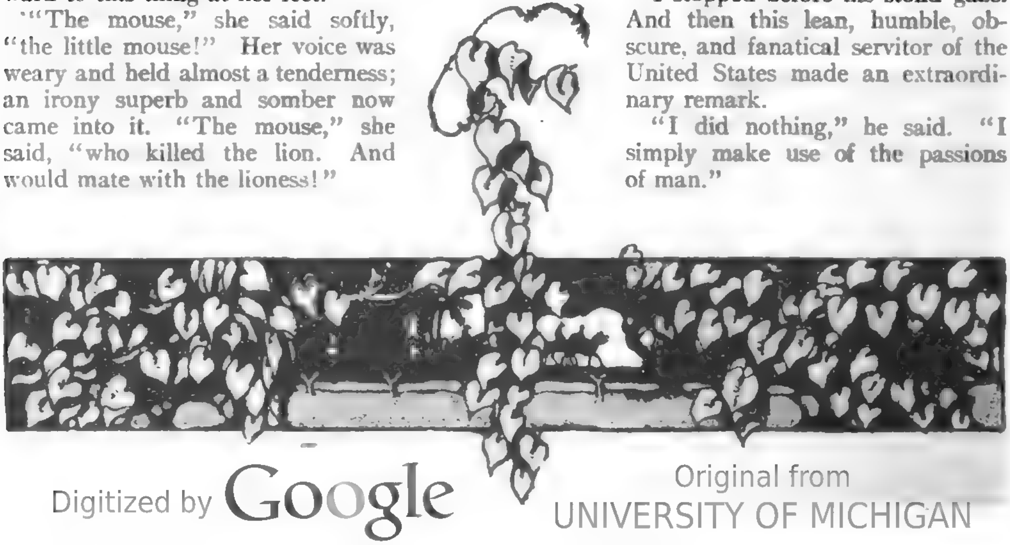
It was a neat little trench, commanding, through the screen of willows, a sharp turn of the road along which we had been riding. Upon its slight rise six forked sticks were set, ready for murderous barrels. A shining object at the bottom made me lean toward the ground; it was a Mauser cartridge.

"That's what Manuel had ready for us, Major," Kling said. "He's been in league with the *Katipunan* for weeks."

"You found this out," I broke in, not yet having learned my lesson. "You found this out, and you——"

I stopped before his stolid gaze. And then this lean, humble, obscure, and fanatical servitor of the United States made an extraordinary remark.

"I did nothing," he said. "I simply make use of the passions of man."



"Make Good"

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

MAKE good.
Cut out "if," "could," and "should,"
And start in to saw wood.
You can still have the best
Things in life, like the rest
Of the men who've achieved
Just because they've believed
In themselves. You're deceived
If you think fortune comes
With a rattle of drums
And a fanfare of state
To hand *yours* on a plate.
That isn't the way
That she visits to-day.
You must get out and rustle and bustle and hustle;
You need all your muscle, for you've got to tussle,
Plunge into the fight,
Hit to left and to right,
And keep crashing and smashing.
Don't let up with your striking
Till things meet your liking.
For God's sake, stop bawling—
Instead, do some mauling.
It makes the world bitter
To look at a quitter;
Fate scowls when she sees
A grown-up on his knees.
A man with his health
Is a mine jammed with wealth
Full of unexplored lodes.
Why, the freckled-back toads
Have the sense to keep jumping—
And here *you* are frumping!
Come now, strike your gait—
It isn't too late,
There's no such thing as fate!
Drop that fool-talk of "luck,"
Get a grip on your pluck,
And buck.
Begin
To grin
And win.

Lassoing Lions in the Siwash

By ZANE GREY

With Photographs by the Author and Decorations by R. Weir Crouch

WE were with Buffalo Jones on the long trail across the Arizona desert to the north rim of the Grand Cañon, where, among the yellow crags of Buckskin Mountain, he assured us that mountain lions would be found in plenty. Jones was after lions, not to kill them, but to lasso them, to prove that such a feat was possible.

That it was impossible had been delicately hinted in New York; and, strange to say, as we traveled westward, meeting prospectors, ranchers, cowboys, this opinion had strengthened and broadened. But the more doubt and ridicule we met, the more Wallace and I determined to stick to the old buffalo hunter who had persuaded us to make the trip. He said that he had lassoed cougars; he vowed he could do it again, and we believed him.

What a chase the tough old plainsman led us! How we stuck to him from the white-capped San Francisco peaks down into the desert of burning days and freezing nights, and out into the barren, delusive world of red mesas, and drifts of painted clay, and dunes of white sand, cannot be told here. We saw the beauty of mirage-haunted levels, and felt the mystery, the wonder, the allurement of the dim, gray-purple haze of distance. We breathed pure, sweet, dry, desert air, which exhilarated like wine in the blood. We felt the silence of the desert, infinite, somber, voiceless. We faced the blinding, moaning sand-storm. We suffered the pangs of the desert—hot, swollen feet and weary, aching bones, the stinging red mist in the eyes, the torture of parched throat and thick tongue.

Ten days of travel brought us to Buckskin Mountain, a long black ridge, nine thousand feet high, covered with a magnificent forest of spruce and pine, and almost inaccessible. Deer and wild horses by the thousand range the cool wooded slopes in summer and go down into the warm breaks of the cañon in winter.

Jones's buffalo ranch lies at the base of this mountain. As we rode up to the little log cabin, his cowboys ran out to greet us. "Get down, get down, an' come in," said Frank; and Jim added with a slow Southern drawl: "Shore yu must be tired. It's a long way to come for cougars. But the woods is full of them, an' mebbe we'll hit Old Tom's trail." Old Tom's name had grown ominously familiar. At Holbrook we were told of his enormous size; at Flagstaff and Williams, that he had been king of the Grand Cañon for twelve years.

Two days later we made permanent camp on the other side of Buckskin, in what the Indians call the Siwash. A grand open forest, beyond the reach of the lumberman's axe, graced the slopes to the rim-wall of the cañon. Flowers bloomed in riotous confusion, as if fulfilling the fragrant promise of the desert wind. But most thrilling to us was the cougar-sign on every hand. Tracks were thick as autumn leaves. We found Old Tom's imprint in the dust of a beaten trail, and its enormous size made Jones shake his head seriously.

We had a pack of six hounds, not one of which had ever scented a lion track. Don was a deerhound, Sounder had earned his beautiful name baying at coyotes, and old Moze had grown gray over Missouri coon trails; but in a very few days Jones had taught them to pass over coyote, wolf, and deer trails and to stick to a lion trail like weasels after a rabbit. But even with the dogs on the scent we failed to see lions. Morning after morning we chased them, only to have the hounds suddenly cease baying and come back to us.

"It's this way, boys," explained Jones. "The lions take to the trees, and the hounds

THE LION SPLINTERED THE BARK FROM A PINE TREE FIFTEEN FEET UP.

R. WEIR CROUCH

JONES KEPT STEADILY ON AND MOZE FOLLOWED AT HIS HEELS.

R. WEIR CROUCH

SHE PULLED IT AWAY AND BIT IT SAVAGELY.

R. WEIR CROUCH

THERE SHE HUNG, WRITHING, STRUGGLING, GIVING UTTERANCE TO SOUNDS TERRIBLY HUMAN.

THAT NIGHT SHE WORKED CEASELESSLY FOR THAT WHICH MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING—FREEDOM.

lose the scent, and come back. We've got to show them a lion in a tree. Then they'll know."

The very next day the opportunity came. A wild, glorious chase through the aisles of majestic pines, out upon the scrubby ridges, up and down the deer ranges, ended under a stumpy piñon-tree in which, in a thick fork, stood an enormous mountain-lion. Morose and grim he looked, but not frightened. He nodded his great head and swung his tufted tail and watched the leaping, yelping, frantic hounds.

"Old Tom! Old Tom!" bawled Jones. "Get back! He'll jump! Hurry!"

We were all as crazy as the dogs. Moze leaped into the low branches of the tree. Jones ran in and pulled him out, and hauled Wallace back to a safe distance. Then Old Tom sailed out over the dogs and bounded away in long leaps. We chased him over the rim-wall of the cañon, and saw him, at the foot of his mighty throne, enter a dark cave. Leaving Wallace and Jim to guard the break in the rim-wall where Old Tom had descended, Jones directed Frank and me to follow with two of the hounds and my rifle. It was a perilous descent, but we slid down like lizards. At the base of the rim-wall we found Old Tom's huge tracks in the well-beaten trail. The smell of cat was overpowering. At last we stood a hundred feet from the menacing cave, and Jones's voice rang sharp and cold.

"This old lion is cornered, and he'll come out. He can run only two ways, along this trail or down the slide there. I'll take my stand by that scrub piñon so I can get a hitch if I rope him. Frank, when I give the word, let the dogs go. Grey, you block the slide. If he makes at me, even with my rope on him, kill him!"

What a queer numb feeling I had round my heart, what a strange tightening of the skin upon my face! But there was no turning back. I jumped down into the narrow slide of weathered stone and looked up. Jones's stentorian yell rose high above the wild clamor of the hounds. He whirled his lasso. A huge yellow form shot over the trail and hit the top of the slide with a crash. The lasso streaked out with arrowy swiftness, circled, and snapped viciously close to Old Tom's head. Then the lion leaped, seemingly into the air above me. Instinctively I raised my little automatic. I seemed to hear a million bellowing reports. The yellow body, with its grim, snarling face, blurred in my sight. I heard a roar of sliding stones at my feet; I felt a rush of wind; I caught confused glimpses of a whirling wheel of fur, rolling down the slide.

Jones and Frank were pounding me and yelling I knew not what; from far above came floating a long "Waahoo!" and I saw Wallace and Jim silhouetted against the blue sky. I felt the hot barrel of my rifle, and shuddered at the bloody stones below me—and only then did I realize that Old Tom had jumped at me and had jumped to his death.

Happy as we were over our prospects—for the hounds had seen a lion in a tree—we sought our blankets early. But it seemed that my eyelids had scarcely touched when Jones's exasperating yet stimulating yell roused me. Day was breaking. The moon and stars shone with wan luster. A white, snowy frost silvered the forest. Frank came hustling in with the horses. Jim was busy round the camp-fire. My fingers nearly froze while I saddled my horse.

At five o'clock we were trotting up the slope of Buckskin Mountain, bound north for the breaks of the cañon. It was new territory and hard going. The breaks or ravines had to be crossed far up the mountain slope where they had not yet cut into cliff walls. But even at the heads they were very steep. We were hours reaching a comparatively level stretch of ridges. As usual, I fell behind, and did not realize it until I heard a far-off "Waahoo" come faintly on the wind. Then I hurried my big black forward and came suddenly upon Jones, leading his horse through the scrub piñon on the edge of the cañon, and closely scrutinizing the ground.

"What do you think? Are we hunting rabbits?" began Jones. "This beats me all hollow. We jumped four lions in this bunch of piñon. The dogs split. Moze took one north along the rim, but the lion wouldn't tree and got away in the broken cliffs. I saw this lion. Frank saw another. Wallace is following Sounder, and Jim has gone down the cañon after Don. Four cougars playing tag in broad daylight on top of this rim-wall. Hello! Waa-hoo! That's Wallace."

The tall Californian reached us presently with Sounder beside him. He reported that the hound had chased a lion into an impassable break. We then joined Frank on a jutting crag of the cañon wall.

"Waa-hoo!" yelled Jones. There was no

answer except the echo, and it rolled up out of the chasm with strange, hollow mockery.

"Don took a cougar down this slide," said Frank. "I saw the big brute, and Don was making him hump. A-ha! Listen!"

Out of the silent depths came the faint yelp of a hound. "That's Don," cried Jones, "and he's hot on something. Where's Sounder? By George! there he goes down the slide, and he's opened up. Wallace, you go down. Frank and I will climb out on that pointed crag. Grey, you stay here."

From my promontory I watched Wallace go down the slide with gigantic strides, sending the rocks rolling and cracking, saw Jones and Frank crawl out to the end of a crumbling ruin of a yellow wall, which threatened to go splintering down into the abyss.

I wondered, as I listened to the penetrating voice of the hound, if anywhere on earth there could be a grander scene for wild action, wild life. My position afforded a commanding view over a hundred miles of the noblest and most sublime work of nature. The rim-wall where I stood sheered down a thousand feet, to meet a long wooded slope that cut abruptly off into another giant precipice; then a second long bench sloped down and jumped off into what seemed the grave of the world. Most striking in that vast void were the long, irregular points of rim-wall protruding toward the Grand Cañon. There were twelve of them, miles apart, some sharp, some round, some blunt, all rugged and bold. The great chasm in the middle was full of purple smoke. It seemed a mighty sepulcher, from which misty fumes rolled upward. The turrets, mesas, domes, and parapets of yellow and red rock gave the appearance of a gigantic work of hand. The wonderful river of silt, the mystic and sullen Rio Colorado, lay hidden, except in one place, far away, where it glimmered wanly. Thousands of colors were blended before my rapt gaze. Yellow predominated, as the crags lorded it over the lower cliffs; red glared in the sunlight; green softened these two, and purple and violet, gray, blue, all the darker hues shaded away into dim and distant obscurity.

Suddenly, by a trick of the imagination, the beauty faded from the scene and left it terrible. I was seized with fear. The mystery of the earth lay revealed. Its bare ribs stood out, and its racked and convulsed bowels. Earthquake, flood, fire, the war of the elements lost here their mystery. Millions of years of slow, creeping erosion, and fall of rock, and grind of river were at my feet, and the end was not yet. Eternity breathed there. Desolation spread sable wings. Grim, vast, dead silence guarded the rim in jealous arms.

The spell left me only at excited yells from my companions on the other crag, which recalled me to the living aspect of the scene. Jones was leaning far down in a niche, at seeming great hazard of life, yelling with all the power of his strong lungs. Frank stood still farther out on a cracked point where it made me tremble to see him, and his yell reenforced Jones's. From below rolled up a chorus of thrilling bays and yelps.

Then far down the slide I saw a lion headed for the rim-wall and climbing fast. I added my exultant cry to the medley, and stretching my arms wide to that illimitable void, I gloried in a moment full to the brim of the tingling joy of existence. I did not consider how painful it must have been for the toiling lion. It was only the spell of the wild environment, of perilous yellow crags, of thin dry air, of the voices of man and dog, of the stinging expectation of sharp action.

I watched the lion growing bigger and bigger. Don and Sounder ran from the piñon into the open slide, and I heard their impetuous burst of wild yelps as they saw their game; and then Jones's clarion yell made me bound for my horse. As I was about to mount, Moze came trotting toward me. I caught the old gladiator. When he heard the chorus from below he plunged like a mad bull. With both arms around him I hung on. It would never have done to let him go down that slide. He howled and tore, but I held on. My big black horse, with ears laid back, stood like a rock.

I heard the pattering of little sliding rocks below; then stealthy, padded footsteps and hard, panting breaths, almost like coughs; then the cougar passed out of the slide not twenty feet away. He saw us and sprang into the piñon scrub with the leap of a startled deer.

Samson himself could no longer have held Moze. Away he darted with his short, angry bark. I flung myself into the saddle and rode out to meet Jones. Frank was passing into the piñon, his horse flashing like a white streak. We had followed him scarcely a hundred yards when Don and Sounder passed us.

Frank was a cowboy; Jones had been born in a saddle, and there I was, with a passionate desire to be at the finish, with the painful certainty that I could not. But my black horse was the fastest, most powerful horse in the outfit. I had always held him in because Jones was afraid he would kill me, but now I let him go. He understood, and with a magnificent bound stretched out. The maddening music of the hounds made him fairly fly. I rode on his neck, on his haunches, in the air—everywhere except in the saddle, but I stuck on.

At the end of the piñon thicket I overhauled Jones, and we entered the open forest together. We saw Frank ahead beginning to circle, so we cut and gained. My horse never turned aside for logs nor windfalls; he sailed over them, up and up, like a bird; he swerved only slightly for the pines, and carried me under branches that almost swept me off.

We closed in on Frank, and saw the hounds, Don leading, Sounder next, and Moze not fifty yards behind a desperate, running lion.

That chase through the open forest, with the quarry in sight, with the splendid action of horses carrying us on the wings of the wind, was glorious. But, like the full, satisfying moments of life, it was brief. The lion, leaping gracefully into the air, splintered the bark from a pine fifteen feet up, and crouched on a limb. The hounds tore madly round the tree.

"Full-grown female," said Jones, calmly, as we dismounted, "and she's ours. We'll call her Kitty."

Kitty was a beautiful creature, long, slender, glossy, with white belly, and black-tipped ears and tail. A low, brooding, menacing murmur that was not a snarl nor a growl came from her. She watched the dogs with bright, steady eyes. They were worth looking at. Don stood straight up with his fore paws beating the air; Sounder had lost his identity—he had been an unsociable dog, but now he leaped into my arms—and Moze attempted to climb a dead pine that had fallen against a drooping branch of the tree in which Kitty had taken refuge.

Jones removed his coat, carefully coiled his lasso, and began to ascend the leaning tree. Moze followed him.

The cougar, becoming uneasy, stood up, reached for another limb, climbed out upon it, and, peering down, spat hissingly at Jones. But Jones kept steadily on, and Moze followed at his heels. I snapped my camera on cougar, dog, and man when the cougar was not more than fifteen feet above them. As Jones reached the snag that upheld the leaning tree, the cougar ran out on her branch and leaped into an adjoining pine. It was a good long jump; and the weight of the animal bent the limb alarmingly.

Jones came down and laboriously climbed the second tree, whereupon the cougar, when Jones got within throwing distance, leaped back into her first perch. Jones descended, and once more crept on hands and knees up the leaning tree. The cougar grew more and more restless, spitting, growling, and swinging her tufted tail faster and faster. Jones got under her this time, close enough to make Frank and me call out warnings, and was recoiling his lasso when the beast ran out on another branch and jumped. This time she fell short, clutched a dead piece that broke, letting her down hard into a bushy branch, from which she hung head downward. For a moment she swung free, then reached toward the tree, caught it with front paws and then back paws, ran down like a squirrel, and leaped off when thirty feet from the ground. The action was as rapid as it was astonishing.

Like a yellow rubber ball she bounded up, and fled with the yelping hounds at her heels. The chase was short. Moze nipped her again and again, and before she had gone a hundred yards she sought safety in another pine. Frank, who had mounted, in anticipation of just what happened, almost rode the dogs down in his eagerness.

This time the cougar was well out upon a low, spreading branch. Jones conceived the idea of raising the loop of his lasso on a long pole, but the cunning beast pawed the rope aside. Then she leaped out over the dogs and ran like a deer down the ravine.

For several hundred yards she outran the hounds, then they began to close upon her. Don, who was swiftest, nipped her tail and checked her. A blow on the side of the head sent him reeling. Sounder closed in, tried to hold the cougar, but she eluded him, and dashing up the side of the ravine, leaped upon the first tree. It was a half-dead pine with short snags low down, and a big branch extending out over the ravine.

"I think we can hold her in this tree," said Jones, and he began the ascent of the trunk. As he went up, the cougar started to move upon the snags, crawled up one after another, and seemed to be trying to get upon the big branch. It was plainly evident she was afraid of falling, but she succeeded, presently, in getting upon the large limb.

Jones worked up to a position about even with her and then cast his lasso. It caught on a snag. Again and again he recoiled and recast, only to fail.

"Rope those dead twigs an' break them off," yelled Frank.

It was a good suggestion; which Jones at once carried out. At his next throw the lasso fell upon the cougar. Angrily she shook it off. Again he sent the noose flying. She pulled it away from her back and bit it savagely. Jones jerked back so hard he nearly lost his balance. The noose caught on her front paw and slipped.

"That's what I want," called Jones; "if I can get her front paw, she's ours. My idea is to pull her off the limb, let her hang there, and then lasso her hind legs."

He made at least twenty attempts, every one of which was futile. Finally a successful cast settled the noose perfectly round her neck. She chewed on the rope with her front teeth, and appeared to have difficulty in holding it. Cautiously Jones took up the slack, and slowly the rope tightened; the noose narrowed until a quick jerk fastened it close round her neck. We made the forest ring with our yells of triumph.

That triumph was short-lived. Jones had hardly moved when the cougar shot straight out into the air. The lasso caught on the branch, hauling her up short, and there she hung in mid-air, writhing, struggling, giving utterance to sounds terribly human. For several seconds she swung, slowly descending, while Jones bawled unintelligible commands to us. Then came a crash, and Jones fell out of the tree. The lasso was wrenched from his hands, and the cougar dropped into the bunch of waiting, howling dogs.

For a moment it was impossible to distinguish what took place. A great flutter of leaves whirled round a swiftly changing mass of brown and black and yellow, from which came a fiendish clamor.

I saw Jones plunge down the hill and try to grasp the whipping lasso. I lost my footing, stumbled, and fell prone on my face into the ravine, and rolled over and over until I brought up with a bump against a stone.

What a tableau riveted my gaze! It rattled me so I never thought of my camera. The cougar sat on her haunches with body well drawn back by the taut lasso to which Jones held wildly and grimly. Don was standing with her, upheld by her hooked claws in his head. The cougar had her paws outstretched; her mouth was wide, showing great white fangs; she was trying to pull the head of the dog to her. The other hounds were tussling round her body. Suddenly both ears of the dog pulled out, slit into ribbons. Don had never uttered a sound, and, once free, he made at her again with open jaws. One blow sent him stunned and bleeding. Then began again that terrible wrestling whirl.

Frank and I seized clubs and ran in upon the confused furry mass. We fought all over the bottom of the ravine, crashing through the bushes, over logs and stones. At last we pulled Sounder and Moze to where Don lay half stunned, and I held them while Frank turned to help Jones.

The panting cougar crouched low on the ground with eyes of purple fire.

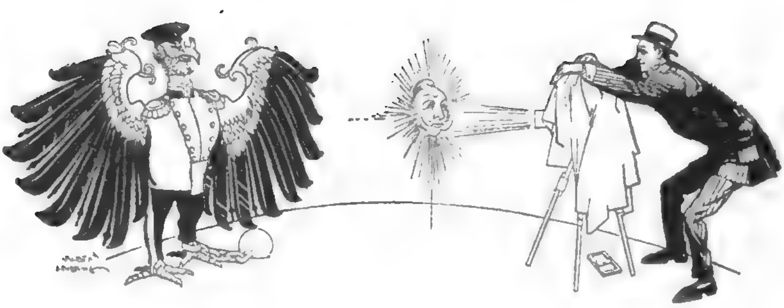
"For God's sake get a half-hitch on that sapling!" called the cowboy.

His quick grasp of the situation averted a tragedy. As the cougar sprang, Jones threw his lasso round the sapling. The cougar missed him, although her left front paw stretched alarmingly near his face. She came to the ground with a heavy thud. A flash of Jones's big hands fastened the lasso, and Kitty was a prisoner. While she fought, rolled, twisted, bounded, writhed with hissing fury, Jones sat mopping his face. Her efforts were futile; she began to weaken from choking.

Another lasso stretched her out helpless between two saplings; and then the old buffalo hunter calmly took her paws in his powerful grip and clipped off her dangerous claws. Forcing her mouth open with a stick and pressing her head back on the ground, he strapped a collar round her neck and snapped a chain to that. Then, unaided, he muzzled her with a wire round her jaws, held in place by a little bar of iron thrust back of her big canines—and Kitty was a subject of pity.

That night she crouched close beside a pine-tree not fifty feet from our camp-fire, and worked ceaselessly for that thing which, to man and beast alike, makes life worth living—freedom.

Kitty was not the only mountain lion we brought alive to camp. The following days were fruitful of adventures with cougars, and with wild horses; of discoveries in that wonderful isolated section of the Grand Cañon. And as I look back now on those days of stirring life, of vivid color, I recall with keen pleasure the success of a ridiculed expedition and the vindication of Buffalo Jones.



Berlin and Its Burghers

The Home of the Night-and-Day Appetite

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Illustrations by Albert Levering

WE were on Unter den Linden, and it was one o'clock in the morning. "Come," said my Berlin friend, "we will go up here and see what is going on."

We went up. The place was a café, judging from the number of tables. Nobody was there; that is, nobody but a lot of waiters standing around. I scoffed a bit. "Fine, lively morgue you've broken into," I said. "An accurate picture of night life in Berlin, I take it."

There was a big negro, in a green uniform, decorated with many brass buttons, at the door. He heard me. "'Deed, sah," he remonstrated, in real darky talk, "you-all is too early. Come in, sah, in 'bout a hour 'nd a half."

That made me blink. And I blinked again when we turned the corner into Friedrichstrasse and found ourselves in the middle of a strolling crowd of Berliners that filled the sidewalks.

"Something uncommon going on, I suppose," I ventured.

"Oh, no," my Berlin friend replied. "Usual thing. Always this way. This street doesn't begin to get good until after midnight, and it is as crowded at three or four o'clock in the morning as it is now."

I took that with some mental reservations, but when we went back to that café on Unter den Linden at a quarter to three, we found it jammed with people, eating, drinking, and listening to the orchestra that was pumping away as if it had been a quarter to eleven. I took a peek at Friedrichstrasse when we came out. It was still filled with a strolling crowd, somewhat smaller than when I saw it first, but lively. There were many cafés in full blast. Taxicabs and motors were scurrying up and down. It looked like Broadway at half past eleven, after the theatres are out.

"Do these people never go to bed?" I asked my Berlin friend.

"Apparently not," he said. "The parade keeps up until all hours of the morning. Some places do not open until twelve."

I thought of the boasting we have been doing for years about the Great White Way as the last word in night life. I could see the Great White Way at half past three o'clock in the morning, with the lights all out, a casual condensed-milk wagon rumbling across from the Grand Central Station, an occasional hansom clattering along, and one or two all-night lunch-rooms open.

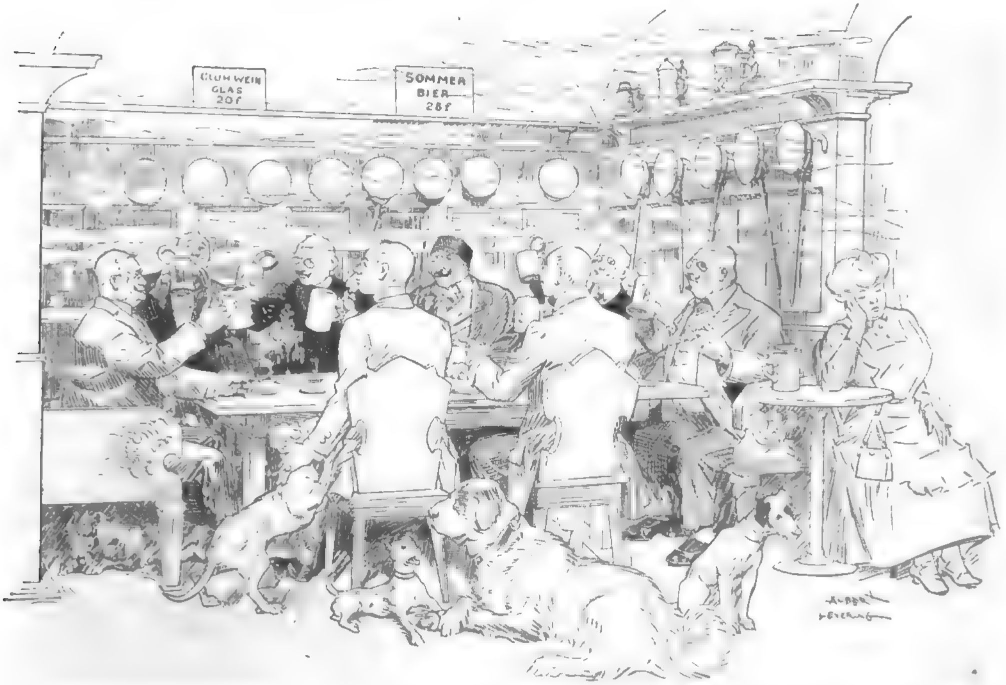
"Oh, yes," said my friend, "there is one concert hall, I understand, that doesn't open until six in the morning, and it is well patronized by the people who refuse to turn in at five or so, and want to make a real night of it."

And all these years we have been hearing about the stolid, phlegmatic, philosophical German, who stodgily smokes a long pipe and reads abstruse speculations on the ultimate theory of matter as contrasted with the penultimate hypothesis of the inner soul. Well, we'll change that. The German may be stolid and phlegmatic and philosophical. Granted. But the Berliner seems to have aspects of gaiety and pleasure-seeking that put him somewhat outside of the diagnosis.

They have been handing out the la-la-la Parisian and the whoop-it-up New Yorker to us as the real exemplars of how to have what they call "fun" after dark. But the Parisian vanishes along about two o'clock in the morning, and the New Yorker fades away about the same time, in a large majority. But the phlegmatic, stolid German, the student of philosophy, is just beginning to get under way when our gay blades of the Great White Way are yawning and steering toward the subway. This means the Berliner, of course. What they do in other parts of Germany is beside the mark; but you can get a good imitation of Berlin in Dresden and Munich and in other places, if you care to investigate.

A city where the cafés remain filled until four o'clock in the morning cannot be classed rightly as a dun, gray, melancholy community, although it must be said there is a certain sedateness about much of the merry-making in Berlin that gives it the conventional Teutonic tinge. It does not comport, for example, with American ideas of hilarity, for the whole family to go to a beer-hall and sit four hours at a table, solemnly drinking beer. Still, as it is the German way, and they know what they want to do, the fact that they can be found sitting there until two and three o'clock in the morning helps a good deal in holding up the contention.

Berlin is organized for eating and drinking, and so are the Berliners organized for it. Scattered all over the city are enormous places where food is served. The Berliners, apparently, like to eat and drink in company, if not in communion, with vast numbers of their fellows. One of the boasts of Berlin is the Rheingold, a huge place recently completed, where four thousand people can be fed at one time. At the Zoo, on a pleasant evening, you can find several thousand, and so at the Terrace Garden, while Kempinski's is an amazing institution.



IT IS THE GERMAN WAY, AND THEY CAN BE FOUND THERE UNTIL TWO AND THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Wine-halls, where only wines are served, and beer-halls, which deal in beer alone, are everywhere, some of them most respectable and some of them not so impeccable. It is the rule that it is perfectly proper to take your mother or your wife or your sister to a beer-hall or a wine-hall that is frequented by the officers of the army. They go only to the proper ones—publicly. The etiquette of these places is most formal. If the hall is crowded and tables are scarce, before you sit down you draw your heels together and make a military bow to everybody sitting at the table you select. Then, also, you raise your glass or stein to those at the table when your refreshment is served. On leaving, you bow all around again. Or the other people at the table bow, if they leave before you do. The American way of asking the others at the table for permission to sit down is not ceremonious enough for the Germans, who are the most formally polite people in the world.

There are places in Berlin where food is as expensive as it is anywhere else, but, ordinarily, the food at the restaurants is very cheap. The secret of this is that the restaurants make their profit on the wine and beer. If you ask a German waiter for water, he looks at you in a helpless sort of way and wonders what you mean. Water, from a German restaurant viewpoint, is good merely to sail boats on and for other utilitarian purposes. The idea of drinking it with a meal is absurd, unless, indeed, you want bottled water, which is another thing, and brings revenue to the house. The big beer-halls specialize on their beers. If you want beer of a certain brew you go to one place, and if you fancy another kind you go to the house that sells that brew. Looking at the matter casually, it appeared to me that more Berliners drink wine and coffee than drink beer, although the popular idea is that Germans drink more beer than anything else.

Furthermore, the German is always pictured as smoking a long and ornate pipe. Perhaps he does smoke such a pipe out in the country, but Berliners all smoke cigars. There are dozens of big cigar stores. Havana cigars cost about half as much in Berlin as they do in the United States, and they are better, but it requires long and patient practise to like a German cigar. It is entirely an acquired taste. If you walk on the street in the wake of a workman smoking one of the few-pfennig brands, you discover smells you had never dreamed could be harbored in rolled tobacco.

Every Berliner of any social pretensions gives a big dinner each year. It is a regular part of the expense of living and is counted in the year's outlay. These are tremendous affairs, with ten rich and heavy courses, or more, vast quantities of wine—most appalling, considered from a digestive viewpoint. All the friends are invited, and the host pays all his social debts by this elaborate spread. They eat until they are black in the face, drink immensely, offer toasts and healths with great punctiliousness. After this dinner has been given, the host has no further social obligations until it is time for him to give another dinner. Meantime, he is summoned to the functions of his friends, where the same program is repeated. There is more food served at a feast of this kind than an American host would serve in five dinners for a similar number of people each time. It is heavy, solid German food, too, with nothing light and dainty about it—rich and substantial.

Your German does not care for fancy food. He wants "grub." Eating to him is a sacred ceremony, not to be trifled with nor slighted. When he eats, he wants to eat, to masticate, to get a realizing sense that he is communing with something that has substance in it. There was that occasion when Frederick W. Cauldwell, the American Vice-Consul General in Berlin, decided to give a reception to his friends. He went to his landlady and discussed the refreshments with her. They decided on sandwiches and some trifles of that character. In giving his parting instructions, Cauldwell said: "Be sure to cut the crusts off the bread when you make the sandwiches."

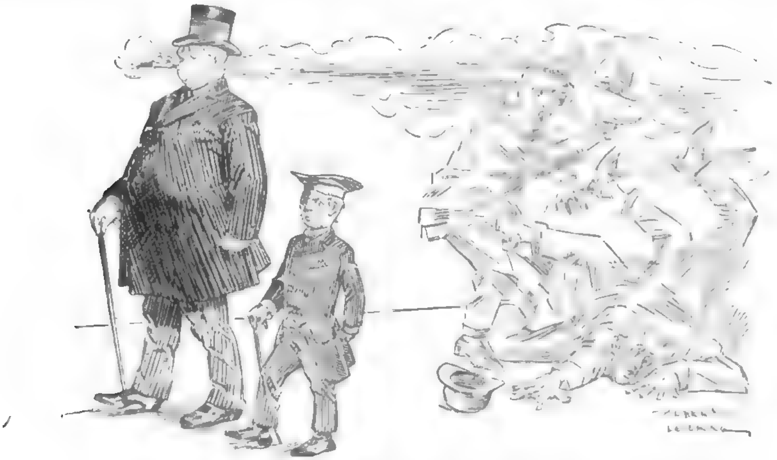
There was consternation at this. The landlady held a consultation with the servants. The master of the house was brought into it. The point was debated for half an hour. Cut the crusts off the bread? Preposterous! After the situation had been canvassed in all its details, and the judgment of everybody in the house had been passed on the proposition, the landlady went to Cauldwell.

"Is it so," she asked, "that we are to cut the crusts the bread off when the sandwiches we are making?"

"Certainly," Cauldwell replied.

"Ah," she said, a great light breaking over her, "I comprehend at last. Your friends have no teeth."

The Kaiser knows the fatal effects of these great German feasts. He knows the reason so many of his countrymen get paunchy is



IT REQUIRES LONG AND PATIENT PRACTISE TO LIKE A GERMAN CIGAR.

that they sit too long at table after the dinner is over. Whenever he gives or goes to a dinner, he gets up as soon as it is finished and walks about. Everybody else has to get up and stand around as long as the Kaiser is standing. He keeps them on their feet for an hour. That is one way the Kaiser holds his waist line in check, for he eats as heartily as any of his subjects, and likes to do it. Still, not all Germans, and especially not all Berliners, have this fear of paunchiness. One massive official was talking about his size. "Why not reduce?" he was asked.

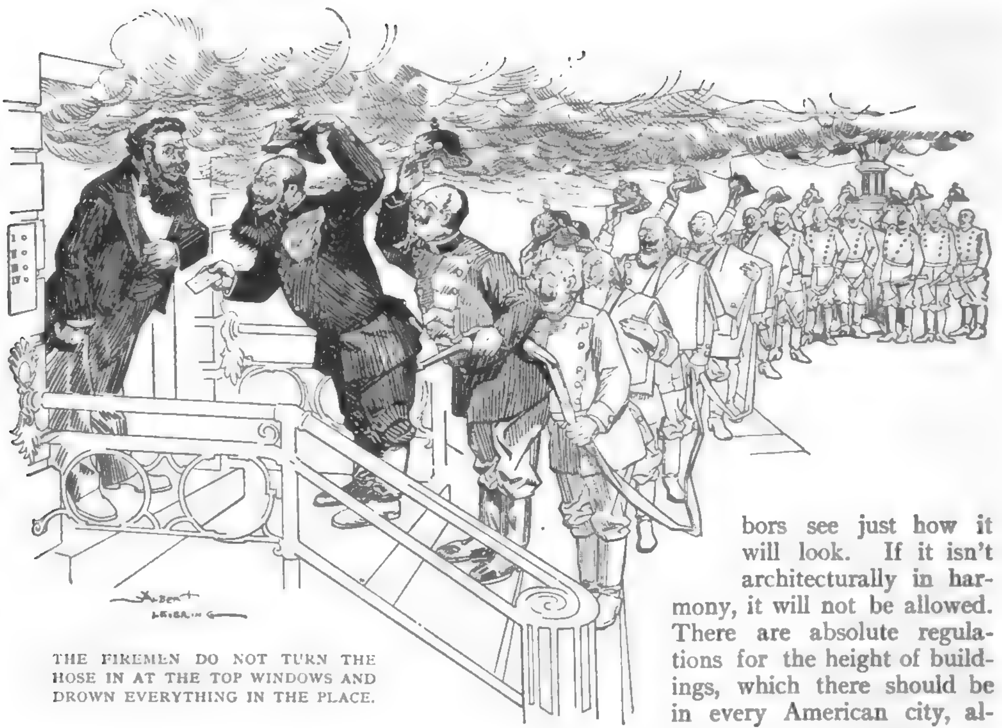
"Reduce!" he screamed, patting his paunch affectionately. "Why should I? Look what it cost me to get it!"

Berlin is the city of the small tip, but, likewise, the city of the numerous tip. It is amazing to observe the grateful thanks that follow the princely bestowal of ten pfennigs, or about two and one-half cents. Still, there need be no obsession that tips are not expensive enough, in the total, for the Berliners have evolved a gradation of service that makes the outflow of ten-pfennig pieces rapid and continuous. You are waited upon all right, but it takes a platoon of servants to accomplish what is wanted.

There was a gala performance at the opera-house, and a party of Americans secured a box. After running the gauntlet in the lobby and elsewhere, they came to their box and were met by a gorgeous citizen covered with gold lace, looking as if he were one of the personal attendants of the Kaiser. This haughty and bullioned person led the party to the box. It was more than a mere bit of attention. It was a function. He opened the box door grandly and bowed the party in. "Surely," thought the financier of the party, "this is one of the Important Sounds of this gala performance, and he must be recompensed for his trouble." So five marks were bestowed on him. Then, in a few minutes, it was discovered there were half a dozen other attendants in line for fees. The man who appeared to own the opera-house had nothing to do but open the door of the box. There were other chaps, equally gorgeous, to place the chairs, bring programs, and do all that sort of thing. You couldn't move without stumbling over somebody in gold lace who wanted a few pfennigs in his palm. Everybody wants a tip. It is even the proper thing to give one to the conductor on the street car when he takes up your fare.

Berlin is a clean Chicago, minus the skyscrapers, so far as business goes. It is a big, bustling, intensely commercial city, where everybody works. The Chicago idea is hammered into you when you come in on the train, for there are miles of suburbs filled with factories of all kinds, many of them newly-built, and in the city the big stores and the wholesale places fairly whiz with business. That is as far as the comparison goes, either with Chicago or with any other American city, for Berlin is governed so strictly, so minutely, in every detail, that the haphazard municipalities of this country seem unorganized beside it.

The Berliners, and the rest of the Germans, are the most governed people on earth. They like it and howl for more. They have restrictions of all kinds placed on the order of



THE FIREMEN DO NOT TURN THE HOSE IN AT THE TOP WINDOWS AND DROWN EVERYTHING IN THE PLACE.

their daily lives, but they are used to it. Indeed, they have arrived at a sort of mental state in which they look to the authorities to tell them what to do, and how to do it, in every contingency. "*Verboten!*" is the German word that has the greatest vogue, so far as I was able to see. "Forbidden!" stares them in the face everywhere. They are regulated in all sorts of ways, down to the manner they shall conduct themselves in their houses. There is a certain time for beating rugs, a certain time for playing the piano, a certain time for everything else. You can move your household goods only in a certain way. You cannot shake a dust rag out of the window. You cannot do this and you cannot do that, and, they told me, after you once get accustomed to it, it is a comfortable way to live. It absolves you from thought if you know what hours there are for doing your work and how you must do it.

Building is strictly regulated. If you want to put up a store or a house, you must show the authorities exactly what kind of a building you are going to put up, and, if necessary, construct a dummy. If you want to put a bridge across a street connecting two places, up in the air, you must construct a canvas replica of that bridge and let all the neighbors see just how it will look. If it isn't architecturally in harmony, it will not be allowed. There are absolute regulations for the height of buildings, which there should be in every American city, although the impression one gets of Berlin is that it is a collection of structures all alike.

The municipal authorities are not politicians, voted in or voted out of office. They are fixtures. For example, the mayor of Berlin was not elected in Berlin and did not live in Berlin. He came from another city, where he had been mayor before. He is a sort of professional mayor, and he was brought to Berlin because he had been a good mayor elsewhere. He had been trained. Imagine New York taking a mayor from Rochester because the Rochester man had been a good mayor and knew how to run a municipality, or Chicago sending to Springfield or Peoria for an executive! The imported mayor serves twelve years. He is not dependent on politics in any degree, and the result is that there is little graft in the city government and that the municipal machinery works smoothly and well.

As for the police, they are mostly men who have served in the army, who have no fear of shifting captains or changes in commissionerships. They are policemen so long as they behave themselves properly. They are very important, very self-sufficient, and inclined to be brutal, but they keep the city in good order.

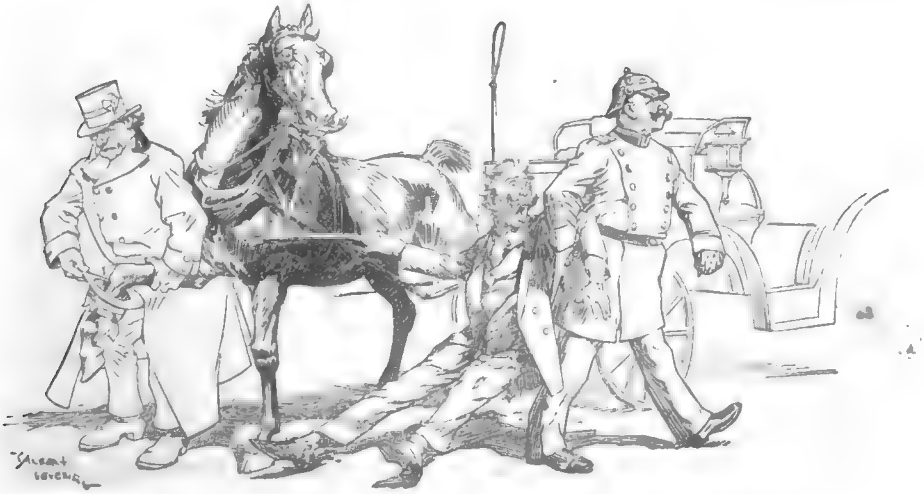
The firemen are carefully selected. They have fire-fighting methods that might well be studied by the firemen in American cities. I saw a fire in an apartment house. It was on the third floor. The firemen came, took out some tarpaulins, spread them carefully on the stairs up to that floor, went into the apartment, shut the doors, and put out the fire, confining it to two rooms. They did not come whooping down the street, turn the hose in at the top windows, and drown everything and everybody in the place; nor did they smash in any doors or windows with axes, nor ruin any furniture.

Berlin streets are miraculously clean. If you light a cigar while walking out of doors, you instinctively look for a place to put the stub of the match instead of throwing it on the pavement. If you see no place, the chances are you will put the burned match in your pocket. It seems so against the rules to do anything to muss up those streets. There are no glaring electric signs and no bill-boards. At various places in the city, round sheet-iron stands are placed. If you have any bill-posting to do, you must post your bills on these stands. Moreover, the bills must be of a certain size. The sixteen-sheet stand is unknown. A modest two-sheet is about the limit.

If a cab knocks you down in the street, you are arrested for obstructing the traffic. Your place is on the sidewalk. They tell a story of the extreme to which this policy is followed. A man and his small son were waiting at an underground railroad station for a train. The boy fell off the platform to the track, and was struck by an approaching train and killed. Did the father get damages from the railroad? He did not. Instead, he was sued by the authorities for obstructing traffic through the person of his son.

Everybody who lives in Berlin is a number, is in a book, carefully recorded and described. The police keep the closest watch over comings and goings. Your landlord must report you within six days after your arrival, if you are a stranger. Then the police will look you over. Generally, you are not conscious of police inspection, but you are getting it just the same. If you want to know where any Berliner lives, the police will tell you for a fee of twenty-five pfennigs (about seven cents). They know where you are and you cannot move about fast enough to prevent their knowing, either. Americans living in Berlin say they are not bothered by this espionage, but they understand they are subject to it.

Every Berliner does exactly what he is expected to do, and you must do the same. As an example of how well trained they are: they are not obliged to have guards on the underground trains in Berlin. The Berlin folks know they are expected to shut the doors, and they shut them. If you observe their regulations you are not disturbed, but if you violate one of them you instantly get into more kinds of trouble than you had imagined could exist. All you are expected to do is to walk a chalk-line, and you can be happy, if the regulations allow the kind of happiness that agrees with you. If not, be



IF A CAB KNOCKS YOU DOWN, YOU ARE ARRESTED FOR OBSTRUCTING THE TRAFFIC.

gloomy. It is much more comfortable than to insist on your type of happiness, for there is no greater example of wasted effort than an argument with a German official. At that, they do things so much better than we do, in many ways, that some of our methods seem painfully crude. There is the question of accompanying your friends to the trains when they are going away. We fuss around, try to get past the gatemen by all sorts of subterfuges. In Berlin, and elsewhere in Germany, this bother is never met. If you want to go out to the train you pay ten pfennigs for a slip of paper that allows you to pass the gate, and that is all there is to it.

In dealing with undesirable classes, the Berliners have little ways of their own that might be emulated. Suppose some enterprising citizen tries to be a burglar. He won't try, if he is wise, but suppose he does. He is caught and taken to the police station. They are none too gentle in taking him there, either. After he arrives he is asked his name. "Otto Schmidt," he says. They take out the book and look for Otto Schmidt. If there is nothing against him, he gets his sentence, whatever it may be. But suppose the culprit gives the name of Otto Schmidt and the book says he resembles mightily Hans Müller, who has been arrested several times. They fall on Otto and make it convenient for him to confess that, in reality, he is Hans Müller. They pull Hans's record on him. He is an undesirable citizen to a certainty. The judge tells him so. He is shown what an enormous criminal he is. Then the judge says: "Now, because you are so depraved and so felonious, I intend to sentence you to life imprisonment. You cannot be allowed at large in this community. Go home, settle your affairs, and return in three days, when I will gladly send you to prison for life."

Hans goes, but does he come back? What do you think about it? He slopes across the border, while the police are conveniently blind, and he never comes back. Thus the frugal and thrifty government is saved the expense of supporting him in prison.

Drunkenness is frowned upon. A confirmed drunkard may even get a life sentence. If a man is found drunk in the streets, or if his neighbors complain that he is a drunkard, he is dealt with gently the first time. They send him to the sewage farm for a short term—say, for three months, with a warning. Then, when he comes out, if he gets drunk again he is sent back to the farm for six months, with a stiffer warning. He gets out, repeats his offense, is sentenced for a year or two years, and next time he gets an indeterminate sentence that will keep him on the farm until the authorities are ready to let him go, which may be never. All this makes for temperance. There is much drinking in Berlin. Nearly everybody drinks. But there is mighty little drunkenness. That is a dangerous amusement.

When a German makes a mistake, there is no living it down. Therefore, the German of the mass never does anything on his own initiative. He is afraid. It might be wrong. He lives by a strict scale, exists by quarter inches, publicly and formally. In his mind, he is reckless and revolutionary. He talks—in a safe place—and writes—for safe mediums, but he rarely acts. If he does act, the police turn out and club him to a pulp, or the soldiers awe him to sullen silence. He lives with the boot heel of authority on his neck.

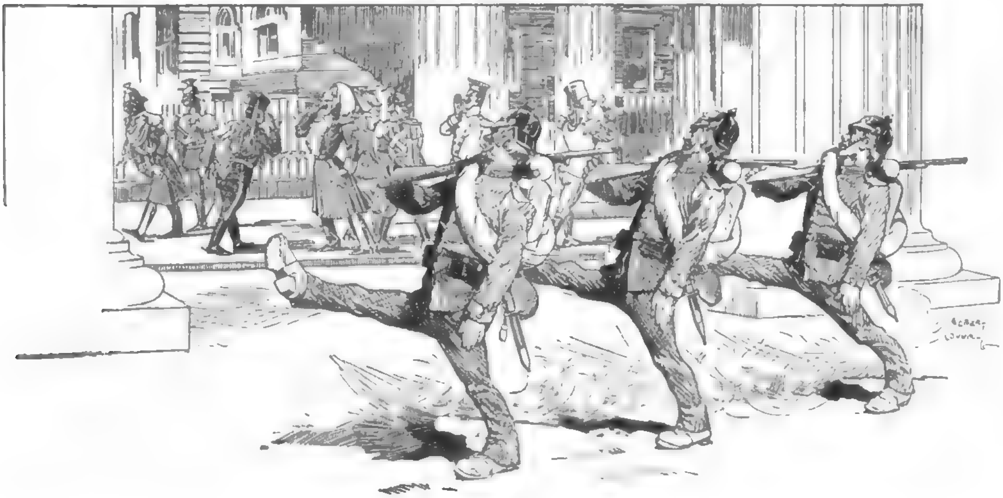
The life of the average Berliner is ordered on the pfennig scale. His economic condition is not conducive to much luxury. He gets small wages and lives in a small way. There is not much poverty observable in Berlin, nor any great ostentation of wealth, although there are some very rich men. The Berliner who has money is a liberal investor. He buys into commercial enterprises of all kinds, which is the great reason for the expansion of manufacturing in the Empire.

But back of whatever prosperity or misery there may be, back of every detail of life, is the shadow of the uniform. The uniform is the fetish, and must be respected. Every German is happy when he gets a uniform on, if it is only the green coat of a shooting society. Obey your superiors, is the German watchword. The army is constantly on view. The Kaiser is the sublimation of authority and everything else, which is a fact constantly ground into the German. They begin with the children. Two American toddlers from a Berlin kindergarten came home one afternoon singing a new song they had been taught that day. The American father listened and translated. The first line was, freely: "The Kaiser is a beautiful man!"

For the most part, the German seems to like all this subjection to authority. At any rate, he can see no good in anybody who is not German. His theory of government, his method of life, his habits, customs, and surroundings are not to be compared with those of any other race. His art, music, literature, and philosophy are best. He considers his plays the finest examples of dramatic writing. He wonders mightily that England should have produced Shakespeare, but, inasmuch as England did produce him, the Germans have adopted him, with the broad statement that they are the only people who really understand him.

The politics of Germany, which centers at Berlin, is so complicated no outsider can understand it without weeks of study. The underlying sentiment of the people is expressed in the Socialist Democrat party, which is composed of three millions of voters and governed absolutely by a few men. To offset this, the Government has experimented and is experimenting with a sort of monarchical socialism. Certain sections of the people flare up at times, but they do not get anywhere, for they are promptly clubbed back where they belong. There are newspapers for every shade of political opinion, edited up to the exact danger point and stopping there. *Lese-majesté* is a very vital offense, and the editors are skilful in avoiding it, while doing what they can to take a few cracks at the Kaiser. There are many illustrated papers, some of them comic and some of them political and most of them effective, although a good deal of both politics and fun is hard for the American mind to assimilate.

One of the most popular of the newspapers is the *Lokal Anzeiger*, which is widely read and has much influence. It maintains libraries in various parts of the city and shows more enterprise than all the rest of the newspapers combined. The newspaper men of Berlin say the *Lokal Anzeiger* is edited by a barber, and tell this story to bear out the statement: The proprietor, years ago, had a small paper. He was accustomed to go across the street to be shaved each morning by a favorite barber. The editor talked to the barber about his paper, asking him each day what he thought of the edition, how it met the views of the patrons of the barber-shop, and how it could be improved. The barber was free with criticisms and advice. He offered many suggestions. The editor put some of these suggestions into force and found the barber understood the viewpoint of the people to whom the paper was appealing.



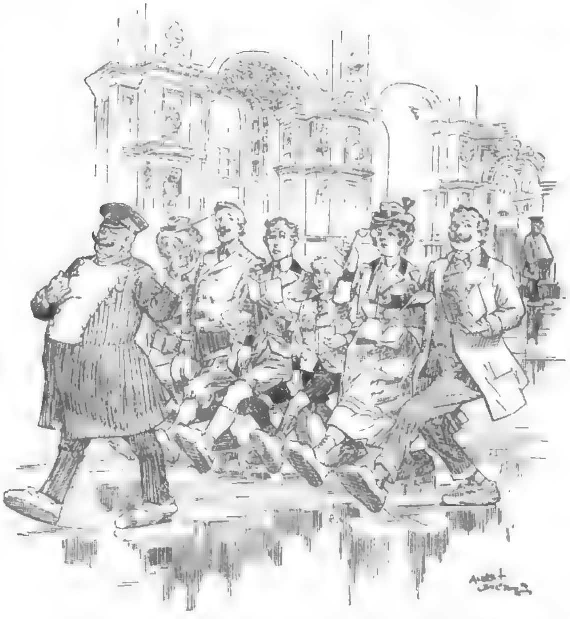
THE ARMY IS CONSTANTLY ON VIEW.

The paper prospered. One day the editor walked into the barber-shop, looked around, and said: "How much do you want for this shop?" "Fifteen thousand marks," the barber replied. "I'll take it," said the editor, and he bought the shop and closed it. Then he told the barber he wanted him to come across to the paper and take the place of general manager, at a satisfactory salary. The barber went across. Every morning he shaves the proprietor, as he has done for years, and the rest of the day he spends in conducting the affairs of the paper. Next to the proprietor, he is supreme. But he keeps his razors sharp and he gives the proprietor a good, easy shave.

Berlin men, who are usually erect and soldierly, because of their army service, have three methods of adding to their none-too-pulchritudinous facial charms. All are in great vogue. One is the scar embellishment, acquired in the dueling days at the universities. The more criss-crosses there are on a German's face, the greater satisfaction he takes when he looks in the glass. When they fight their duels they are so swathed in bandages that little harm can come to them, but they usually get a few shallow slashes. These slashes, I am told, are cultivated carefully, and elaborated by rubbing salt into them until the required pictorial effect is produced. You'd think, to see some of the men you meet over there, that somebody had held them down while other bloodthirsty ruffians had hacked their countenances with meat cleavers. I am assured this is not the case. A cut a thirty-second of an inch deep can be elaborated into a forbidding scar by the judicious use of salt.

In the matter of hair, the Berliners have their own rigid ideas. The young men dote on the turned-up mustache that has reached its highest stage of cultivation, its very flower, on the face of the Emperor. They train their mustaches until the ends point aggressively upward. Then they cut off all the hair on their heads. They trim it down to the scalp. The combination of half a dozen red scars on cheeks and forehead, the turned-up mustache, and the close-cropped head is the acme of personal beauty, apparently, in the minds of many Berliners.

The Kaiser, who, as the children in the schools sing, is a beautiful man, owns fifty-three palaces, or hunting-seats, or houses, or whatever they may all be, in various parts of the Empire, and is thus reasonably well supplied with places for his royal residence. He travels about his country a good bit, but Berlin sees much of him, for the official palace is there. He has the thrift of his race. It costs fifty pfennigs to visit the state apartment in the palace, and he is never under any expense for keeping the waxed floors at a high polish. Every person who makes the trip through the gaudy saloons must wear enormous felt slippers over his shoes. The scuffling over the floors of the parties that go through every half hour keeps them shining.

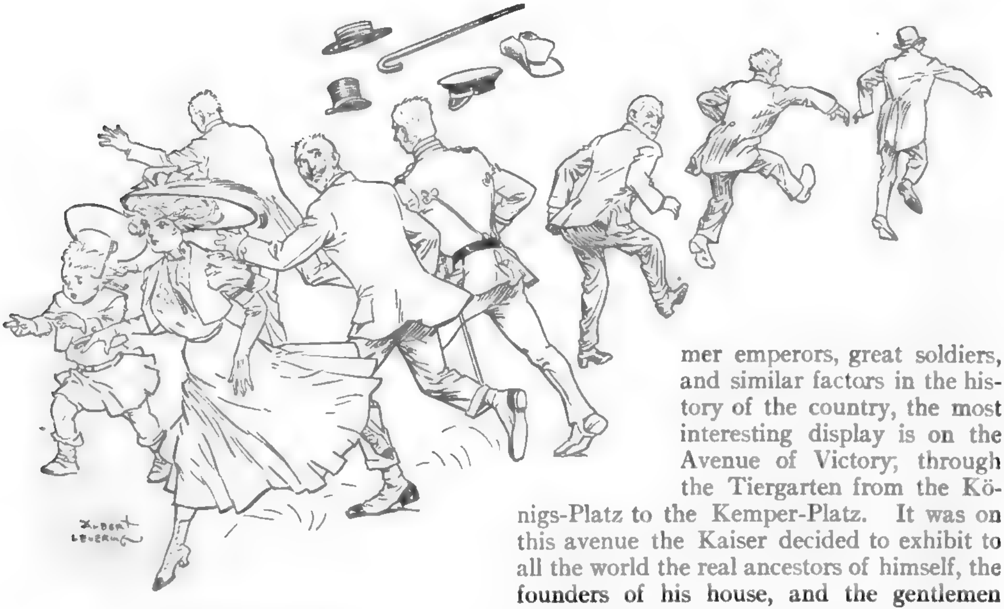


THE KAISER IS NEVER UNDER ANY EXPENSE FOR KEEPING THE WAXED FLOORS AT A HIGH POLISH.

Emperor William is the busiest man in Germany. Temperamentally, I take it, President Roosevelt resembles him much, but the Kaiser is the more versatile of the two. If there is anything going on in the Empire that the Kaiser does not find an opportunity to take a hack at, it has escaped the notice of those who watch him closely. He revises all public findings, supervises all architecture, lectures everybody, and is a general all-round Little Father, in every sense of the term.

When they want to illustrate his ceaseless activity as well as his resistless power, they tell the story of the star above the cross on the spire of the Emperor William Memorial Church. This is the tale as it was told to me: Of course, the Kaiser insisted on revising the plans of the church. That is one of his fondest prerogatives—revising everything and especially plans. The architect brought the plans to him, and the Kaiser scratched out what he didn't like and made such additions as he fancied before he gave them the imperial O. K. The church was built. There was to be a big, gilt cross on the spire, and it appeared in its proper place. But, much to the general astonishment, when the cross was put up a large, many-pointed gold star was raised above it, on a heavy rod. The Berliners could not understand the star. They inquired. The architect said the Kaiser had added the star to the plans.

The plans were examined. Then it was found that, in revising them, the Kaiser had let fall a drop of ink from his pen, which hit the paper just above the cross. The architect studied a long time over this blot of ink. His Teutonic mind grappled with the problem for weeks. There was no appeal. There could be no inquiries. He finally decided the blot of ink signified a star above the cross, and he put the star there, making it to correspond, as nearly as possible, with the outlines of the blot. The star is still there.



"DER KAISER KOMMT!"

Emperor William has a flock of big white automobiles. Speed regulations do not apply to them. They go scooting through the streets at sixty miles an hour, with a small imperial flag flying from the corner of one of the seats in front and a trumpeter sitting beside the chauffeur to blow a warning. Whenever the Kaiser comes along in his machine, everybody gets as far from the middle of the road as possible. The crown prince and other members of the royal family also use automobiles, and whiz through Berlin as fast as they like to go.

The people are respectful, but do not strain themselves in cheering when the Kaiser goes by. When they do cheer, they are rather perfunctory about it. On many afternoons, when he is in Berlin, he rides up Unter den Linden, to the Tiergarten, which is one of his favorite recreation places. The cavalcade is not a large one, usually. There are some gentlemen-in-waiting and a few officers with him. They gallop by, and the people look at them in awed silence, for the most part. When one of the big white automobiles stops in front of a store or a palace, there is usually a small crowd waiting to see who will come out. The crown prince is popular and gets some applause. They seem afraid of the Kaiser, which, probably, is what he wants them to be.

Though the city is full of statues of former emperors, great soldiers, and similar factors in the history of the country, the most interesting display is on the Avenue of Victory, through the Tiergarten from the Königs-Platz to the Kemper-Platz. It was on this avenue the Kaiser decided to exhibit to all the world the real ancestors of himself, the founders of his house, and the gentlemen through whom he obtained his divine right to rule. He set up thirty-two statues of Prussian rulers, beginning with Margrave Albert the Bear and ending with Emperor William the First. He directed every detail of sculpture, of arrangement, and design. The thirty-two statues stand sixteen on a side, along the avenue in front of marble hemicycles, and they look like a lot of ancient gentlemen who were petrified when posing for photographs in a tin-type gallery. They are all of the same height, the same width, the same expression, and the same general configuration, except that there has been an attempt to show the costumes of their times. The Kaiser may be said to be a mathematical artist. His statues are chiseled to a scale. His art is the art of the square and level. No margrave, elector, king, or emperor in the lot is superior to any other.

Margrave Albert the Bear died in 1170. Naturally, there were no photographs of Albert, and he looks in the statue, as the Kaiser thought he should look, very much like a margrave. The Kaiser was beset with the same difficulty, as regards personal appearance, in the case of the remaining fifteen statues on the west side of the avenue. He himself made faces for this first sixteen of his illustrious ancestors, and it must be said he supplied them with very stern, rock-ribbed, and imperial countenances. They have high brows, variously assorted whiskers, and noble aspects, but it is a great deal to ask, even of a Kaiser, to supply sixteen faces that shall be all different and all imperial. Some of them are hauntingly reminiscent of others.

On the eastern side of the avenue, the statues are supposed to be portraits. In strict justice to the Kaiser, it must be set down here that the row with real faces portrayed in marble do not hold a candle to the sixteen for whom the Kaiser supplied the faces. They are not so good-looking, which shows that when it comes to putting a royal countenance on a royal person, the Kaiser has something on old Dame Nature.

The trees along the avenue are in strict accord with the mathematical precision of the art of the ancestors. They grow by rule, apparently. Every leaf is in its proper place. Every branch is trimmed to the right angle. Every trunk is mathematically correct and proper. The Kaiser attended to that. You could do a problem in geometry with any one of those trees, and the branches would furnish all the angles required.

Berlin is an interesting city, notwithstanding its monotony of architecture and the dead level of its situation. Like the trees that shade the Kaiser's ancestors, it is a right-angled city, but there are pretty little parks here and there, and the Tiergarten is a beautiful place. The houses of the richer classes are handsome and kept gay with flowers in the summer time, and in the business portions of the city there is much animation, much activity, and the look and feel of a place where they are doing things. Some of the streets are magnificent. The palaces, churches, stores, galleries, and public buildings are in keeping with the importance of the town. The people have good music, good art, fine theatres, big public gardens, museums, excellent schools, and clean streets.

Still, they are essentially a solemn people. Notwithstanding their music, their cafés, their late hours, their social functions, and the rest, they take their pleasures seriously and formally, and do their work in the same way. They have an overplus of government. Each man lives his life according to plans and specifications furnished by his superiors. He does what he is expected to do and rarely does what he is not expected to do. He is expected, first of all, to keep Berlin clean and orderly and to invest his savings in commercial enterprise. He does all that methodically, and constantly, and that is the reason for the great, busy, industrious city; that is the "why" of Berlin.

THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By **HAMLIN GARLAND**

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

III

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Phenomena even more amazing than those set forth in the first two demonstrations are described in this instalment of Mr. Garland's experiments. The tests grow more and more severe. Authorities of such world-wide renown as Lombroso and Flammarion are quoted. The cumulative evidence begins to shake the scepticism of even the most severely sceptical of Mr. Garland's associate investigators. Yet, as before, the events are plainly reported, without argument, leaving conclusions to the reader.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The following articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.

Hamlin Garland

IF there is anything at all in occult manifestations, the condition of the mind of the psychic is the most important part of the combination. It was in view of this fact that I approached this sitting at Miller's house with some fear that it might end in disappointment to him and be a source of chagrin to Mrs. Smiley herself. The house was strange, his attitude intensely critical, and she was very anxious to succeed. It would be remarkable, indeed, if under these conditions she were able to meet us half-way. As we walked up the street together, I did my best to reassure her.

"You may trust me fully, Mrs. Smiley," I said, "and Miller, though an inexorable scientist, is a gentleman. I am sure he will not insist on any experiment that will injure your health or give you needless pain. This is but our second sitting, and I, for one, do not expect you to be at your best."

"I hope we shall have good work," she replied earnestly, "but it is always harder to sit for tests. Tell me about Mrs. Miller. Is she nice? Shall I like her?"

"She is very sweet and gentle; you will take to her at once."

Her voice was very sincere as she said: "You don't know how anxiously I watch the make-up of my circle. It isn't because I am afraid of sceptics—I have no fear of those who do not believe; but each person brings a different influence, and these influences conflict and worry me and then nothing takes place. I don't want to disappoint you."

The Millers occupied a modest little house far up-town, and were suburban, almost rural, in their manner of living. The chemist himself met us at the door and, after greeting us cordially, ushered us into his library, which was a small room at the back of the hall. I observed that it had only one door, and two windows, rather high up in the east wall.

"So this is the den of inquisition," I said, and then, turning to Mrs. Smiley, I added, "I hope you are not alarmed."

"Not a bit," she answered cheerily.

As Mrs. Miller, a quiet little woman not far removed from Mrs. Smiley's own type, entered the room and greeted us both, I could see the psychic's face light up with pleasure. This argued well for our sitting. Mrs. Miller was about to lead Mrs. Smiley from the room when I interposed: "Don't take her away, Mrs. Miller. I want to be able to say that she did not leave the room until after the sitting."

I could see that Miller had made careful preparation along the lines of suggestions I had given him. A plain old table was standing lengthwise of the room, the windows were hung with shawls, and a worn hickory chair waited with arms wide-spread to seize its victim. As I stood beside the little psychic, surveying the room, she turned to me and said, with a note of satisfaction in her voice: "I like this house; I feel the right associations here. The air is full of spirit power."

"I am glad your mind is at ease," said I, "for I am anxious for a very conclusive sitting. You tell 'Mitchell' that Miller is decidedly worth converting. I want him and 'Wilbur' to do the best they can for us, and I want to tighten the bonds on you to-night."

DAILY TALK WITH "SPIRITS"

She fearlessly faced me. "I am in your hands, Mr. Garland; do as you like. Mr. Mitchell told me this morning that he would yet convince you of the reality of the spirit world. He is assembling all the forces at his command."

"I am delighted to get that assurance," I responded.

"How do you hear from him?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Sometimes he speaks to me—sometimes he writes on slates," Mrs. Smiley answered.

"You are to sit here," said Miller, indicating to her the hickory chair, which he had placed near the north wall.

She took her seat meekly, placing her hands on the arms of the chair. "I like this," she said, with a smile.

"Now," said I, "I am going to ask Mrs. Miller to fasten this long tape about your ankles as I direct. We mean to take every precaution that you do not involuntarily or subconsciously move your limbs."

Under close scrutiny, Mrs. Miller secured each foot in such wise that the knots came in the middle of the tape, and to make untying them absolutely impossible, I drew the two ends of the long ribbon back under the chair and tacked them securely to the shelf of a bookcase about two feet from the psychic.

TYING THE PSYCHIC

I then unreeled my spool of silk twist and tied it firmly to the arm of her chair at a point about six feet from the loose end, which I intended to hold. I knotted the silk about the psychic's wrists, drawing it to a hard knot each time, and gave the spool to Miller, retaining the loose end of the thread in my own hands. My plan was to control the ends of the thread and so prevent any possibility of untying. The psychic could neither touch the tips of her fingers together nor lift her arms an inch from the chair. She was as secure as if bound with a rope, but as an extra precaution I passed the thread beneath the chair-arm and pulled it taut. "This will enable us to feel the slightest movement of her hands," I said to Miller, who had copied my device. "Are you satisfied with conditions?"

He answered with some reservation: "They will do, though I should like to have light; however, I suppose that is impossible."

"No, not impossible," replied Mrs. Smiley, "but the voices are stronger in the dark."

Mrs. Miller took her seat exactly opposite Mrs. Smiley. I was at the psychic's right. Miller, after turning down the gas, sat opposite me and at her left. At first the room seemed as dark as ink, but by degrees I was able (from my position opposite the window) to perceive a faint glow of light through the curtain.

Mrs. Smiley's back was near a wall of books and, the room being narrow, Miller's chair pretty well filled the space between the table and the window behind it. The possibility of the action of a confederate was excluded by the bolted door. To enter the room by a window was impossible, for the reason that the slightest noise could be heard and the least movement of the curtain would admit the light. Barring the darkness, conditions were very good.

However, we were hardly settled in place when Miller was moved to further precaution. "Mrs. Smiley, I should like to pin a newspaper over your dress, so that any slightest movement of your knees or feet could be heard. Do you object?"

"Not at all," she instantly replied. "I am sure my guides will do anything they can to meet your wishes. You may nail my dress to the floor, if you wish."

Miller turned on the light, and together we pinned a large, crisp newspaper over the psychic's knees and tacked it securely to the floor in front of her feet. The corners where the pins were inserted were well out of her reach.

Again the lights were lowered, and at my direction Miller placed his right hand on the psychic's left and touched fingers with Mrs. Miller. I completed the circle. In this way we sat quietly conversing for some time.

A NEW FIELD OF SCIENCE

"I want to make it quite plain to you," I said, "that I am trying to follow Crookes's advice, which is to strip away all romance and all superstitious ideas from this subject. Whatever happens to-night, Mrs. Miller, please do not be alarmed. There is nothing inherently uncanny or unwholesome in these phenomena. All depends upon the point of view. I am interested in these obscure phases of human life because of their essentially human character. If they are real, they are natural. To me they are absorbingly interesting as dramatic material, and yet I hope I am sufficiently the scientist to be alive to the value of the slightest telekinetic happenings, and enough of the realist to remain critical in the midst of the most startling performances of the invisible forces."

"But you believe in them, don't you?" asked Mrs. Miller.

I replied cautiously: "I am at this moment convinced of the reality of *some* of these phenomena by reason of my own experiments; but even without personal investigation I do not think any reasonable man can read books like those of Crookes, Maxwell, and Flammarion without saying 'there is something in it.' When a man like Lombroso, professor of psychiatry at the University of Turin, tells me that he has seen and touched spectral hands, I must at least listen respectfully. As to what it all means, well, that is another matter."

"But where does it lead if not to spiritualism?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Why, as to the exact country, I don't know, but the best of our experimenters are agreed that the path leads to a new field of science. Richet* says: 'I am ready to maintain that there is something profoundly mysterious in "materialization" which will change from top to bottom our ideas of nature and of life.' These powers seem to be in advance of us, and may be of value in the evolution of the race. That is why I want to enlist your husband in the work. Nothing like Maxwell's or Richet's thoroughness of method has ever been used by an American physicist, so far as I know. Our leading scientific men have let the subject severely alone."

"Why are they so sceptical?" asked Mrs. Smiley.

"Partly because of inherited prejudice, and partly because of their allegiance to opposing theories, and finally, I suspect, because they are connected with institutions that would not sanction such investigation. There are not many who have the courage of Flammarion,† who said at the beginning of his study: 'As a lover of truth I am willing to face a thousand reproaches. I am not concerned with individuals. My mind seeks the truth and recognizes it wherever it finds it.'"

Miller here interposed with a covert sneer in his voice: "Nevertheless, Flammarion is always more of the romancer than of the scientist."

"His critics do him an injustice," I answered with some heat. "If you will read his latest book, 'Mysterious Psychic Forces,' with attention and with candor, you cannot but be impressed with his wide experience and his patient, persistent search for the truth. I cannot see but that he has examined very critically the scores of psychics who have come under his observation, and his reports are painstaking and cautious.

FLAMMARION'S TESTIMONY

"He says definitely that he has proved to himself the suspension of a table. At another place he speaks of *seeing* the movement of chairs without contact, of seeing curtains 'swell out from the cabinet, as if blown by a gusty wind.' He felt and saw hands and forms. Like Lodge, he vouches for many of the phenomena.—But here we go along lines of controversy when we should be sitting in quiet harmony. Let us defer our discussion until after our séance. Have patience, and I believe we can duplicate, if not surpass, the marvelous doings of even Morselli * and Lombroso. We may be able some day to take flashlight photographs of the cone while it is floating in the air."

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* Professor in the faculty of medicine in the University of Paris, and member of the Academy of Medicine. Author of numerous works on physiology.

† Director of Astronomical Observatory of Jovisy, France. Author of "Marvels of the Heavens," "Popular Astronomy," "The Unknown," etc.

"Has that ever been done?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"KATIE KING" IN GASLIGHT

"Oh, yes. Flammarion secured photographs of a table floating in the air. These pictures show conclusively that the psychic had nothing to do with it, at least not in any ordinary way. Richet succeeded in fixing the apparition of a Spanish soldier on several plates. Crookes photographed 'Katie King' and her medium several times. Sudden, bright light, however, is supposed to be dangerous to a medium. One of the most amazing of all Crookes's experiences was when 'Katie,' at their earnest request, took her place outside the curtain and permitted the gas-jets to be turned full upon her. The account is gruesome, tragic. 'She stood with her arms outspread as if crucified,' and disintegrated before their very eyes. It was ghastly to see her lovely face blur, blot, and crumble in the light. In a few seconds she was but a wisp of white vapor and then was gone. Thereafter they were willing to permit the usual half-light."

Miller remained unmoved by all this, but Mrs. Miller shuddered. "It sounds like an actual martyrdom," she said.

"It is often the medium who is martyred," I answered. "Whatever glory comes to any psychic is earned, as I think you will admit when you have heard the groans and sighs of these victims of science. Think of Eusapia Paladino, the poor Italian peasant woman, sitting for Flammarion; Lombroso, the great alienist; Professor Schiaparelli, the director of the observatory of Milan; Gerosa, professor of physics; Ermacora, doctor of natural philosophy; Aksakof, councillor of state to the Emperor of Russia; Charles du Prel, doctor of philosophy in Munich! Imagine the anxiety to produce, to 'make good,' as Howard would say, on the part of such a medium!"

"Did she make good?" asked Miller.

"She did. She baffled them all, and convinced most of them of the genuineness of her powers."

"But she was exposed at Cambridge by the Psychical Research Society," he objected.

"She was accused of fraud at the time, but afterward Lodge and Meyers both retracted their criticisms. Lodge, who joined Richet in some experiments at Carquieranne, was reassured in his belief. He saw movements of objects without contact. He heard a piano play without contact. He watched a table overturn itself. He witnessed the appearance of blue marks on a table without the help of any ordinary methods of writing. He felt the blows of a spectral hand while the hands of the medium were under perfect control—in short, he and Lombroso and Flammarion, like Wallace and Maxwell, sustain Crookes in almost every detail. This consensus of observation means something."

Miller remained silent under my bombardment, and with intent to put Mrs. Smiley into a trance, I began to sing a low, humming song. In a few minutes her hands became cold and began to flutter. At last she threw my fingers away as if she found them scorching hot. Miller's hand was similarly repulsed. She then seemed to pass into quiet sleep, and I said, "Withdraw a little, Miller, but keep your silk thread taut."

Almost immediately faint raps came upon the table, and I asked, "Are you there, Mitchell?"

Tap, tap, tap—yes.

"Are we sitting right?"

Tap, tap, tap, answered "Mitchell" in his peculiarly grave and deliberate way. I could now tell the difference between his approach and that of "Wilbur" almost instantly.

THE VOICES MAKE CONDITIONS

"As to these raps," I remarked, "they are easily simulated, but they have been absolutely proved by several of our best investigators. Crookes obtained them on a sheet of paper held in the air, on pencils, on a strip of cloth, under every possible condition. Maxwell secured them by pinching his own ear or by squeezing the arm of his neighbor. They are the first manifestations of intelligent 'spirit power.' And yet they persist along with the most complicated phenomena."

Presently a sweet and childish girl-voice came from the direction of the psychic. "*Mr. Mitchell would like to have you tie the threads to the legs of the table.*"

"Are you Maud?" I asked.

"*Yes, I am Maudie,*" she answered. "*Mr. Mitchell wants to try some experiment. He wishes you to tie the threads to the legs of the table.*"

I confess I didn't like the looks of this, but as a temporary measure I was willing to grant it. "If you don't object, Miller, we will do as the 'guides' desire."

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* Professor of Psychology at the University of Genoa.

He hesitated. "It weakens our test, and I don't see why it is demanded."

"I suggest we yield the point for the present. Perhaps 'they' will permit us to resume the thread a little later. I have found that by apparently meeting the forces halfway at the beginning, we can get concessions later that will be of greater value than the tests we have ourselves devised."

Accordingly, I tied my silk twist to the table leg at a distance of about twenty-six inches from the utmost reach of the psychic's hands. Miller did the same. We then resumed our seats, and sat in easy converse for nearly two hours.

A LONG WAIT FOR THE "GUIDES"

During this time the psychic was absolutely silent and apparently in a deep trance, and I was beginning to feel both disappointed and chagrined. Miller's tone was a bit irritating. I knew exactly what was in his mind. "I've fixed her now," he was exultantly saying to himself. "She can't do a thing; even her request to have the threads tied to the table does not avail her."

At last "Maud" again complained of the thread on her mother's right wrist. "*It's so tight it stops the blood,*" she said. "*Please loosen the thread a little. You may turn up the light,*" added the little voice.

While Miller gave me a light, I loosened the thread on Mrs. Smiley's right wrist, which was very tight, but I tied a second thread about her arm in such wise that I should surely know at the end of the sitting whether it had been disturbed or not. The table, I observed at this time, was more than two feet from her finger-tips. I called Miller's attention to this, and said: "She can't possibly untie these threads; and if she breaks them, the sitting is invalidated."

Soon after the light was turned out, "Maudie" requested that we all move away from Mrs. Smiley down to the lower end of the table, and although Miller thought this permitted too much liberty of action on the part of the medium, I urged consent. "There are other sittings coming," I repeated once more. "Mediumship is not a mechanical process; it cannot be hurried nor forced. As Morselli remarks, 'Psychical facts cannot be discharged at pleasure like an arquebus.'"

Mrs. Smiley fell again into deep sleep, but nothing took place for a long time. During this period of waiting I told stories of my experiences and the curious folk I had met in my search for the true explanation of these singular phenomena.

"Have you ever witnessed any materialization?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"None that seemed to be anything more than mere trickery, or else subconscious impersonation which the medium often, I believe, sincerely mistakes for materialization," I replied. "Indeed, I am persuaded that a great deal of what is called 'fraud' arises from the suggestibility of the psychics. Flammarion speaks of this 'fixed idea' of the mediums—and their persistent, almost insane, attempt to produce the phenomena desired by the circle. You can understand how this would be if there is anything at all in hypnotism. Ochorowicz* says 'the medium is only a mirror reflecting the ideas and forces of those present.' Sometimes it all seems to come from the realm of hypnotic delusion. Early in my career as an investigator I went to Onset Bay, Massachusetts, where in July of each year all the spiritualists and mediums of New England used to gather (do yet, I believe), and I shall never forget the singular assemblage of 'slate-writers,' 'spirit artists,' 'spirit photographers,' 'palmists,' and 'psychometrists' whose signs lined the street and pointed along the paths of the camp.

SPIRITUALISTIC SUMMER RESORT

"In its way it was as dramatic a contrast of light and shade, of the real and the unreal as this otherwise prosaic republic can show. There under the vivid summer sun, men and women met to commune on the incommunicable, and to question the voiceless. From the warm, pine-scented, afternoon air I crept into one of these tiny cabins and sat with my hands upon a closed slate in order to receive a message from Lincoln or Cæsar. I slipped beneath the shelter of a tent to have a sealed letter read by a commonplace person with a negro accent, and I sat at night in dark little parlors to watch weak men and weeping women embrace what seemed to me badly designed effigies of their lost darlings."

"What incredible folly! Can you imagine any reasonable person believing such things?" asked Miller.

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* Professor Julian Ochorowicz, formerly of the University of Lemberg, now of the Institut Général Psychologique of Paris.

"Millions do believe them," I replied.

"Go on," said he. "What happened?"

"Nothing really worth reporting upon. In that air of utter credulity no tests were possible, but immediately after my return to Boston I had my first entirely satisfactory test of psychography. I went with Mrs. Rose, one of our members, to sit for 'independent slate-writing'—that is to say, writing on the inner surfaces of closed slates. I took my own slates—the ordinary hinged school slates—but whether they were my own or not made no difference, really, for the final test that I demanded was such that any prepared slates were useless. While sitting at the table with both Mrs. Rose's hands and my own resting upon the slates, I *dictated* certain lines to be drawn upon the inside of the slates, and this was done."

"SPIRITS" WORK AT DICTATION

"I had in mind the test that Alfred Russell Wallace had used in a similar case. He dictated several words to be written while he held the slates securely in his own hands. In this instance I asked for the word 'Constantinople' to be written. The psychic smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and replied, 'I'll try, but I don't believe they can spell it.' 'Draw a straight line then,' said I. 'I'll be content with a single line an inch long.' She laughingly retorted, 'It's hard to draw a straight line.' 'Very well, draw a crooked line. Draw a zigzag—like a stroke of lightning. Draw it in yellow. Draw a circle with a line across it.' She said no more, but became silent, and we waited without change of position. Remember that I was holding the slate during all this talk. It did not leave my hands."

"What were the conditions? Was it light?" asked Miller.

"It was about two o'clock of an afternoon, and we sat in the bay window of the parlor. It was perfectly light, and the psychic sat opposite us, with her hands in her lap, leaning back in a thoughtful pose. She seemed to be a spectator like ourselves and very little concerned about results. At last a tapping came upon the slate, and she brightened up: 'It is done!' she called exultingly. I opened the slates myself, and *there, drawn in yellow crayon, was a small circle with a zigzag yellow line crossing it exactly as I had dictated*, and under Mrs. Rose's hands in the corner of the slate was drawn a gaily colored bunch of pansies. There were messages, also, some of them in colored crayon, but I paid very little attention to them. The production of that circle under my own conditions overshadowed everything else."

"How do you account for it?" asked Miller. "Of course it was a trick."

"Trickery can't account for that yellow line. The messages could have been prepared beforehand, but no trick of chemically treated slates can account for my dictated design. I have had other cases of slate-writing that were almost as inexplicable, and Crookes and Wallace and Zöllner, as you remember, were quite convinced by evidence thus secured. Crookes *saw* the pencil at work. I have never witnessed that, but I have *heard* it at work under my hands and under my feet, and I have taken the slate from beneath my feet myself, and found writing upon it."

Miller was much impressed by this story. "I have always considered slate-writing a cheap trick, but I don't quite see how that was done—always providing your memory is not at fault."

"I would not place much dependence on my present recollection," I responded, "but I reported on the case at once, while my mind was most accurate as to details. You can find the bald statement of my experiment in the minutes of the Psychical Society. At another time I held two slates with a psychic (while we were both standing) and heard and felt creaking and scratching and grinding. I give you my word I was convinced at the moment of holding between my palms a sentient, imprisoned force. I felt as Franklin must have felt when he played with the lightning in the bottle at the tail of his kite."

A SITTING IN SUNLIGHT

Mrs. Miller was deeply interested. "Tell us more. Have you had other experiences in slate-writing?"

"Yes, many of them. One of the most curious examples of psychography I have ever seen came to me in Chicago. It was a 'new one,' as Howard would say. Old Mr. McVicker told me one day that there was a woman on the West Side who had a way of producing independent slate-writing beneath the stem of a goblet of water——"

"Why under a goblet of water?" interrupted Miller.

"As a test. You see, nearly every one who goes to a psychic wants first of all to witness a miracle. Each seeker demands that his particular message shall come hard—that is to say, under conditions impossible to the living. This the poor psychic is forced to grant. To be just to the mediums, I must say that I have found most of them fairly willing to meet any reasonable test.

"Well, this particular psychic—a plump, comfortable looking woman—ushered me into her back parlor (which was flooded with sunlight) and asked me to be seated at a small table covered with a strip of cloth. After some general conversation, she filled a goblet with water, and placing it upon a slate, passed it under the table with her right hand, asking me to put my hand beneath hers."

"There it is!" said Miller, with infinite scorn, "always in the dark or under the table. Why can't they work in full view?"

"Suppose it's all the work of an 'astral' who can't abide the light?" I suggested, with malice.

STRANGE POWER WITHIN CLOSED SLATES

Then, with obvious delight in his opposition, I calmly continued: "I put my left hand beneath hers, and my right upon the table. I could see her left hand lying in her lap, and as she turned sidewise to the table, I was able to keep in view both of her feet. We held the slate so that the top of the goblet lightly touched the under side of the stand. The psychic was all accounted for, except the hand that was resting outspread on the under side of the slate. We sat for several minutes in this way, while she explained that 'they' would probably take words out of our conversation as a test, if I desired it. 'I am here to be shown,' I replied. She laughed at my doubts and at once brought the slate from beneath the table with some of the words I had been using written under the stem of the goblet. This was all very well, but I said: 'A better test would be to have "them" write words that I dictate.'

"'I will ask them,' she said. She seemed to listen as if to voices inaudible to me, and at last said, 'They say they'll try it.'

"Again we placed the goblet of water on the clean slate under the table, and while holding it as before, I said, 'Now ask them to write the name "William Dean Howells."'

"Almost immediately there was a decided movement of the slate—or so it seemed to me. A power seemed to wake within the slate, not through the psychic's hand, but independent of it. I heard plainly the scratching of a pencil, at the same time that the psychic's left hand and both of her feet were in full view, and her hand was outspread, apparently motionless, upon the under side of the slate. In a few moments the scratching paused, and the psychic, with an embarrassed smile, said, 'They don't know how to spell the middle name.'

WRITING UNDER FILLED GOBLET

"I was quite sure that *she* was the one who could not spell the name, and I spelled it for her. A moment later a decided tapping on the top of the table announced the completion of the writing.

"As she slowly drew the slate from beneath the table, I was alert to see what had happened. The glass remained in the middle of the slate, as before, with the water undiminished, and under the glass and doubled back as if the writer had acknowledged the barrier of the glass where its edge rested upon the slate was written

"'William Dean
Howells'"

"Are you sure the writing was there as she drew the slate out?"

"Yes, I saw the writing while with her left hand she drew a little circle around the outer edge of the stem. I could read the words through the glass. Now, to say that she wrote this with her finger nail on the bottom of the slate and then turned the slate over is to me absurd. The glass of water prevented that — and yet to-day the transaction still remains unexplained to me. I am perfectly sure she willed it, but *how* she caused the writing—the molecular change—is quite another problem. Zöllner (I believe it was he) secured the print of feet on the inside of a closed slate, and reasoned that only on the theory of a Fourth Dimension could such phenomena be explained. Of course our senses are fallible, but, so far as my powers of perception may be trusted, I affirm that I have had writing on the leaves of a pad while it was firmly held in both my hands."

"Of course you don't expect us to believe a miracle like that, even on your serious statement," remarked Miller.

"Certainly not," I responded readily. "I wouldn't believe it on any one's statement. I wouldn't believe the report of my own eyes if I had not made notes of it at the time. But come, let us see what 'the forces' can do for us here to-night. I think we need 'Annie Laurie' to clear the air of debate."

Mrs. Miller began the song and I joined in softly. We sang for nearly half an hour, but nothing happened.

"Our newspaper is a trusty watch-dog," remarked Miller significantly.

BOOKS AND TABLE MOVED BY PSYCHIC FORCE

As he spoke, the psychic began to toss and writhe and moan pitifully. Her suffering mounted to a paroxysm at last, then silence fell for a minute or two—absolute stillness—and in this hush the table took life and slid away toward us as if shoved by a powerful hand.

"So far as my hearing goes, the psychic has not stirred," I said. "Barring the light, this seems to me a very good demonstration of movement without contact. Every motion of the table our way removes it farther from the reach of the psychic—makes the demonstration more complete."

"I hear nothing from the paper," confessed Miller, "and yet the table is certainly moving."

"It is not absolute proof," I replied, "but as Mrs. Smiley cannot reach the table with her knees and as her feet are firmly secured by tape nailed to the bookcase, I do not understand how she can apply force to the table."

"It is very perplexing," Miller admitted; "but anything can appear to happen in the dark."

Three times the table was urged in the same direction. Each time, a paroxysm of suffering, of moaning, of struggle, on the part of the psychic was followed a few seconds later by absolute silence, and in this profound, sepulchral hush the heavy table lurched along the floor.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. "As a test?"

Tap, tap, tap was the answer.

"How do you account for it, Miller?" I asked, with challenge in my voice. "My conviction is that we are confronting a case of telekinesis—not as convincing as Flammarion's, but still inexplicable."

Miller did not reply—and even as he pondered, the megaphone, which had been standing on the top of the table, began to rock on its base, and a pencil that lay beside it was fumbled as if by a rat or a kitten. In our state of strained expectancy this sound was very startling indeed.

"What about that, Miller?" I asked in a tone of exultation. "Who's doing that? Last time you suspected Howard—now here you must suspect the psychic. How can she possibly reach and handle that pencil? It is at least a yard from her finger-tips."

"She can't, unless she has freed her arms," he replied. "Let us touch hands." I complied and, sitting thus with every finger accounted for, we entered into communication with the "spirit" that was busy in the center of the table. By raps I learned that "Wilbur" was again present and that he was going to do great things for us. He was moving the table entirely out of reach of the psychic.

Suddenly, with a loud bang, something heavy fell upon the table. Releasing the hands of my fellow investigators, I felt about for this object and found that a book had been brought and thrown upon the table. A shower of others followed, till twenty-four were piled about the cone. They came whizzing with power, yet with such precision that no head was touched and the cone remained undisturbed.

"Miller, I find this exciting!" said I, as soon as a lull in the bombardment permitted. "Suppose we ask 'Wilbur' to fetch some small object."

Mrs. Miller, who had remained singularly undisturbed through all this turmoil, said: "Wilbur, there is a box of candy on a shelf back of Mrs. Smiley. Can you bring that to me?"

Tap, tap, *tap!* was the decided answer, and almost immediately the box was placed on the top of the table and shoved along toward Mrs. Miller, who thanked her spirit servitor delightedly.

MR. GARLAND SEES SPECTRAL HAND

At my request "Wilbur" then wrote his name on a pad, while Miller sat in a kind of daze, his mind too busy with surmise to permit of speech. (He told me afterward that he was perfectly sure the psychic had wrenched free of her tacks and he was wondering how she would put herself back again.)

"Can't you tap on the cone, Wilbur?" I asked.

The force tapped smartly on the tin.

"Now just to show that the psychic is not doing this, can't you hold up a book between me and the light? I want to see your hand. Hold it high, please."

Instantly, and to my profound amazement, a book rose in the air, and I could plainly see two hands vigorously thumbing the volume, which was held about three feet above the table, and to the psychic's left. Swift on the trail I called out, "Now, show me your empty hand. I want to see how big it is." A moment later I exclaimed in growing excitement, "I can see a *large* hand against the window, and the spread fingers are pointing *toward* Mrs. Smiley, the wrist is nearest you, Miller, and at least six feet from the psychic. It is a man's hand. Miller, you are not doing this?"

"Certainly not!" he answered curtly.

"This is astonishing! It certainly is a hand and much larger than that of a woman, and *the wrist is toward you.* It is still at least four feet from the psychic. Either you are doing this, or my eyes deceive me, or there is a spectral hand at work. Oh, for a flashlight camera now! I am perfectly certain that this is not the psychic's hand."

"WILBUR" JESTS WITH SITTERS

At last it disappeared. The book fell. With a ringing scrape the cone rose in the air, and the voice of "Wilbur" came from it lifelike—almost full-toned and with a note of humorous exultation running through it. "*I told you I'd astonish you,*" he said. "*Don't get in a hurry; there's more coming. We are all here and working hard.*"

For nearly two hours thereafter this "spirit" kept us all interested and marveling. He seemed very much alive, and as human as ourselves. We alternately laughed at his quaint conceits, and pondered the implications of his casual remarks, which sounded precisely as if a rollicking Western, or rather Southern, man were speaking to us over the telephone. Granting that it was a piece of ventriloquism, the characterization of the man was perfect. "Wilbur" responded to every question with readiness and perfect aplomb. He discussed various spirit matters with us. At times he played jokes on us. He bumped Miller on the head and as a test touched him on the cheek farthest from the psychic. At my request he covered Mrs. Miller's ear with the large end of the horn, then reversed, and nuzzled her temple with the small end. She said it felt like a caress, as if guided by a tender hand. This took place at least six feet from the psychic's utmost reach of hand.

"How does she do it?" Miller exclaimed several times. "To accomplish all this by trickery means that she must not only have free use of her hands but rise from her chair and pass between me and the wall."

A SWARM OF TRICKY "SPIRITS"

"The precision of the action is my amazement," I replied. "I've noticed this peculiarity many times. The Continental scientists, Lombroso and Richet, speak of the same thing. Apparently, darkness is no barrier to action on the part of these forces. That cone, you will observe, can touch you on the nose, eyelid, or ear, softly, without jar or jolt. It came to me like a sentient thing—like something human. Could any trickster perform in the dark with such precision and gentleness? Of course this is no conclusive argument, but at the same time it has weight. What is the force that directs this instrument? Can you tell us, Wilbur?"

A chuckle came through the cone. "*I'm doing it.*"

"How can you see?"

"*Day and night are all the same to me.*"

Miller challenged him. "Prove it," he said. "I am holding my right hand in the air—touch my knuckles!" he commanded.

After a moment's silent flight the cone struck his *left* hand, which was lying upon the table more than a yard from the psychic, and a laughing voice asked, "*What made you jump?*"

Before Miller had recovered from the surprise of this assault, the table moved as if grasped and shaken by a man of vigorous muscles—and yet the cone and the books did not move from their places. Hands patted the pillows on a sofa at Miller's right, and one of these cushions was flung against his chair. The room seemed to swarm with tricksy Pucks. The cone moved about freely among the heap of books and over Miller's head, while a variety of voices came from it, some of them speaking to Mrs. Miller and some to me. They all claimed to be spirits of the dead with messages of good cheer for friends on "the earth plane." Several of the names given were known to Mrs. Miller, and a few to me. Mrs. Miller remained perfectly placid through it all and once or twice fell into a doze—perhaps a trance. Once I thought I could see the cone passing between me and the window, high above the table. It seemed to float horizontally, as if in water. Several of the spirits were too weak to raise the cone—so "Wilbur" said.

During this time the psychic was deathly still, but "between the acts" her troubled breathing and low moans could be heard. So far as hearing could determine, she was still at the end of the table where she had been placed at the beginning of the sitting. None of these movements occasioned the slightest rustling of the newspaper. When the cone was moving, no sound was heard. The floor was of hardwood and the newspaper tacked down firmly, and, as my hearing was very acute in the darkness, I am certain Mrs. Smiley did not rise from her chair. She was for the most part as silent as a dead woman.

The force expended on the table was impetuous, almost furious, and even if the psychic had been able to extend her foot or release a hand, she could not have produced such movement, and if she had used an arm we could have detected it. Intelligent forces were plainly at work on the table, and writing was going on.

MRS. SMILEY'S BONDS UNBROKEN

At length "Wilbur" said "good night." I rose, and Miller eagerly, expectantly, turned the light slowly on. *Mrs. Smiley sat precisely as we had last seen her. Her eyes were closed, her head lay against the back of her chair. Her hands were fastened exactly as we had left them, and, strangest thing of all, the table was pushed away from her, so that the silk threads were taut!*

"Do you see that, Miller!" I exclaimed. "Will you tell me how all that was done? 'Wilbur' has given us a test. Even if she had freed her hands, she could not have returned to her bonds; and if she were not free of her bonds, how could she have pushed the table away till these threads were taut? Besides, her dress is nailed to the floor—and the newspaper is still on guard. That table was not moved by any ordinary expenditure of force. Her hands were here, the table was there. We have to do with 'the psychic force' of Crookes or the bio-psychic power of Morselli."

Miller was confounded, but concealed it. "She may have pushed the table with her knees."

"How? Your newspaper is undisturbed. Not a tack is drawn. But suppose she did! How about the books? Did she get the books with her feet? How about the large hand that I saw? How could she return to her bonds? See these threads actually sunk into her wrists?"

Mrs. Miller was indignant at our delay. "The poor thing! It is a shame! Unfasten her at once! You are torturing her."

CURIOUS TURMOIL IN PSYCHIC'S HEAD

Thereupon I took note of the psychic's physical condition. Her pulse was very slow, faint, and irregular—only a faint, sluggish throb at long intervals, followed by a feeble fluttering. Her skin was cold, her arms were perfectly inert and numb, and she came very slowly back to consciousness.

While I rubbed her hands and arms, Miller made notes and took measurements. There were more than a score of books on the table, and some of them had come from shelves three feet distant, and a little above the psychic's shoulders. The pad was scrawled upon. "Wilbur" was written there, and there were also several short messages from "Mitchell" and others. These changes in inert matter proved that we had not been the victim of "collective hallucination."

As she came to consciousness, Mrs. Smiley complained of being numb. "My arms are like logs," she said to me, "and so are my feet. If you will put one palm to my forehead and press the tips of your fingers to the base of my brain, it will help me to liven up."

I did as she requested, and was conscious of great heat and turmoil in her head. It appeared to throb as if in receding excitement and, considering the chill inertness of her limbs, this was very curious.

"Were you conscious of groaning and gasping?" I asked.

"No, I have no recollection of anything. I am told I do sometimes make a great fuss, but I'm not aware of it. Did anything happen?"

"A very great deal happened," I replied, and she smiled in quiet satisfaction.

Mrs. Miller patted her hand. "You must be very tired, poor thing."

"I do feel weak. What time is it?"

Miller looked at his watch. "Great Scott! It's after one o'clock."

"Absorbing business, isn't it?" said I, much amused at his amazement.

Mrs. Miller invited Mrs. Smiley to stay the remainder of the night and took her away to bed, leaving Miller and me to measure and weigh and surmise.

"Everything took place within her reach, provided she could have freed her hands," Miller repeated.

"Miller," said I with conviction, "*that woman did not lift her wrists from that chair.*"

"I don't see how she did it—but to say she did not is to admit the preposterous. I wish she had permitted us to hold her hands."

"I don't know of another psychic in America who would have submitted to the test we put upon Mrs. Smiley to-night, and yet 'Wilbur' assures us he will go farther. I feel as if the great mystery were almost within our grasp. Suppose that it is all the work of the psychic's mind acting through some unknown form of force, isn't it worth while? A physicist like yourself should be ready to give a year, ten years, to demonstrating a single one of these physical effects. Let us have our next sitting at Cameron's. It is only fair to readmit them, for we have proved that they had nothing to do with producing the 'stunts' of our first sitting. I am going to ask to be permitted to hold the hands and feet of the psychic and also to take a flashlight picture of the floating cone. We may yet touch these ghostly hands, as Flammarion has done."

Miller was groggy but still in the ring. "I don't believe it, I can't believe it."

IS HYSTERIA THE ANSWER?

"Now, seriously, this is the way it all looks to me," I said. "Mrs. Smiley seems to have three stages of hypnotic sleep. In the first stage the 'spirits' speak through her own throat or she impersonates, just as Mrs. Harris did. Her second and deeper sleep permits of 'telekinesis,' 'independent slate-writing,' and so forth. But in this final, deathly trance she has the power of projecting 'supernumerary limbs,' whatever that may mean, and by their use she handles books and the cone."

"I don't believe a word of it," declared Miller. "It is all impossible. She is hysteric and possessed of all the diabolic unconscious cleverness of the neuropath."

"Well, what are you going to do with this performance? What about the tacks, the threads, the tapes that bound her? She brought books, shook the table, touched us—hysteria does not explain this sitting."

"I don't know. She seems a nice, simple little woman, and yet this very simplicity may be a means of throwing us off our guard. I would give a hundred dollars for permission to hold her hands while the cone is moving."

"If you do not believe in the testimony of tacks, would you believe in the touch of your fingers?"

"If she will permit that, and the cone moves, I will surrender."

"No, you won't. You think you will, but you won't. Don't deceive yourself. I've been all through it. You *can't* believe until some fundamental change takes place in your mind. You must struggle, and back and fill, just as Lombroso did. Habit is bondage. You'll go on with the experiments, won't you?"

INABILITY TO BELIEVE

"Yes, but I must turn the screws tighter. Let's devise some other plan to make ourselves doubly certain of her innocence."

With this understanding I said good night, and took my lonely way to my apartment.

It was deliciously fresh and still out of doors, and as I looked up at the glowing stars, and down the long empty street, my mind revolted. "Can it be that the good old theory of the permanence of matter is a gross and childish thing? Do the dead tell tales, after all? I wish I could believe it. Perhaps old Tontonava was right. Perhaps if we should all pray for the happy hunting-grounds at the same moment and in perfect faith, the lost paradise would return, builded by the magic power of our collective will."

Then the substance of Richet's moving confession came into my mind: "It took me twenty years of patient research to arrive at my present conviction. Nay—to make one last confession—I am not yet absolutely and irremediably convinced. In spite of the astounding phenomena which I have witnessed, I have still a trace of doubt—doubt which is weak, indeed, to-day, but which may perchance be stronger to-morrow. Yet such doubts, if they come, will not be due so much to any defect in the actual experiment as to the inexorable strength of prepossession which holds me back from adopting a conclusion which contravenes the habitual and almost unanimous opinion of mankind."

The subject of the July instalment of "***The Shadow World***" is "***The Trance.***"

A Lowly Diplomat

By EDWILDA NORDAHL

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

WHEN Alice Armstrong came down-stairs in a blue lawn, crisp and fresh from the iron, and stood putting on her bonnet before the kitchen looking-glass, the hands of the little round clock beside the window pointed to a quarter of two.

"You're starting out pretty early, ain't you?" her mother called from the dining-room, where she was sewing.

Alice glanced toward the clock. "Yes," she answered. "It is early, but I'm all ready now."

Her mother laid down her work and came to the kitchen door. "Well, I suppose you'd as well go on, then, and take your time for it, so as not to get all het up." She turned her daughter around to fluff out a ruffle here and pat it in there, and then, looking straight into the eyes that fell beneath her glance, she said rather sharply: "And I do wish you'd try to spunk up a little. You look like you'd buried your last friend. I'm ashamed of the way you act about this, Alice."

The girl made no answer, and, taking up her cotton mitts, she left the house and turned into the path that led down the hill to the main road below.

She was on her way to take her yearly tea with Miss Martha Cotton. It was a movable feast, like Easter and Thanksgiving, falling on the Thursday of the week in which strawberries were at their best.

Its beginning lay in nothing more than a child's disappointment at not getting a promised dish of strawberries.

When Alice was five years old, she was spending the day with her mother at Martha Cotton's, after the old fashion of staying to dinner and supper and going home in the cool of the evening. Alice found it tiresome, and very soon after dinner she began teasing her mother to take her home.

To amuse her, Miss Martha gave her the little shell box from the mantel, and let her have the string of blue and white beads and the charm string it contained to play with, and, as a crowning inducement to stay, promised her a dish of strawberries when the sun should have gone off the patch. Satisfied, Alice sat on the steps that projected below the stair door into the room, and made patterns of the beads and buttons on her little pink calico lap until she fell asleep.

While she slept, a sudden shower, with hail, came up and wet the road, so that her father, driven in from the field, had hitched the team to the wagon and come to take her and her mother home. Alice was glad enough to go, until she remembered the promised berries.

"Why, honey," Miss Martha said in answer to her impatient demand to be taken to the garden for them, "they're all beat down in the ground now by the hail that came up while you was asleep. Never mind, next summer I'm a-going to see to it that you get all the strawberries you can eat. I'll hitch up old Poney and come after you myself."

But the promise of a pleasure so remote did not satisfy Alice. Even the maple-sugar egg and the string of blue and white beads that Miss Martha put into her hands as parting gifts very poorly made up for the missing berries, and she sat in the high seat between her father and mother on her way home, feeling very much cheated.

In the next strawberry season, however, Miss Martha, true to her promise, drove old Poney over for Alice. They had a very pleasant visit together; so pleasant, indeed, that it was repeated the following year, and by that time the event had acquired the dignity of a custom, which had not once been broken from that, Alice's seventh year, to this, her twentieth.

She left the main road and turned into a lane that led through the woods. It was cool here; the leaves of the tall trees—the pink-tinted, late opening hickories, the soft, fully expanded maples, and the hard, glistening, clean-cut oaks met together far above her head and cast wavering patterns of light and shade across her path. On the hillside a few steps from her way, the purple vetch was in bloom, and blue and white and yellow violets; and among the broad leaves of the May-apple there still lingered white, waxen blossoms. Beyond, in the hollow where a brook ran, dark against its bed of brown leaves, were the pale fronds of young ferns, and above it, nodding from a rocky ledge, the "water-boys" hung. In other times Alice had pushed her way through the hazel brush to their hiding-places and had come to Miss Martha's house laden with the woods' treasures; but to-day she had no heart for them, and save for a few buds of wild rose that grew close beside the way, her hands were empty.

At a bend of the lane she came upon the edge of a field, and far across the rows of young corn she caught sight of a man plowing; but she looked quickly away, her heart beating painfully, and hurried on. Presently she was looking down upon the long, sloping roof of Martha Cotton's house, gray and mossy among the orchard trees. She left the lane here and, opening a gate, followed a little path that led through the woods-lot to the bars beside Miss Martha's barn. Nothing seemed ever to change here. On the other farms that Alice knew, there was always some improvement going on; but here, as the years went by, the moss only grew thicker on the stone step and the brick walk and the windlass well; the apple-trees became more gnarled, and the barn roof sagged lower; the lilacs and the snowballs grew taller around the kitchen door; the hollyhocks and the bouncing-bets only pushed farther out from the garden palings, and the yellow and cinnamon roses made broader patches of color in the green yard.

Miss Martha was waiting. She had brought out her work and was sitting in the shelter of the wild grape-vine that was already making a soft shade across the south end of the porch and filling the air with the sweetness of its fuzzy blossoms. As she heard the click of the yard gate she rose and met Alice at the porch step. She was very neat and pleasant to look upon, in her plain gown of black and white lawn, made skirt and waist together, with a black silk belt clasped by a square buckle of pale old gold outlining her waist, and a bow of purple ribbon at her throat.

"Why, you've come real early," she said as she kissed Alice's cheek, pink and soft within the stiff bonnet. "And I'm real glad, too, for it'll give us a nice long visit before supper. Come in and take off your bonnet; you look kind o' hot and tired." And she led the way into a cool, shady room.

Alice handed her the rosebuds. "They're all I brought you this time," she apologized. "And they're all wilted; I must have held them too tight."

"Oh, they'll freshen up when I put 'em in water. I'll go right now and draw a bucket out of the bottom of the well. I think maybe you'd like a drink yourself."

Left alone, Alice looked about the little room, not from curiosity (as long as she could remember, it had been exactly as she saw it to-day), but because, like the face of an old friend, its quiet restfulness soothed her. The walls were lime-washed and fresh from the spring cleaning. The square windows, small and many-paned, were shaded by muslin curtains that reached only to their sills. On the floor was a rag carpet, with bright red and twisted black and white stripes relieving the drabbish hit-and-miss of its groundwork. The furniture was old and shone with much rubbing. A cherry-wood stand, with a white, hemstitched cover and a few books neatly piled one upon the other, stood beside one window; and near the other was a mahogany bureau with glass knobs on the drawers. Pushed into a corner was the high, four-posted bed, covered with a quilt of the chariot-wheel design, very neatly made, and with knitted lace edging the pillow slips. Besides these larger pieces, there were two or three chairs of black walnut and horsehair, remnants of a parlor set of some pretension.

In oval frames on the walls hung pictures of relations of Miss Martha's, in dress of bygone fashion, with tinted cheeks and with jewelry brought out in gilt. There was one of Miss Martha herself, taken in her sixteenth year, in a blue dress, low of neck and short of sleeve, and with brown curls that hung prettily behind her ears. Alice was standing before this picture, trying, as she had often done before, to trace in it some resemblance to the woman she knew, when she heard Miss Martha's step in the kitchen and went out to her. She drank of the cool water that her hostess poured for her from the dew-laden pitcher, and helped her arrange the rosebuds in a tall glass goblet.

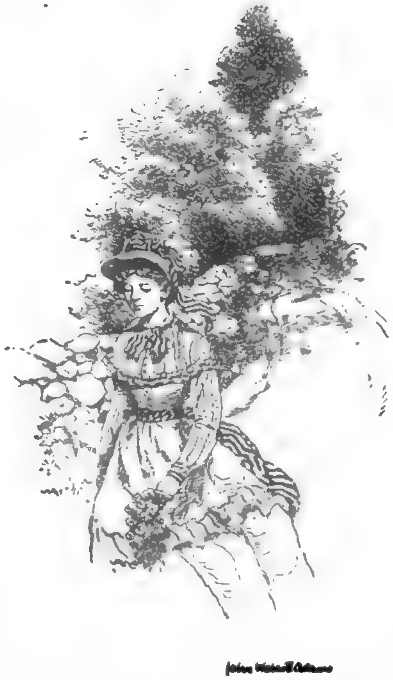
Miss Martha took them back into the other room and placed them on the bureau at the foot of her bed.

"There," she said, stepping back to admire them, "they'll be the first thing I see when I wake up in the morning, and they'll likely be just opening, too. Would you rather set on the porch or in here?"

"I'd rather go to the porch."

So they went back to the shade of the grapevine, and Miss Martha resumed her work. She was piecing a quilt, a double Irish chain of tiny red and white blocks. Alice watched her for a minute and then asked a little shyly: "Is that my quilt you're piecing, Aunt Mattie?"

"Yes, I guess it is. It's the one I promised you, anyhow, if you like it. It'll be right pretty, I think," and she held up a piece for Alice to get the effect. But the girl looked away, and a slow color came into her cheeks. "Aunt Mattie," she said softly, "I sha'n't need it. I'm—John and I—we've quit."



SHE LOOKED QUICKLY AWAY, HER HEART BEATING PAINFULLY, AND HURRIED ON.

Miss Martha looked at her a moment and then let her hands drop with the work in them to her lap. She showed no surprise; the words seemed rather to be a confirmation of something she had expected and dreaded.

"I don't know what to say," she said, finally. "I reckon you've made up your mind and are settled about it; only," she hesitated, "I hope it's all for the best."

She began her work again. "I'll go ahead and finish the quilt, anyhow, and give it to you as I said I would, for I guess you'll need quilts whether you marry or don't. I find I always do."

"But I'm not going to keep house and live by myself as you do," the girl remonstrated.

"What are you going to do, then?"

"Live at home. Why not?"

"Well, yes, that's likely for a while, but one of these times you won't have no home to stay at, honey; your ma and pa they'll be gone same as mine is, and your brothers and sisters they'll be married and gone, too. Then you'll be living by yourself, I guess, same as I do."

"I'll go live with my brothers and sisters, then."

"My experience is that you won't ever keep that up long. I've tried it, and I know what I'm talking about."

"Weren't they good to you, Aunt Mattie?" the girl asked after a minute.

"Why, yes, they meant to be, but they've got their own interests and their own families, and it don't make no difference how long you stay—you're an outsider. Why, you ought to know yourself how 'tis; you've visited at your sister Elma's. Did you really to say feel at home there, like you do at your own home now?"

"No," Alice admitted reluctantly, "I didn't, but Elma's so awfully changed. You know how she used to be so particular about everything—taking such care of her face and hands, and always curling her hair; well, I wish you'd see her now. She goes out without a bonnet, and combs back her hair tight and slick, and does it up anyway that's handiest. She hardly ever changes her dress after dinner, and she just works and saves; don't think of anything else. And Harry's worse than she is: goes around without any kind of a collar; and it seems to me, Aunt Mattie, they don't care much about each other any more. That's the worst thing. When he came in from his work he used to call to her and go in where she was, and laugh and joke about things, and seem to take some enjoyment in life; but now it's work and save and lay by for the children, and that's all they live for. Don't you hate to see folks get that way, Aunt Mattie?"

"Yes, I do. And yet you know we maybe ain't fair to 'em, judging on the outside like we do. I reckon it seems different to them.

And as for not makin' over each other, don't you reckon that's partly because they understand each other so well it ain't—well, ain't called for? Yet I'm like you, I don't just like to see it."

There seemed no more to say on the subject, and a silence fell between them, broken after some minutes by Miss Martha, who asked with some hesitation: "What was the trouble between you and John, if you don't mind my asking?"

"I don't mind your asking, Aunt Mattie," Alice answered, flushing, "but I don't know how to answer you, for there wasn't really anything the trouble. We just quit."

"Mutual consent?"

"No—well, not at first. I didn't want to set the day; I couldn't. It was after I'd been down to Elma's, and I was disgusted with the thought of everything. I don't want to live like she does and be like them; and that's what it does mean to get married and settle down on a farm; and I told John so and it made him angry."

"Well, I thought that was about what's the matter. I don't blame you — and I don't blame John for gettin' mad, either. What does your ma think about it?"

"Oh, she doesn't say anything. I guess she's glad, though. I don't think ma wants me ever to get married. You know I'm the baby, and she likes to keep me with her, I suppose. Then, you know she's got an idea that I'd make an artist if I had a chance. I do draw fairly well, and she's always been at pa to send me away where I can take lessons. My teacher at the academy said she thought I could illustrate for magazines and papers if I was trained for it, and now pa says he'll let me go and take lessons next fall if I want to. And I guess ma likes that."

"I must say I wouldn't hardly 'a' thought it. John's a good boy and he's got good prospects. I'd 'a' thought your ma'd 'a' hated it."

"Well, she didn't; she did more than any one else to bring it about. When I came back from Elma's and told her how it all was out there, she said it was what any one might expect; marrying a farmer and settling down to life on a farm always meant about the same thing. And she said she didn't for the life of her see how a girl that had been raised on a farm and knew what it meant could do it. Then she said to me, 'It'll be just the same with you, mind my word'; and I made up my mind right then that it wouldn't."

Miss Martha threaded her needle carefully and tied a knot before she made any comment.

"I don't think she did right to say what she did in the first place, and I'll say it if she *is* your mother," she said. "I always hate to hear married women talking that way, because, to begin with, they don't mean it. They don't stop to think—that's where the trouble is. They see their girls young and care-free and havin' a good time, and they hate to see 'em tied down to hard work and worries and everything. But if they'd think a minute, they'd see that their girls'll get old and care'll come to 'em and worry, whether they marry or don't marry, and they'll not find it any easier to bear havin' it all to bear by theirselves, either."

There seemed something personal in Miss Martha's resentment, and Alice was at a loss for a reply. Finally she asked shyly: "Do you think, Aunt Mattie, that married folks are happier than others?"

"Well, now, that's hard to say; in lots of cases of course they ain't; but I do think, Alice, as a general thing they are."

"But you have an easy life here by yourself; you haven't much to do, and your house is always just so; when you put anything away, it stays right where you put it, and there's nobody to bother you. Seems to me you've escaped a good deal."

Miss Martha looked at her. "Now, Alice," she said, "seems to me that's a good deal like congratulatin' a man that hadn't any legs on escaping rheumatism in the knees, and you wouldn't do that. No, don't apologize—everybody says that to me. I ought to get used to it, I suppose, but I don't, somehow. It hurts every time. But then I can't expect folks that are always workin' to keep things up and gettin' all wore out at it, to know how much more tiresome 'tis not to have it to do." She paused, looking away from her work and from her visitor, far away, across the field of young corn that lay beyond the road, to where the river shone silver between the trunks of the sycamores and the cottonwoods.

"Honey," she said at last, without turning her eyes, "I'd tell you something if I thought you'd care about it or it would do you any good; something I haven't told many. I don't know if you ever knowed it or not, but I was engaged myself once."

Alice shook her head.

"No, I reckon not," Miss Martha went

on. "There didn't many know it, I guess; folks was slyer about being engaged them days. I'd just turned eighteen when we broke off. I can't tell you how old I was when I got engaged, because I don't know myself."

"Why, how was that?"

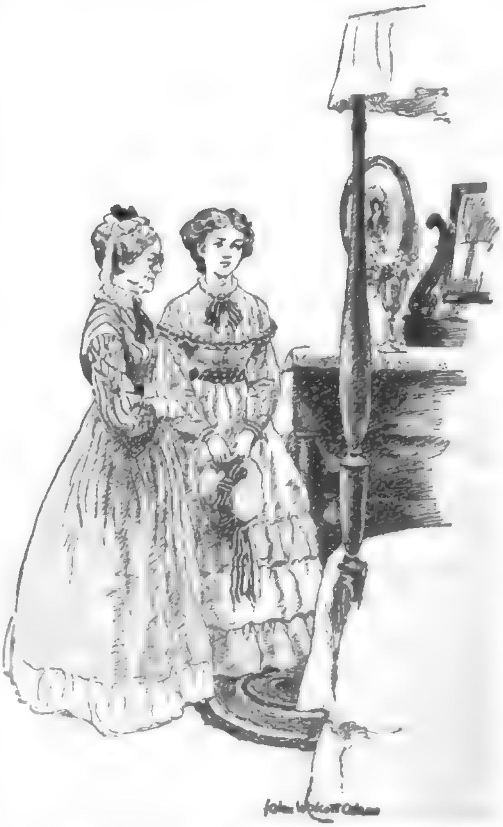
"Well, I guess I'll begin at the beginning. His name was Charley Mills, and his folks used to live back along the road about half a mile from us, and he always came along by our house to go to school. I used to go alone to summer school because brother Jerry had stopped to get the crops in, and Mandy had to help ma with the work, and the two little ones wasn't old enough to walk so far. So Charley got to stopping along for me. We used to play along the road coming and going, a-gathering flowers. Why, we'd come into school fairly loaded down with flowers for teacher. I mind, too, how we'd get little periwinkle shells and drop little stones down the crawfish holes to hear 'em strike water and all such like, as children will. Well, we went along that way till we was 'most growed up, and it seemed the naturalest thing in the world that we should take to one another and think of marryin'. I know it's the fashion nowadays to cry down children's making sweethearts of each other, but it seems to me there ain't anything sweeter in all this world, nor innocenter."

"Aunt Mattie," Alice interrupted, "John and I were always sweethearts, and I think as you do, only—" She left the sentence unfinished; but if Miss Martha noticed the interruption she made no sign.

"Seems as if folks took it for granted we'd marry, same as we did ourselves. Though I can't say as my folks approved of it. They never had anything against Charley, as I know of, but they was pretty well off for them days and carried their heads higher than most, and the Millses was poor. They was the only renters in our whole district. Of course, the people around thought that anybody with any spunk would at least make out to get a place of their own. But the Millses was content as anybody; fact is, I think that was what aggravated our folks, that they was content. I remember how often father'd manage to bring up that old sayin' about 'What's bred in the bone and born in the blood,' and I knowed he was hittin' Charley Mills for my benefit just as well as if he'd called out his name. And mother she'd say things about folks that didn't have no regular wash-day and that fried down their sausages in cakes 'stead of casin' 'em, and all such.

"Well, you know how it is; if you're looking for a thing, you're mighty apt to find it or to think you do, which comes to the same thing. I got to watchin' Charley and pickin' flaws in him and thinkin' every little fault meant a bigger one behind it, though I did love him. I knew that all the time. Sometimes seems to me it is that way: nobody can see the faults in a body like the one that loves 'em best, because it don't hurt anybody else so much, and they don't care enough to notice 'em. But it's a bad habit to get into.

"One Sunday afternoon Charley had come over to our house as usual, and we'd started out to take a little walk together. It was in the fall; there'd been a cold spell and one or two light frosts, but that was a beautiful day, warm and hazy and still. The leaves had fell a right smart,



"WOULD YOU RATHER SET ON THE PORCH OR IN HERE?"

and I remember yet how they rustled under foot. It was one of them days when you don't want to talk, and we walked along hardly sayin' a word between us. I remember the wild grapes was ripe, and Charley gathered a handful of them for me; and there was goldenrods and blue gentians and them pretty little purply flowers like daisies, and he got me a lot of them, too, and the leaves off the sugar-trees. Seems to me I never see the leaves so beautiful as they was that year.

"You know we lived up there on the hill where—why, where John's folks lives now, and we come right along that road you did this afternoon, comin' here. Only instead of turning into the woods-lot at the big gate like you did, we followed the road right along down to the river. Well, we set down on a tree trunk that lay 'long by the river, crossways to it, so that the limbs fell over into the water, and by and by Charley looked over here right to this very house; and he says to me: 'How'd you like it if I'd buy that place over there of your father? It would be real nice and handy to home for you, wouldn't it?'

"'Why, yes,' I says, 'if you'd build a nice new house on it; but I wouldn't live in that old thing.'

"You see, father'd put it up for the man that dug coal in our bank to live in. It wasn't nothing but a two-roomed log house with a chimbley outside, and no kind of fixin' up. There wasn't another like it, exceptin' back along the hills, in the whole country round. It did look awful bad to me after our big red brick house; you know how it would, and I don't know as I was to blame for feelin' as I did about it. But I hadn't more than got the words out of my mouth till I see a look come in Charley's eyes that I'd never seen there before. He had beautiful eyes, Charley had, brown and soft as velvet. But there wasn't anything soft in 'em that time. He had been a-whittlin' a willow stick as we was settin' there, and he flung it down and shut up his knife quick as a wink and stood right up before me.

"'Mattie,' says he, 'I don't think you and me understand each other any more, and the sooner we do, the better it's going to be for us both. I'm a poor man, Mattie, and I never expect to be anything but a poor man as long as I live. I'm willin' to work for you with all my strength, but you'll have to be content with my best, and I reckon that don't mean much of fine houses or fine clothes or a good many other things that you're used to. Now you'll have to choose between them and me. That house over there looks poor enough to you, I reckon, but I could be happy there, and so could you if you thought as much of me as I do of you, Mattie, and that's the whole thing of it.'

"I've thought lots of times that he didn't go at me right, but then, too, I've thought how it must have galled him all the time to know how our folks looked on him and his. I reckon many a time he'd set his teeth and stood things for my sake; and it must 'a' seemed mighty hard to him to have me turn on him, too. It's all been plain to me a long time how 'twas, but I didn't think of it then, and what he said, and the way he said it, stirred me all up; and I don't know what I did say, but I expect it was something I oughtn' to. I know I throwed away the flowers and leaves and things in my lap and started for home. He come along with me, and neither of us spoke a word; and when I turned in at the gate at home I never looked around to say good-by to him.

"Seems to me he hadn't more than got out of sight before I was sorry for what I'd said; but I thought he'd get over it and be around again next Sunday, and I dressed up and set all afternoon waitin' for him. I remember yet what a different day it was from the Sunday before. It had rained and growed cold, and seemed like the woods had turned dull and lost their leaves in a day. I remember we had a fire on the hearth. It was chilly and damp and gloomy, and I set waiting in the parlor by myself till after dark; then I went up-stairs to bed. I don't know as I ever felt so down-hearted in my life as I did that night, but still I didn't do anything to let Charley know; and I believe he stayed around home waiting for some kind of a sign from me for two or three weeks, for after that he went off and for a long time I never heard a word about him."

For some time Miss Martha's hands had been idle, and now she took off her glasses and held them in her lap. There was a far-away, wistful look in her pale old eyes, and she was so long silent that Alice was afraid she should have no more of the story that was plainly unfinished; so she said by way of reminder: "Didn't he ever come again, Aunt Mattie?"

Miss Martha roused herself. "Oh, yes, honey, but it was a good many years afterward, and a good deal had happened. Well, no, I can't say that, either; don't seem as if much ever to say happened to me, but there'd been a sight of change. I was a good deal older, for one thing. 'Bout the time he went away, sister Mandy and brother Jerry was both married and went to theirselves; and by and by the two girls, younger than me, was growed-up young ladies and had their beaux and young friends, and all my old set was married off and gone, and seemed like I was left pretty much by myself. I tell you, Alice, it was mighty lonesome them days and mighty hard to bear, lots of times.

"Take it of a Sunday afternoon now. Mother and father they'd be off a-visiting some o' the old folks round, and a crowd of the young people'd come along, boys and girls, and the girls they'd be off with them some place or other, and there I'd be up at the house all by myself. I'd walk round the garden and look at the flowers and things, and go in the house and write a letter to one o' my old schoolmates that had married and moved out o' the neighborhood, knowin' like as not when I wrote it I wouldn't get no answer; they'd be too busy with their own concerns to care about an old maid like me. Many a time when I got my letters wrote I've tore 'em up again and just set and cried for lonesomeness.

"Well, it went along that way for a good while, till finally the girls was married and gone, and pretty soon after that father took down and died, and mother and me was left alone. We was all and all to each other, and as she got feebler and feebler and more dependent on me, I kind of felt I'd found a place for myself, and I reckon I was the most contented I ever had been since Charley went.

"Well, along about that time the coal company come in and bought up all the land back around the hills, and sunk shafts, and the railroad was built, and things changed around here considerable, though it wouldn't have hurt our place much if it hadn't of been for Jerry gettin' a notion to prospect our hills and sink a couple of shafts on our own account. They didn't pay, you know, and we lost considerable money in 'em and had to sell off some pieces. This part where the log house was, was among 'em, and when Charley Mills come back, what did he do but buy it of the man we'd sold it to. Didn't it seem odd now that he should buy for his wife (he'd married, where he'd been) this very same place he'd wanted to buy for me? Yet there wasn't so many to pick from, unless he'd 'a' lived up in the company houses, and he wouldn't do that. He had a real pretty little wife, and he fixed up this place as nice as could be for her; weather-boarded it over, and built on the porch and porch bedroom, and set things out around, and built palin's and walks and things. You don't know how it hurt me, honey; seemed at times I couldn't stand it.

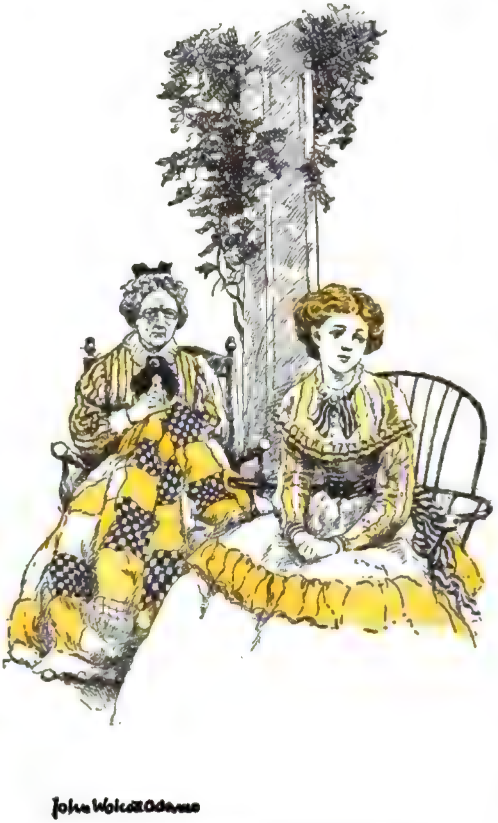
"Mother was poorly and kept me pretty close, and I guess Charley didn't go many places around, either. He had work up to the mines, weighmaster, and though he come and went by the path back of our house, I didn't somehow ever see him till one morning when I was out lookin' for a cow that hadn't come up to be milked with the others.

"It was over there on the side of the hill where the violets that you used to bring me growed, and it was early. It was Monday, and I was hurryin' to get back and get the wash out. The grass was all wet with dew, for the sun wasn't up yet over the hills, though I could see the light of it between the trees toward the east. Seems to me I never see the sun comin' up through the trees that it don't fetch it back to me. Well, I was hurryin' along, lookin' through the bushes for the cow, when I hear somebody callin' my name, and I looked around and there stood Charley. I couldn't move a step to save my life, but I held out my hands, and when he come up he took 'em both and held 'em, lookin' me straight in the eyes. Seemed to me it was a good while we stood still that way, and I never could remember a word either one of us spoke. I don't believe we did say anything, but there was something in his eyes I couldn't quite make out. They looked deep and meaning, like they wanted to tell me something. Sometimes it's come to me that he felt what was before him; maybe not exactly what it was, but a sort of feeling that something great and strange was coming, and he wanted me to know it, too.

"Well, after he'd left me I forgot what I was out there for and I just turned and went back to the house. But when I got there I couldn't go in, somehow, so I took up the crocks from the sunnin'-bench and went down to the spring-house to strain away and skim up. But 'twas the same thing there; I just put down the crocks and sat down by the willow-tree and looked down at the spring runnin' over the little shiny pebbles, and thought. I was settin' there when I heard an awful noise: like a sharp clap of thunder, but not like it, either—more like an earthquake, I expect. But I knowed in a minute what it was, though I'd never heard one before. It was an explosion up to the mines, and I knowed as well as if I was there and saw it that it was at number three and that Charley was killed."

"Was he?" Alice asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Miss Martha answered quietly. "After I'd seen him, he'd gone on to his work, and when he got there he see a crowd of men around the pump-house, and he went over to find out what the trouble was. They told him the pumps was a-throwin' out muddy water. It was 'most time to go to work; the men was nearly all there and they was expectin' the mine boss every minute; and they knowed the minute he got there he'd send down a cage of men, for he was an awful impatient man and reckless. But a good many of them around thought something was wrong in the mine, and Charley he offered to go down and see. They didn't want him to, and tried to keep him back, but he said better him killed than a cage full of men, and him and another man started for the ladders. One of them had on a common miner's lamp—forgot it, most likely—and they hadn't gone but a little ways till it set the gas on fire and—well, when they was brought out they was both dead."



"AUNT MATTIE, I'M—JOHN AND I—WE'VE QUIT."

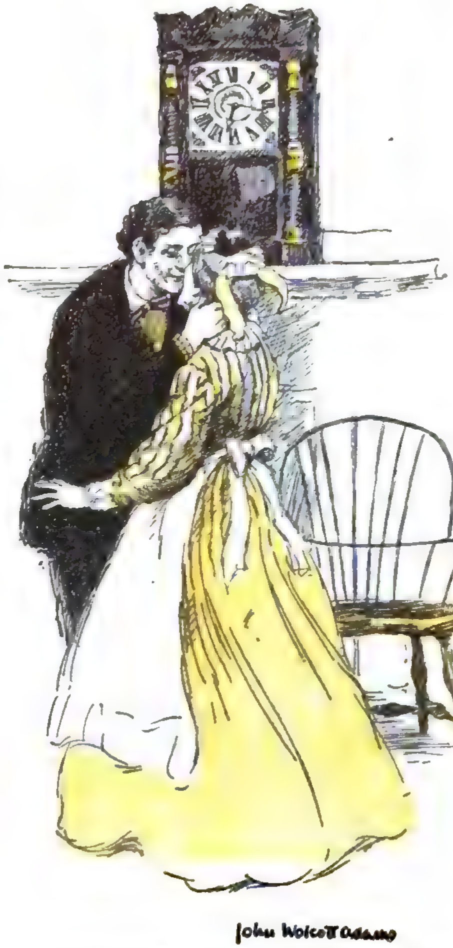
Miss Martha paused, and it seemed that she had finished, but after a minute she began again. "I didn't go to the funeral. They said it would break your heart the way his wife took on, but I think, honey, it's a good deal as mother used to say: 'The harder the storm, the sooner it's over.' 'Twas so with her, anyhow. In less than a year she married again. But then I oughtn' to say anything, I reckon; we ain't all alike about such things. Somehow, though, it seemed to me like her marryin' again give Charley back to me. I reckon that's a foolish notion, but you don't know what a peaceful thing it was to me, especially after I come over here to live. You see, after mother'd gone and the place was divided up, I took my share over next this little piece and bought it back, and you don't know, honey, what a comfort it's been to me. Here's these rooms Charley fixed up, and the porch; that very grape-vine there he planted, and them little evergreens out in front he set out, and the bleedin' hearts and pinies in the garden; why, honey, it's just like he done it for me. If only I could 'a' done something for him! If only I'd come when he asked me to and we'd had them few years together!"

Miss Martha had forgotten her listener, and her eyes were soft with tears as she ceased speaking.

Alice leaned her head against the sturdy vine that touched her cheeks with its fuzzy blossoms, and the tears she had turned away to hide fell upon them like dew.

At last, with a sigh, Miss Martha looked up. The sun had fallen behind the tops of the sugar-trees on the hillside, and the shadow of the house lay long across the yard. She gathered up her quilt pieces with sudden energy.

"Why, dear me," she exclaimed, "it's later than I had any idea of. The sun's off the strawberry bed, and if you'd like to go and pick 'em I'll go in and get a dish. Why, honey, child, what's the matter?" For Alice had thrown herself on the bench beside Miss Martha's chair and buried her face in her friend's lap, weeping as if her heart would break. Miss Martha drew her head to her breast and put her arms around her. “Oh, Aunt Mattie,” the girl sobbed, “I don't want to break with John; I'm so sorry! What shall I do?”



BEFORE MISS MARTHA COULD PROTEST, HE KISSED HER.

Miss Martha let her cry until she sat up of her own accord and dried her eyes and pushed back her hair from her hot forehead; then she said gently, taking the girl's hand: “Are you real sure you're sorry, dear; real certain that you'd like to make it up with him again? You mustn't do anything rash now, and you mustn't let what I've told you work on your feelin's. I expect I've said more'n I ought to 'a' done, but it didn't seem fair, somehow, to have you hear only one side. Your ma's talked to you how much it means to marry, how much a woman gives up, and it seems like you ought to hear the other side—about how much she misses.

“And another thing: A woman does give up a great deal; but so does a man. I've often thought about it—how much a man takes on himself when he marries a woman; takes on himself to care for her sick or well; to keep a home for her and clothe her and do for her lots of times when she's sickly and no help in the world to him, and peevish and complainin' and unreasonable besides, maybe; but you don't often hear him complain. Not as he ought to; she'd do the same for him if she was called to. But that's where the best of it all comes in; they do it for one another willin' because they love, and nobody sees that and appreciates it like the one that hasn't got it, honey. If two people loves each other that way, they'd better think twice before they throw it all away. But they must be sure they do. And now don't you go and let John come back to you unless you are sure. There's time a-plenty for you to think it over—you're young yet.”

“Oh, Aunt Mattie, I *have* thought it over. You don't know. All that Sunday night I lay on the floor in my room crying by myself. I don't want to go away; I want to stay here with John. But I don't believe he'll ever forgive me. He could have come back any evening if he cared. He drove by our house this week and he never even looked around.”

“Oh, that's just because he does care. Mark my words, he'd 'a' looked around all right if he hadn't cared. And if you really want him, he'll come back to you, I promise you that. Come out to the kitchen now and bathe your eyes—they're all red; and smooth up your hair and come on and pick the strawberries.”

Miss Martha led the way into the kitchen. She brought a pan of cool water and a fresh towel and put them on a chair for Alice; then, when the girl was ready, gave her a bonnet and a dish.

“There,” she said, “you run on by yourself; it's so late now I'll have to stay and start the supper. I'm goin' to have fried chicken. It'll be the first fry you've had, I guess, this year.”

Alice made no answer, for she scarcely heard the words; but taking the dish, she went out through the garden gate and down the path between the beds of young growing things to the berry bed at the farther end, and fell listlessly to picking the strawberries. If she heard the mellow note of a conch-shell that Miss Martha blew from the hillside beyond the house, she gave it no heed.

The sun had sunk, and the soft twilight of early summer made sweet shadows in the corners of Miss Martha's kitchen. The chicken, crisp and brown, was keeping warm in the oven. The raised biscuits, wrapped in a towel, stood waiting on the stove hearth. The table had long been set out with Miss Martha's best linen and her rosebud china. The butter and honey, in glass dishes, and the yellow cream, in a blue pitcher, had been brought from the cool, mossy cellar, and after long waiting had been carried back. The teakettle boiled, and the leaves stood waiting in the teapot. Once and again had Miss Martha left the kitchen and started toward the garden gate, but each time she came back without calling. Now she went again to the cellar, and brought a bowl of strawberries, which she emptied into her tall preserve dish, covered with sugar, and set in the place of honor in the center of the table. As she was turning away, she was caught in Alice's arms. "Oh, you sweet old hypocrite! How could you?" Alice cried between tears and laughter.

Miss Martha blushed guiltily.

"Oh, I guess you'll forgive me, honey. But you," and she turned to John, who stood, his gray eyes dancing, in the doorway, "you promised you wouldn't tell on me."

"I couldn't help it, Aunt Mattie; she had it out of me in no time; but I guess you'll forgive me, too." And before Miss Martha could protest, he took her from Alice into his own arms and kissed her.

"Dear goodness me! Did you ever now!" she exclaimed, wiping her cheek with her apron, not knowing what she did; and turning to the stove to hide both her confusion and her tears, she fell to fussing with the things waiting there.

It was not until all three were seated around the table that Alice caught sight of the tall dish with the berries.

"Oh, Aunt Mattie," she exclaimed, "I forgot the strawberries! Why, John, where are they? I had nearly a dish full when you came."

"I didn't see them; I'll go look."

"No, you won't now; you just sit still," Miss Martha ordered, and added dryly: "It was a mercy I'd a few in the house now, wasn't it?"

Going home together through the shadowy woods, full of the sweetness of spring, John asked Alice what it was Miss Martha had said to change her mind.

"Why, it's not what she said. It was changed before you were out of the gate that night. I wanted you to come back then, only I wouldn't say so. She told me something that broke down my foolish pride, that's all."

"And are you sure, sweetheart, you will never be sorry?"

"Very sure."

"There's your talents, your drawing, and the chance your father offers you, and there is so little I can give you in exchange except——"

"Everything," Alice finished the sentence for him fervidly.

Habit

By ARTHUR STRINGER

SEE, blind and weak, he whimpers at my breast,
Teasing and petulant he whines,
And will not rest!

Now snarling, careless-clawed, he drags at me
In uncouth play so fierce I dare
Not set him free!

Now gross and slather-fanged and grim of will
He stalks me naked through the world,
Whom he must kill.

The Wives of the Pseudo-Rich

By ONE OF THEM

THE President of the United States, Governors of States, Congress, several State Legislatures, and the newspapers, are uniting in a great outcry against stock-gambling and other forms of reckless and irregular business; and the sympathy of the whole country has been aroused on behalf of the innocent victims.

But up to the present moment one class of sufferers has not been heard from: I mean the wives and the daughters of the Pseudo-Rich—a growing type of American men whose inflated, fluctuating incomes have nothing back of them; men of paper fortunes, who derive their money from overcapitalization, and spend the bonuses they receive from the companies they have promoted as though they were the income from bonded securities. It is these men who are the chief patrons of the expensive restaurants, who, more than any others, rent the big houses, employ great staffs of servants, and who are the most lavish customers of florists and jewelers. They are perhaps most in evidence in New York and Chicago, but every large city in the United States, from Boston to San Francisco, can furnish its own examples.

During the past few months, the women whose husbands' bolstered fortunes have been wiped out, and who have had to try to find support for themselves and their children, have been so numerous that the cases have ceased to be sporadic, and have become practically a class.

Does the public realize this growing condition? Or does it seem too trivial to the student of sociology? Or is it unbelievable to those who think the only distress of poverty is in the tenements?

Last week a beggar asked a lady for money to buy food. He was in rags, she was handsomely dressed, yet he was better off than she. He had in his pockets at that moment the price of a week's food and lodging; she had not the wherewithal to buy her next day's meals. This is a fact.

A well-paid saleswoman of a big department store waited at a street crossing for a lady in a victoria to pass. The woman standing at the corner knew the one in the carriage by sight; she had sold the latter the sealskin coat she was then wearing. The woman who worked glanced enviously at the other, leaning back against the cushions in apparent luxury. But, as a matter of fact, at the very moment when the woman in the victoria caught the saleswoman's look, she was dazed with wondering how she could earn the money necessary to feed and clothe her children. The victoria was to be put up at auction the next day; everything she owned was for sale—even the coat on her back, if it would bring a good price. Her husband had failed that week, and everything had to go into the assets of the firm.

It seems to me that the condition of such women as the one in the victoria is worse than that of those who always have been poor. The daughters of the working man, brought up with the idea that they will have to earn their living, accept the fact from the beginning. Their lot in life, therefore, is practically the same as that of the men of their families. They are trained to be self-reliant. They have always been put in a *true relation to life*. The daughters of the rich, or of the pseudo-rich—for on this point there is no distinction between the two classes—are shut in from all the realities. They are brought up to be incapable of taking care of themselves, let alone any one else.

The rich mother is filled with terror if her baby son of ten years goes two city blocks alone at dusk; her protection of that son's sister may be gauged from this. The tenement boy of six or eight is swinging on and off trolley-cars at dangerous curve crossings at midnight. From infancy, the children of the poor swarm the streets and take care of themselves. The girls go to and from shop, factory, or theatre at all hours—early morning and late night, while the daughter of the rich man is accompanied by a maid in Fifth Avenue, New York, at noon. When she marries, she is scarcely less protected; she is shielded and made helpless by the whole social system to which she belongs. If she has a cold in her head, they send for a trained nurse. If she is able to do her own hair well, she is thought to be clever with her fingers. If she can make herself a blouse, or her baby a dress, her capability is heralded abroad. If she adds up her accounts and makes them all wrong, her husband, perhaps—and her father, surely — merely smiles indulgently. How in the world could she be *expected* to do sums correctly!

Then, without warning, let her be thrown out into the actual world, to fight the battle of existence! Sometimes the father has died, leaving his family unprovided for, after having accustomed them all their lives to extravagance. Sometimes the husband's firm or company has collapsed as suddenly as a pricked balloon, and all in a moment his wife must face the realization that they are penniless. How many women this year have known the shock of that moment of revelation, the sense of overpowering helplessness to deal with the situation, the sudden coldness of the limbs as though they had been immersed in ether! In collapse, the husband leans on the wife whom he has kept childlike in her helplessness. Her shoulders, unused to the slightest burden, suddenly have the whole weight of his disaster thrown upon them. Sometimes they can't bear it, but, as a rule, the strength they acquire is astounding.

One such woman had a little baby four weeks old when the crash came. The husband became violently insane—he thought his creditors were pursuing him; he was terror-stricken at the sight of a strange face, but he was perfectly quiet and docile with her. He was in such fear of being taken away that she kept him at home and took care of him herself. His affairs were in a desperate state. A member of his firm and two lawyers spent weeks trying to help this woman, who never had balanced her own check-book, to understand her husband's business. She had been treated as nothing more than a doll for years; she happened to be made of wonderful material and so, in a crisis, she triumphed over her training. She dismissed all of her servants except one maid, who refused to leave her; did her own work, took care of her husband, and attended to the settling up of his business. Out of the wreck a little has been saved, enough to live on in the most straitened circumstances.

Her health is shattered by the strain. The children must grow up in extreme poverty. Perhaps they may turn out all the better for it, but the feeling that she is unable to give them any of the advantages that she herself had is not the least of this mother's sufferings.

How have other women dealt with situations such as this, or worse? What becomes of them when there is not enough to pay even meager expenses; when they are thrown upon their own resources? I can answer best by a few instances of women I know who last winter had to face the problem.

Mrs. A——'s husband made a large income, but when he died his life-insurance was all that was left for his widow. This little money, which, as she had no children, was put into an annuity, gives her a room and lodging in a very nice boarding-house in Baltimore, but it does not leave a cent over. For all outside expenses, even her washing, as well as any necessities that she has to buy, she is dependent upon gifts from her friends. Unhappy as it makes her, she has no alternative, as there is actually not a single way in which she can earn money. She can't keep house for any one, as she never learned to keep her own. She cannot do a simple sum in addition and be sure of getting the answer with any accuracy. She can't sew a stitch; she can't draw; she can't even write a clear and legible hand; she can't cook—there is absolutely nothing for her to do except to gum labels on bottles in a factory or do some other work that a child of six could do as well.

That woman is a perfect fool, I suppose you think. Not at all; but nothing has ever been expected of her except to be pretty, and gentle, and sweet, and she is all three.

The beautiful Mrs. T—— was frankly employed to instruct the family of a new millionaire in the rules of social usage. That sounded very simple, but the first attempt on the part of Mrs. T—— to prevent her employer's wife from tucking her napkin under her chin, or saying "pleased to make your acquaintance" when she was introduced to some one, made the new millionairess exceedingly angry. Mrs. T——, therefore, dropped the personal points and tried merely to direct the running of the house. But as this was equally resented, Mrs. T—— began to wonder what her salary was paid for. At last she found that her duties consisted chiefly in driving out with her patron in order to point out the people of social prominence that they passed, and to give a yellow-journalistic history of each.

This is not the sort of occupation that a woman of good breeding can find tolerable; yet, if she gives up this position Mrs. T—— will certainly be unable to keep her son in college; and without a college education he can never enter the profession for which his inclination and ability fit him.

These two women perhaps represent the extremes of the possibilities open to the wives of the pseudo-rich who are thrown upon their own resources. The number of those who have been able to command large salaries, in positions like Mrs. T——'s, is very small. In between Mrs. A—— and Mrs. T—— are scores who have found employment in directing envelopes, or have secured positions as saleswomen in dressmakers' or milliners' establishments. The cases, taken collectively, indicate only too clearly that the characteristic over-protective attitude of American wealthy men toward their wives and daughters has produced a class of women who are helpless and incapable.

But even if these women are not competent to earn their own livings, are they not at least capable of helping to save their husbands' incomes? Is there not after all some ground for the idea prevalent both at home and abroad that the extravagance of American women is in large part responsible for the business failures of American men?

Take the two cases mentioned at the beginning of this article. Both the woman in the victoria and the one who was accosted by a beggar had been brought up in the helpless fashion characteristic of their class. Both had married men who were apparently on the high road to great wealth. Both had been living at the rate of fifty to sixty thousand dollars a year.

Why, if they had $60,000 a year and nothing behind it, did they not live on $10,000 and save $50,000?

The women in these two particular cases could scarcely have saved fifty dollars. Almost no actual money passed through their hands. The husbands, by the time they were making large incomes, had developed pronounced cases of "brokeritis": a psychological malady so marked that its symptoms can be diagnosed as readily as those of any physical illness. This brokeritis, or promotormania, is one of the most fatal diseases of the age. Appendicitis is nothing in comparison with it; smallpox is no more certain to leave its indelible mark; the plague is not more contagious. The representative young men of our best society—and, therefore, the husbands of our typically helpless young women—are the very ones most liable to become its victims. And because this disease is chiefly responsible for the whole subject of my discussion, perhaps it would be as well to take a specific case and follow the history of its development:

John Brown leaves college with the world before him. His father is a lawyer, and the son has thought of following in his footsteps. The father has worked hard for many years, however, before he has been able to earn more than sufficient for the mere necessities of his family. And the boy, spurred on by the national misconception of "success," is ambitious to be rich. The "get-rich-quick" notion is the first symptom of brokeritis. This particular John Brown, we will say, is in love with Mary James, a pretty and rather frail girl—the sort a boy like young Brown seems invariably to select. He cannot marry her until he has enough money to take care of her—not in the way in which their parents started, but according to the new American idea, the frenzied way. She is not the sort of girl who ever could "rough it." Her parents are not rich, but her youth has been as sheltered as their love and indulgence could make it. So the boy looks about for the quickest way to provide for her.

As the only ones of his friends who are earning a cent are brokers, or promoters, his great ambition is to get on the stock exchange, or into the wheat pit, or in with a mining syndicate. He has, however, no money with which to buy a seat or shares or interest, so he goes into a broker's office. There he sees customers who make fortunes in a day. How easy it is to win! Those that lose must have "bad judgment"! He soon begins to plan how he can get a seat on the exchange, and with great good luck—and ability, too—he manages it. A friend of his father's advances him the money. He has to pay six per cent. on the amount borrowed, and six per cent. besides on whatever he makes. But with his own friends and his father's friends to give him their floor business, he will have plenty of money in no time!

He *does* do well. He marries the girl. Gradually he makes bigger and bigger commissions; finally, with a few "lucky turns," he pays off the amount borrowed for his seat. They live more extravagantly. Then he goes into partnership in a regular "Brokerage and Banking" firm with the son of a rich man, and the family spends still more money. Why don't they save? That is another of the symptoms of brokeritis—they don't.

In this particular case of the Browns, the wife wants to help her husband, and she tries to understand about his business. At first he tells her all about it; especially the partnership contract, which prohibits speculation by the members of the firm. She pins her faith to that one clause for the rest of her life. She has no talent for business, but she has average intelligence, and she understands very well all that he tells her, until he begins going into a lot of outside ventures, and—perhaps purposely—becomes unintelligible.

(Any one who has heard an older child explain something to a younger, when he did not want the younger to understand, has a very good example of the way in which some men talk over business with their wives.) John also becomes a "high financier" and a "success" and he likes to dazzle her. The "dazzle habit" is another symptom.

Mary Brown is naturally prudent. It worries her to think they may be living beyond what they ought to spend. She wonders how much John is saving as capital. He tells her of the amounts he has "invested in the firm"; of the valuable securities he has in the safety-deposit box; also of the life-insurance, which alone would enable her and the children to be comfortable even if everything else should go. How is she to know that the investments and the securities all go if the firm goes, and that a life-insurance policy is worse than a white elephant to the speculator who has "gone broke"? Besides, her John seems to her a wonder of judgment and sagacity, and gradually her fears are assuaged.

John never tells her of his mistakes.

Business may be "dull," or perhaps he is busy putting through an important project, which, if all goes well, will make them a good deal of money. He does not tell her, however, that if it fails to go through, he may lose his entire fortune. Mary thinks that other women's husbands are reckless gamblers, and wonders how they can live as they do, with the whole bottom likely to drop out at any moment! That other men's wives are asking that identical question about the Browns is a fact of which she is blissfully unconscious.

If John by this time has developed into the typical speculating broker, Mrs. John has also developed into the typical broker's wife. In a reflex, unconscious way she has become used to life at high pressure. She is used to finding her husband's moods unreasonably various—to never knowing whether he will want her to pack up and go to Europe at five hours' notice, or will be silent and preoccupied and refuse to keep his engagements for dinner. She has become gradually accustomed to greater and greater extravagance. Having long been unable to get any definite information about the source of her husband's money, or as to the amount that he can readily afford to spend, she has become used to handing him the bills, and letting her responsibility end there.

But this handing him the bills on the first of the month has with increased prosperity become an ordeal. She never knows in what humor he will take them! Their amount has nothing to do with it—sometimes he pays them cheerfully, quite as though he enjoyed it; at other times there is a scene. In neither case is his mood in proportion to the size or the necessity of the bills. It is this uncertainty that gives her a sick headache on the day they are audited. For instance:

One month the bills are particularly large. They have had a great many dinner parties, there is a bill for upholstering John's private car, also for building a new power-house in the country; in fact, the list is long and expensive.

"They are very big this month," she falters, wishing with all her heart that she could pay them herself without having to show them to him. He reads them over item by item, his face a mask; he adds up the amount, and then, looking up at her, says with a beaming smile, "Is this all, darling?" and suggests that she give a ball. Why doesn't she? She could give quite a nice one for $5,000, couldn't she? The next night he brings her a diamond ornament. He does not tell her that he "took a flyer in U. P." and has $10,000 in his pocket which he got so easily that he is willing just as easily to spend it.

Two months later she reads in the newspaper that "the late financial stringency" has done no serious harm. The news columns have nothing about John Brown's having that day lost $20,000 in copper. Mrs. Mary Brown knows only that the bills are very moderate that month, and chiefly things for the children: one a doctor's bill, another for tuition. She hands them to him with very little nervousness—surely he will be pleased. He adds them up as usual—and then the storm breaks!

"Do you think I am made of money? You will ruin me with your extravagance! If the baby turns over, you send for the doctor! It is senseless to have all these lessons for the children. It is much better to let them grow up strong and healthy. There is altogether too much education nowadays. As for languages, my own French has done me no good; neither has my Latin."

That is the way it goes. There is little she can do, because, like all the other women of her class, she has no idea where her husband stands. He has no fixed standards of expenditure. His attitude toward the bills varies with the chances of his business. But she knows nothing of that, and the fact that he perhaps thinks he is shielding her from worry by keeping her in ignorance is no help to her.

For weeks he is moody; but at last, one day in the early autumn, he comes home in a different state of mind. He talks to her with the old note of companionship.

Things have been going very badly downtown, he tells her. He has not felt it as much as most people; his company is in very good shape, yet for a while he wants to be as careful about expenditures as possible. She will help him, won't she?

Of course she will! Oh, why did he let her give that ball? It was altogether unnecessary.

Not at all, he says; he wants her to have a little pleasure. He afforded that perfectly well, but all the same they must be very prudent for a while.

His manner is serious, and Mary feels frightened. She wants him to give her details. How much have they? Where do they stand? How much can they afford to spend? But he tells her nothing definite, only that times are hard just now. She suggests staying in the country. The house they have been renting in town costs $6,000 a year. But he loses his temper at the suggestion.

"What do you think I am going to do? Be a commuter? You are crazy. If only you were not so extravagant, I would not have to worry."

Finally, on her insistence, they take a less expensive house. All that winter she practises a dozen economies to please him, only to have him burst out, with one of his instantaneous transitions: "Really, Mary, I think you might wear something besides that everlasting blue dress!" or "Why don't you have a hair-dresser do your hair? It looks as though it had been fixed by the kitchen-maid!"

She says nothing, but tries to do her hair better, and wears other dresses, which she had tried to keep fresh, since she had not thought it right to get any new ones. She has run her house on half the former number of servants. John complained that the table was not as good as usual. Of course it wasn't. She had a $25 cook in place of a $65 one. She has made the children do without everything that was not necessary. She has seen very little of any one, because she does not like to accept hospitality without returning it. And, most trying of all, she has not had her carriage. They left the horses in the country, and she has gone in the street-cars in order to save cab hire. About the middle of March John comes home and announces that he has bought a big automobile by cable—and that they are all to start at once for a tour through Europe.

Mary is so bewildered she almost sobs. The inconsistency with the policy of the whole winter is so great that for a moment it unnerves her—besides, she does not approve of taking the children away from school.

Whereupon John exclaims that it is just like her! She is never pleased!

Oh, but she is! Indeed she is—only, she would rather go nearer the end of the school term so that the children might not miss so much. And—and—where's the money to come from?

John is offended. He does not undertake expenses that he is not able to meet. Good Lord! but a man has to have a vacation sometimes. Few enough *want* to take their families with them. It is amazing how unappreciative a woman can be of her blessings.

So John and Mary and the children go.

Gradually, like other people who live on the swinging wheel of chance, she learns to take the day as it comes, and to stop looking for the reason in anything. She learns by experience that when John offers her a present she might as well take it—if she suggests wanting anything else in its place she gets nothing, and he spends the amount on something else. She also learns the most demoralizing lesson of all: that *what she saves does not help nor count.* No matter what she goes without, he does not save. Capital all goes back into the business, and the money drawn is spent. What is not squandered upon her is squandered even more recklessly on dinners, amusements, trips, or anything that happens to take his fancy.

While they are in Europe, Mary Brown meets another broker's family, who have been sent to a German town, because they can live on much less there than at home. The two women compare notes, and find their situations amazingly similar. A couple of months later the second broker makes a good turn in the market and at once charters a steam yacht for the rest of the summer.

It simply amounts to this: the plunger of the race-track, the gambler at Monte Carlo, and the "operator" of Wall Street are all made of the same piece of cloth. If you don't believe it, cross-question the wives of the three classes.

Even the children learn to recognize and take advantage of the element of chance that dominates in their household. They learn to look at their father's face—just as a farmer looks at the weather signs in the sky—for a good chance to ask him for what they want.

I heard a little boy of ten say to his sister: "Go and ask papa now! I went for a quarter, but I knew as soon as I saw him I could get a dollar. Here it is!" And, of course, sister went.

The wives are constantly forced into similar ways of deception. For these "promotormaniac" husbands generally have peculiar fixed whims about the things they don't mind paying for and the things they do. Some men like to have their wives well dressed. Yet one who would give his wife all the dresses she wanted, would not give her a cent for extras, such as underwear, shoes, gloves, veils, and all the numerous small things that make up a woman's toilet. So she used to have them all put together on her dressmaker's bill and the total called a ball gown, or an afternoon costume.

At a charity meeting, a woman that every one looked to for help did not put her name down for any amount. After the meeting, she went to the secretary privately. "I am sorry," she said. "I cannot give money; but I tell you what I will do: I will give the hospital all the milk and all the eggs it can use."

The reason for this was that the bill for milk and eggs could be paid at her husband's office, but she had no cash.

Another man doesn't care how many strawberries are on the December bill—most of these husbands are lavish about their tables—but refuses to let his wife order a new lamp-shade. Still another likes to put his name down in the lists of charity, and yet objects strenuously to paying his children's school bills. But in every case the money is *his*, his entirely. All she has is a *gift* from him. Sometimes she has an allowance that he makes her, and out of that she dresses herself and the children, and pays all of her personal accounts. But some men do not give their wives allowances at all, in which case they have actually to ask for every penny they get.

One elderly lady (I remember hearing this long ago) all her life had wanted to have a little cottage by the sea, where she could spend a few months in absolute rest each year. It would cost about four thousand dollars. Her husband was worth many millions, and they had several great houses both in this country and abroad.

"But why don't you get it at once?" some one asked her. "You are very rich."

"My husband is rich," she said wistfully. At the time it puzzled me, but it does not now.

In one of our Southern cities, a lady drove down-town behind a pair of horses for which her husband had paid $10,000 the week previous. When I told her how beautiful I thought her horses were, she burst into tears. In answer to my expressions of astonishment, she exclaimed: "Don't you suppose I know everybody is talking about me? Everybody in the country knows what Jim paid for this pair, and they all say, 'Why doesn't she pay her small bills!' If only I had a little money of my own—just a little that I could count on—so that I should not have to do such inconsistent things!"

I recently said to Mrs. R——, who had been forced by her husband's failure to earn her own living: "You are such a practical woman, tell me, *why* did you not save? Half of your income for five years would have prevented all this."

"I couldn't," she said. "Even now, looking back on it all, I see that I could not have done differently. I never could get hold of any actual money, or I should have put some away. I never could find out what we were spending. In my house accounts, of which

I had charge, I had to be accountable to George for every cent I spent. He insisted on my running exactly the sort of house we had, and I was always hard pressed to make it come within the amount allowed me. The real sums of money that were spent were on the things over which I had no control. It was his money, all of it. He never let me forget that; and he never let me feel that I had anything whatever to say about *his* property."

The husband of another woman I know well had made a large settlement upon her, but when the crash came they were left almost penniless. I asked her what had become of the settlement, and she told me that her husband had got it all back from her when he was about to fail. Generally, indeed, this putting money in the wife's name is a perfect farce. Nine times out of ten the wife gives it back to him—she has to! Her position is intolerable otherwise. And the case is the same with money that she may have inherited. He tells her that this is only a crisis—and crises are constantly occurring in the history of such men—and one that can be safely passed if she will be a brick and come to his rescue with her securities. Suppose she weeps, begs, and protests, and cites this case and that, in which the wife has given over her nest-egg, only to have it go with the rest? He knows all about business, and she knows nothing. He makes her feel that his failure will be on her head; he convinces her that he has worked only for her and the children—he does not care a bit for himself. He always has been able to succeed, why should she suddenly doubt him? It is childish; it is unfair to him. He soon persuades her that she does not know what she is talking about —and she gives him what he asks.

Is it not clear that the extravagance of these women is not responsible for the failures of their husbands, since they are not even responsible for their own extravagance? Is it not painfully clear that a woman who is not permitted to manage her own household on an intelligent basis is being definitely incapacitated for ever taking care of herself, if need be?

Two things are needed to help the situation: More conservatism and consistency on the part of our business men, with a realization that their families cannot safely live on inflated incomes. Second, a better understanding of conditions and responsibilities on the part of our daughters and wives.

And there are two ways to bring this second remedy about: through the husband's attitude and through the practical education of our little girls.

Don't misunderstand me; I am no advocate of the "emancipated" woman. I prefer the protective attitude of man to the competitive one. Man is in every way more fitted to be the wage-earner, as well as the backbone, of the family, and it is to him that woman should look. But, at the same time, any woman may be called upon to earn her own bread. Are we not, then, making a mistake when we prepare our daughters for no future but to amuse themselves, to be taken care of, to be the nominal *center* of a household, but with no control of the strings that lead to the *circumference?*

I don't say, either, that Mary Brown should go down to business with her husband; but I do think it ought to be Mr. Brown's *effort* to make his affairs clear enough to his wife to give her some idea of where she stands. She ought to know where the money comes from that pays for the trivial extravagances in which he encourages her to indulge. She ought to be allowed to judge for herself whether she can afford an opera-box, or whether she ought to have the cost of it given to her in something more substantial. It is unfair for the husband to encourage her in needless expenditure and afterward tell her that it was upon herself that the money was spent!

A woman who does not know approximately what her husband is making, how heavy his obligations are, and how and where she can spend or save for the best interests of all concerned, does not stand in a normal relation to life. And when there is added the condition that makes her merely the beneficiary of his bounty—when, to obtain that bounty, she must resort to the use of arts and tricks—then, even though she does it for the benefit of her children, the dignity and the glory of wifehood have passed from her. The spread of brokeritis may seem to be confined to a relatively small class, but it is the class most seen, and heard, and written about, and it should not be forgotten that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE JESTERS."

THE PLAYERS

THE biggest play of the season, and of many seasons, is "The Servant in the House." It is big in its conception, in its purpose, in its execution. It is big in its humanness, its daring, its dramatic strength, and in its acting.

It is the work of perhaps the foremost English authority on the drama, a scholar who has made a study of the stage, Charles Rann Kennedy. In England he occupies a high position both by virtue of his own achievements and because of his family. He is one of the Kennedys of Cambridge. For many generations the Kennedys have produced at least one great scholar who has been identified with the English university. Charles Rann Kennedy's grandfather was one of the foremost among Greek scholars of modern times. In America Mr. Kennedy is known to a limited circle as the husband of Edith Wynne Matthison and as a rather indifferent actor. The name of Miss Matthison is chiefly associated with her superb performance of "Everyman," that old morality play which made such a profound impression, and with her appearances in the Elizabethan presentations of Shakespeare. To Mr. Kennedy was due in large part the success of those performances. Indeed, had it not been for him, it is hardly likely that they would have been given at all.

One is justified in expecting much of a scholar who specializes on the drama and also has wide practical experience as an actor. Probably no other man writing plays has such an equipment as Mr. Kennedy, for in addition to experience and scholarship, which may be acquired, he is a man of deep thought. He has the creative mind.

His first play is splendid in the fulfilment of rich promise. It is a morality play in modern form, and it is also a tremendously absorbing human drama. It is a play that arouses the tenderest, sweetest emotions; makes one laugh; steadily, surely lifts one to a higher, better plane, and makes one think.

The story is told with the utmost simplicity and directness. It adheres to the classic

Greek form of unity in time, place, and action. There is a short intermission of perhaps five minutes between the third and the fourth acts, but after the first, second, and fourth, the curtain is down only a moment, and the players do not change their positions.

So closely knit is this story, so full of symbolism and allegory, that it would take much space to give an adequate idea, in narrative form, of what occurs, and such a description would be misleading and disappointing. The play affords a particularly illuminating illustration of the complexity of simplicity that has been referred to in this department.

Into an English vicarage where worldliness, time-serving, and hypocrisy have become dominant, though the vicar is still struggling to save himself and his church, is introduced a figure whose resemblance to the painting of Christ that hangs on the wall leaves not a doubt as to whom he is intended to symbolize. To the family he is merely *Manson*, the butler, from India, who has been sent to them by a churchman. In reality he is the *Bishop of Benares*, and the brother of the vicar, who has come to save the vicar's church and to put his house in order.

Photograph by White, New York.

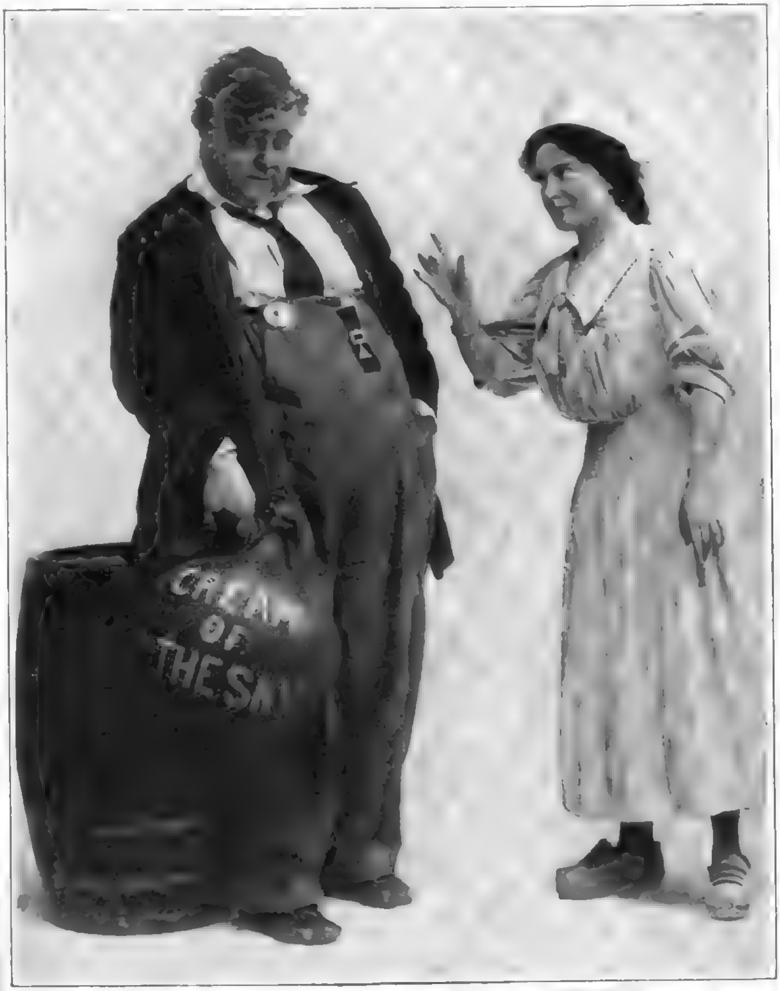
JEANETTE HORTON IN "NEARLY A HERO."

For a moment one is shocked at the idea of a playwright's placing on the stage a character that looks like the Christ and making him a butler. But presently it begins to dawn upon one that here is a big idea, that Mr. Kennedy is more profoundly religious than are those who criticize, that with him religion is real and not a mere convention. He is not trading on sensationalism. He is sublimely reverent. Whether *Manson* or the *Bishop of Benares*, the character is not meant to be the Christ, but to exemplify the Christ spirit. The facial resemblance to the portrait, enhanced by the Hindu robes, is intended merely to visualize the idea in the minds of the audience, to keep it before them constantly. For all his goodness and sweetness, the nobility and the splendor of his character, *Manson* is finely human and natural.

With most of us, "meek and lowly" are mere words. We have no real concept of the Christ of the people, who thought not at all of His own dignity nor of the honors of place. We read or repeat passages about the lowly Saviour, and all the while our imagination speeds to pictures of the Saviour with the multitude bowing before Him, or to the Son of God mounted on the throne, and we hear the swelling anthem of the angels and the cherubim adoring Him.

It is one of the finest things I know, this idea of visualizing the Christ spirit as a real servant in a house, and showing how the servant dominates all that comes within his influence. It is brought home that religion is something for everyday use, to live with, to work with, to enjoy. Only a man with lofty purposes could have conceived the idea; only in reverence could it have been executed at all; and only a passed master of stagecraft could have made a play of it. The secret of its success as a play lies in the fact that quite apart from the morality theme Mr. Kennedy has a powerful drama; but each supplements the other so effectively that the result places "The Servant in the House" high above its contemporaries.

There is one scene, between a little girl and her father, whom she does not know—he is an outcast, a drunkard who makes a precarious living by cleaning drains—that would alone make any play. For he has come to the house of his brother, the vicar, to claim this daughter, only to have the child herself unknowingly convince him that it would be criminal for him to disclose himself to her. In every line that is spoken there is breathed the morality idea that gives this scene and all the others breadth and splendid dignity and moving significance. It isn't a perfect play. There are times when it drags, when the sense of preaching tires one. It's pretty hard work to live up to a high ideal, even vicariously, for three straight hours; a certain amount of exhaustion seems inevitable. Also, in driving home his symbolism, Mr. Kennedy has placed in the mouth of the cleaner of drains, when he describes his work under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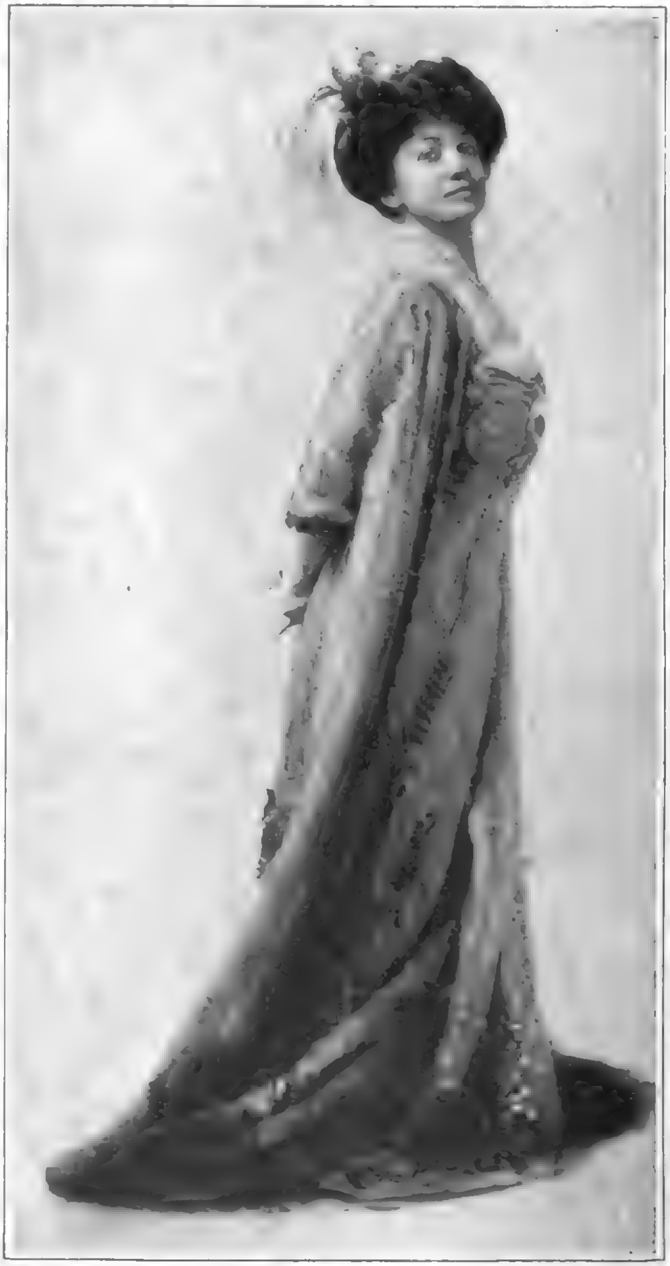
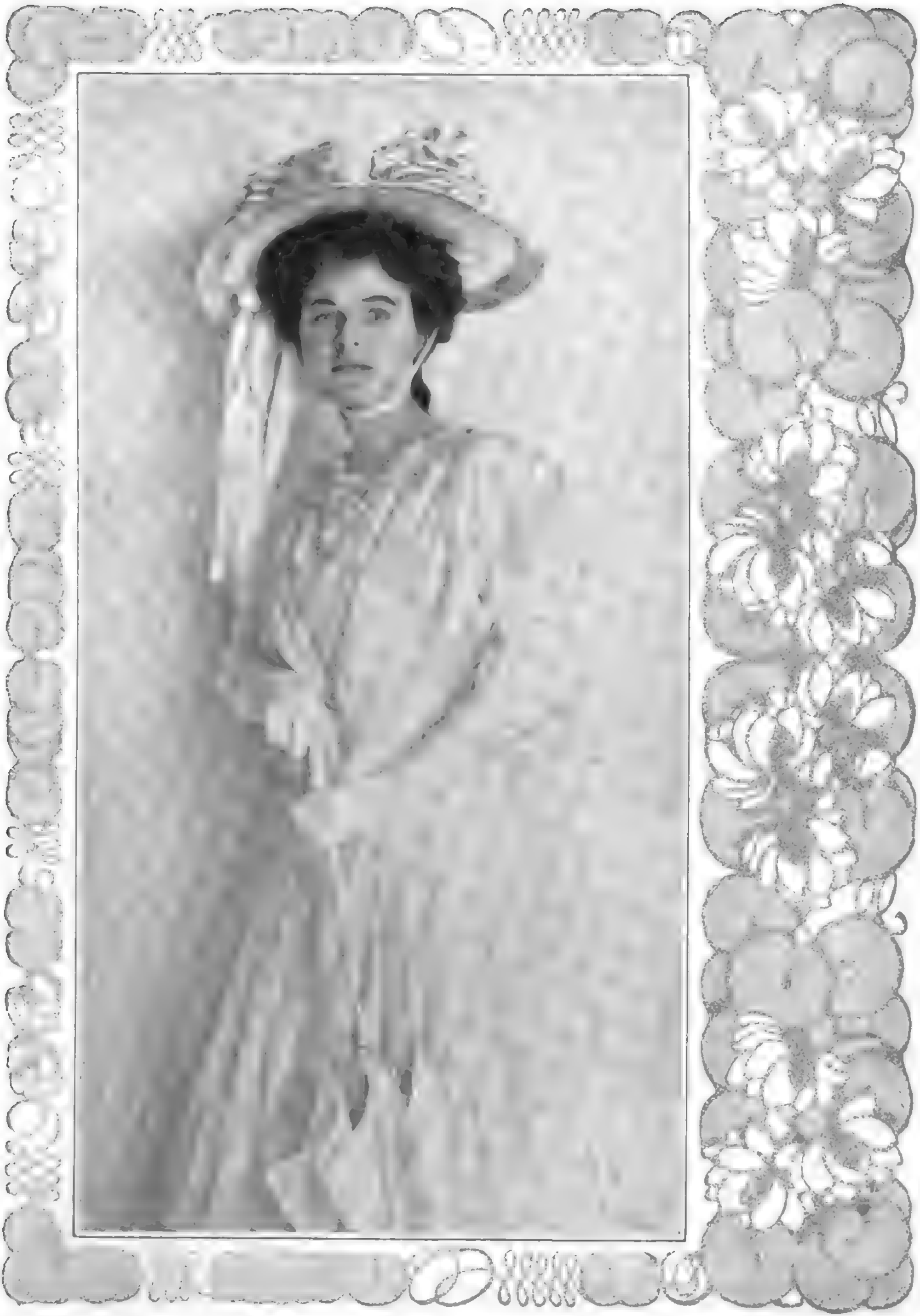
Photograph by Sarony, New York.

TOM WISE AS *MR. HOOK*, AND CHRISTIE MACDONALD AS *SALLY HOOK*, IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."



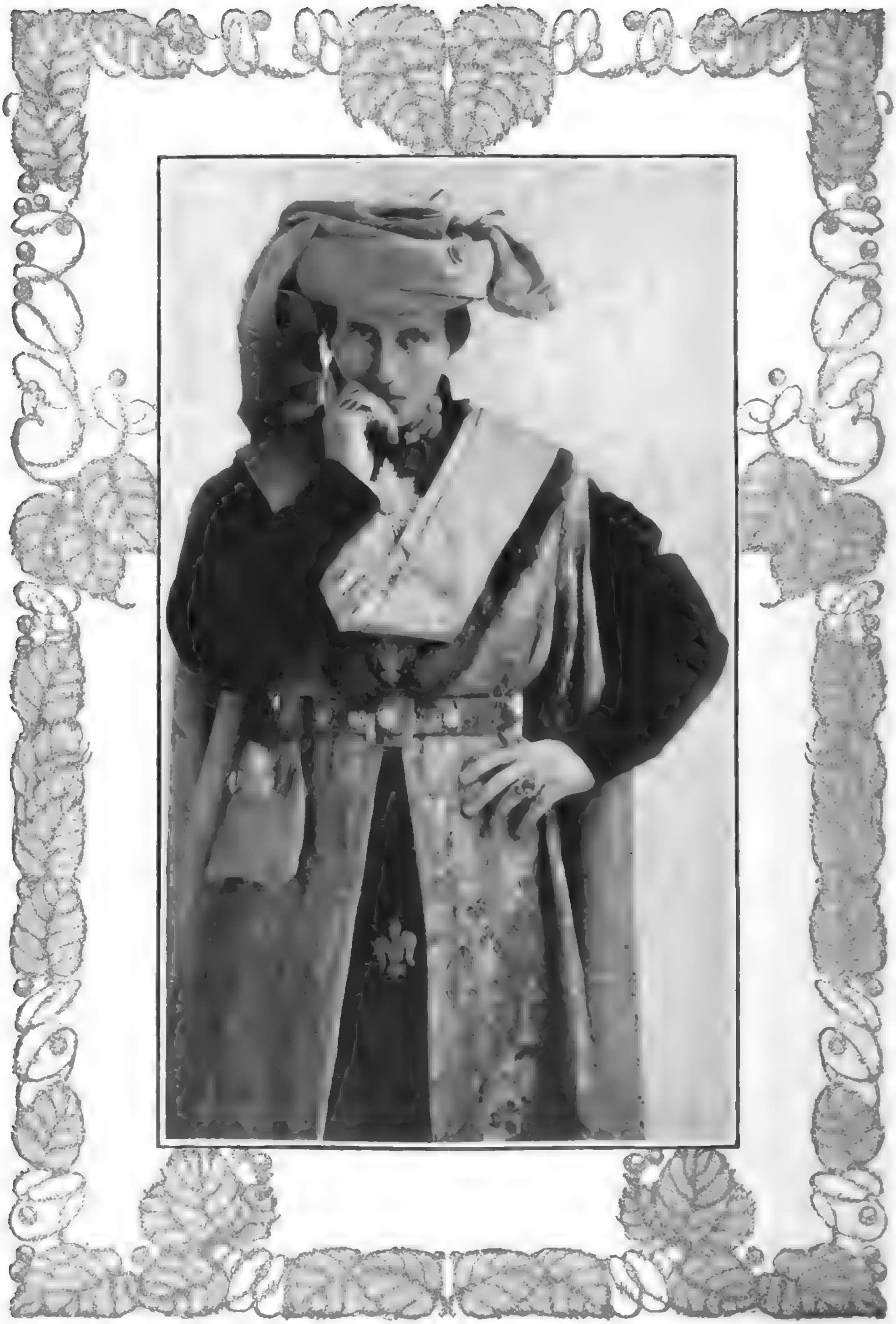
Photograph by Sykes, Chicago.

LENA ABARBANELL AS *SONIA* IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."



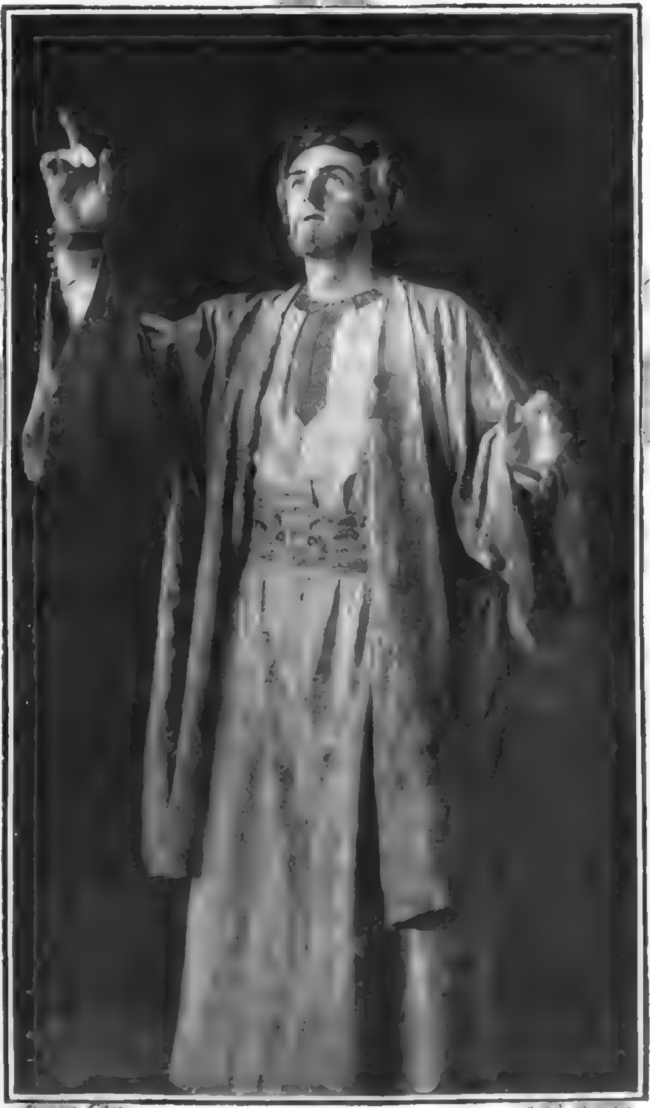
Photograph by Frank C. Bangs, New York.

MAY NAUDAIN IN "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER."



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

E. H. SOTHERN AS *FRANCOIS VILLON* IN "IF I WERE KING."



Photograph by Hallen, New York.

WALTER HAMPDEN AS *MANSON* IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE."

Photograph by White, New York.

LILLIAN ALBERTSON AS *EMMA BROOKS*, AND TULLY MARSHALL AS *JOSEPH BROOKS*, IN "PAID IN FULL."

the church, words so forceful, so realistic that they grate on most people. But these are minor defects, which one quickly forgets.

The acting is worthy of the drama. Walter Hampden, an American who has been playing in London for years, and who had the title rôle in "The Master Builder" with Nazimova, plays the Christ character of *Manson* with reverence, dignity, spirituality, and great force. It is truly a superb achievement, in that he makes *Manson* appear as a very human being, who has the divinity of goodness. Tyrone Power has one of those rôles in which his tremendous, booming voice and his fine acting skill have abundant opportunity. He is the outcast father of the little girl, the man who is proud of the usefulness of his unpleasant occupation. In the scene with the child to which I have already referred, Mr. Power does the finest acting of his career in New York. Arthur Lewis, as the *Most Reverend James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, D.D.*, who personifies all that is evil and worldly in the church, gives one of the most perfect portrayals of a remarkably drawn character that I ever have seen.

Edith Wynne Matthison has small opportunity as the vicar's wife, whose idolatry of her husband is almost his undoing. This is the first time she has appeared on Broadway in a modern rôle, and what impresses one most is the marvelous purity of her diction. I do not think I have ever heard such exquisite English spoken in a modern play. Most remarkable is Mabel Moore as *Mary*, the little girl. She doesn't look more than fifteen and she acts exactly like a child of that age. One is prepared to believe that she is a child prodigy, so fine is her playing. The truth is that Mabel Moore is really a grown woman, and a very devoted mother. She is Walter Hampden's wife, and she has a reputation in London as a leading actress. I believe she "created" the rôle of the wife in "The Walls of Jericho," which Mary Mannering played in this country.

Another new play, by a new author, that made a really big hit is "Paid in Full," the work of Eugene Walter, a Cleveland newspaper man, who has remarkable skill in developing clashes in the telling of a story. "Paid in Full" is an absorbing domestic drama of the commonplace, with no purpose whatever except to amuse and interest. Its chief value lies in Mr. Walter's perception of possibilities in familiar aspects of life and his capacity for contrasting them. Mr. Walter is also especially strong in character drawing. This play is an admirable illustration of naturalism. It makes one feel that one is eavesdropping in a Harlem flat and a family hotel, where the action takes place.

The chief character, *Joseph Brooks*, is a pretty miserable specimen of a man, and yet one meets his kind so often that he is instantly recognized. He is of the utterly selfish type, a man who works hard but unintelligently, who is ever railing against the injustice of his lot because his employer will not pay him more than $20 a week, on which he tries to support a good and very beautiful wife in a Harlem flat. He finally comes to the point of stealing from his employer, making the excuse that it is to provide his wife with luxuries, when, as a matter of fact, it is for himself that he takes the money. Then, when he is discovered, he sends his wife to intercede with his employer, with full knowledge of what this night visit involves.

On the face of it one would think such an abominable character unendurable on the stage. But between Mr. Walter's characterization and Tully Marshall's playing, the young man is made so real, so human, that he is actually interesting. He isn't an exaggerated, artificial stage type, but a flesh and blood creature, who is developed upon natural, familiar lines. One can understand his viewpoint, and in part sympathize with it, for he has a little semblance of right on his side.

Tully Marshall's performance of *Joseph Brooks* is one of the finest illustrations of pure artistry I have seen in many a day. Most people leave the theatre thinking that he is just playing himself, when, as a matter of fact, his portrayal is pure acting art. It is an extremely difficult part, one that most actors would consider utterly hopeless, utterly unsympathetic, wholly despicable, because the young man's great fault is weakness. But Mr. Marshall compels attention and serious consideration. He makes one feel that no matter how much one would wish to disregard a character like *Joseph Brooks*, he must be reckoned with because he and his kind exist.

Among actor folk Mr. Marshall is well known as a stock actor and a stage manager. He was with Charles Frohman for years. But theatre goers generally scarce knew of his existence, although last season he played the leading rôle in "The Builders," a drama written by his wife, who is known on the stage as Marian Fairfax. It did not live as long as it deserved to live.

Frank Sheridan, another finished actor, who lately has distinguished himself in Broadway failures after having won a big reputation outside of the metropolis, has a forceful rôle, that of a former South Sea trader who has risen to the position of president of a steamship company. *Captain Williams* is admirably drawn and brilliantly played. It is upon Mr. Sheridan that the chief burden falls in the scene in which the young wife pleads with *Captain Williams* to save her husband, and he makes it one of poignant interest. Lillian Albertson, who plays the wife, looks very lovely, but her work does not fulfil the promise she gave in "The Silver Girl." Ben Johnson, also practically a stranger to Broadway, is another fine actor of long stock experience who made a pronounced impression in this little drama. His rôle is that of *James Smith*, known as *Jimsy*, the kind friend whom *Emma* put aside to marry *Brooks*. Even the tiny bit of *Captain Williams's* Japanese servant is played with distinction, by John Arthur.

The indefatigable Clyde Fitch worked over a French farce, which he called "Toddles," but it hadn't vigor enough to survive long, despite the remarkably clever work of John Barrymore, who was given the rôle for the New York production after the farce had failed to make an impression on the road. It had amusing moments and clever players, but it didn't hold together very well. Its fun suffered in the necessary disinfecting process. Then Mr. Fitch dashed off another farce, a distinctively Fitchian thing, which none other could have written, although he acknowledges his "indebtedness" to a German playwright. He calls his joyous, gossamer, graceful trifle "Girls," and it is particularly fitting that this fiftieth play from Mr. Fitch's pen should bear that title, for femininity is his long suit—as a playwright. In his plays his men are as colorless as are the women in Augustus Thomas's dramas, but Fitch never fails when he draws a woman. Think of the profound insight of a man who can draw more than two hundred women, individual women, mind you, with real personalities, on the stage!

Charles Frohman refused to produce "Girls." He didn't think it would succeed. Clyde Fitch had confidence in its making an appeal to the public, although he had no high opinion of it. It is true that it doesn't amount to much as a play, but it seems to meet a popular taste very squarely and it promises to be one of the big financial successes of Mr. Fitch's career.

"Girls" hasn't much plot, but it has a deal of human nature. It is a pleasant, keen satire on the bachelor girl who says she hates men and who wants to be independent. The man-hating girl in the farce dominates two others, with whom she lives in a big studio. The fourth, who "elocutes," is frankly fond of men, and she can see attraction, or promise of it, in anything wearing masculine garb. Zelda Sears plays that rôle delightfully. She is one of Mr. Fitch's dependencies. For eight years she has appeared in his comedies.

It is the portrayal of the studio life of the three girls that establishes the farce. Nobody equals Mr. Fitch in creating what is technically known as "business" of this kind. In the first act, the girls mend their clothes, dry handkerchiefs on the mirror, clean gloves in the salad bowl, and practise other familiar economies in a naïve, frank manner, all the while chattering cheerfully in the liveliest, brightest fashion. The characterization is exquisite and the humor irresistible. At the end of the act the three go to bed on the stage, one protestingly taking her turn in the big chair. It is all done so charmingly, so innocently, so cheerily, and the lines are so delightful, that it stands forth as one of the cleverest acts Mr. Fitch has ever written.

The play is capitally acted. Laura Nelson Hall is the real man-hating girl, who dominates the others, while Amy Ricard and Ruth Maycliffe are admirable contrasts. The latter, a newcomer, is fascinating in her slangy cleverness. She makes the others wait on her, hand and foot, but when the man comes along she tells him how she likes to wait on others, and proves it in his case. A law clerk who is a professed woman-hater falls to her lot, and Leslie Kenyon plays this rôle with marked cleverness. To Charles Cherry, who shows that he has the lightness of touch necessary for force as well as a sure acting skill, is assigned the task of taming the man-hater, and he accomplishes this effectively and humorously. One of the most real characters never appears upon the stage at all. This is *Mr. Meyerbaum*, the theatrical manager, who falls in love with Amy Ricard and who is going to make her—not an actress, only a star.

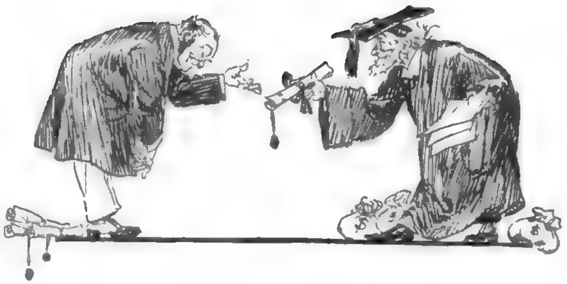
William H. Crane has returned to one of those stage characters that audiences love to see him play. Those who pay have made it plain that they don't want him in serious plays in which he can show how really fine he is as an actor. George Ade's comedy, "Father and the Boys," is like one of the "Fables in Slang" transferred to the stage. It is made up of the clear, humorous Ade characterization, the keenly humorous Ade dialogue, and a few incidents of more or less dramatic value. In it Mr. Crane has a rôle that carries one back to "Our Boarding House" and "The Henrietta." In the beginning he is a very staid, very old-fashioned, very successful wool broker, who has given his two sons a college education to fit them to go into business with him. But one son can think of nothing but society, while the other is absorbed in athletics. They don't care a rap about the business.

It is finally brought home to the old gentleman that he is miles behind the procession, and he decides to catch up. He outstrips the boys. He is so busy having a good time that he compels them to look after the business, and also he makes the youngsters worry themselves sick. Indeed, father gets so far ahead of the band that the boys beg him to wait until it can catch up. Incidentally, a breezy, Western young person who is earning a living in New York as an entertainer, helps father in his merrymaking, in a perfectly proper way of course, even if it does look otherwise. Margaret Dale plays this rôle with such sincerity, humor, and sprightliness that she seems an entirely different actress from the young woman who so long supported John Drew.

So far as the acting goes, Miss Dale and Mr. Crane carry practically the whole burden on their shoulders. As the sedate old merchant, Mr. Crane presents a delicate characterization in which humor and pathos are exquisitely mingled; and one promptly adopts *Lemuel Morewood* as a dear old friend. And when he becomes a gay old pleasure-seeker, his real enjoyment of the situation is one of the delightful things of the season.

Sam Bernard has returned to his familiar make-up and style of fun-making in a musical farce called "Nearly a Hero." The rehearsals promised so badly that Reginald DeKoven, who wrote most of the music, refused to have his name on the program; and Harry B. Smith, who is responsible for the book—the original book, that is—was inclined to be equally modest. But the entertainment caught a fancy that is more or less peculiar to Broadway, and it became a financial success. There is a near-plot, together with a stageful of girls in many kinds of costume—including show girls, who are made to satirize themselves in the most natural way—several pleasing songs, and a great deal of Sam Bernard, who has a profound knowledge of the art of provoking laughter without apparent effort. He always employs the familiar syncopated dialect, but he manages to present infinite varieties of it. He is provided with unusually good lines, which he supplements with his own.

Robert Paton Gibbs, one of the cleverest eccentric character actors on the stage, extracts a deal of humor out of *Moreau*, a theatrical costumer. He has the valuable art of imparting reality to the characters he plays. Ethel Levy gives a wonderful exhibition of endurance. When she isn't singing and dancing, she is changing her costumes or her jewels, and one wonders how in the world she manages to survive so much activity. The finest performance in the farce is that of Ada Lewis, who plays a romantic matinée girl and gives a most perfect imitation of Ethel Barrymore, a sustained imitation that is so funny that audiences shriek with laughter. Also there is pretty, charming Neva Aymar, a recruit from vaudeville, who can sing and dance and act, and look pretty all the time. Elizabeth Brice plays a French maid with a French accent that was never heard anywhere except on the stage, but she has much of the French spirit, nevertheless.



A Man of Letters

By WALLACE IRWIN

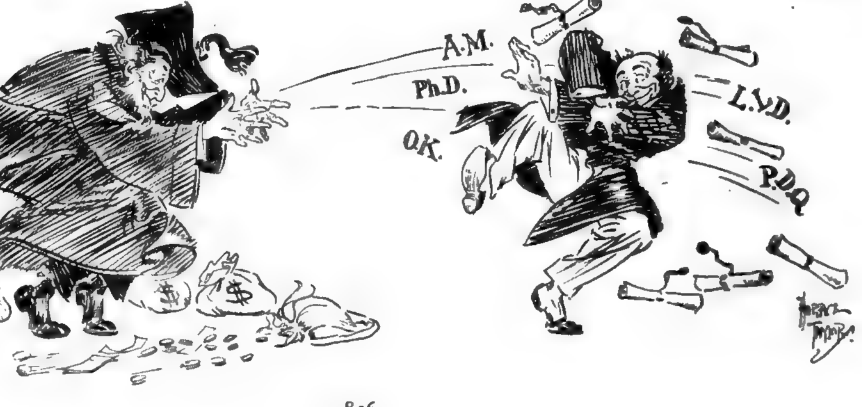
WHEN Mr. Cyrus Watterhouse grew wealthy from his slaughter-house,
He gave to Shellback College twenty thousand right away.
So the Faculty rewarded him with honor, and accorded him
The pedagogic title, "Cyrus Watterhouse, M.A."

When he merged his corporation with the Pressed Beef Combination,
He consigned a million extra to the College; so you see
Grand old Shellback's Dons of Learning, tainted money never spurning,
Stretched his name to "Cyrus Watterhouse, M.A. and Ph.D."

Next, when Cyrus showed his nature and bought out a Legislature
For the Sausage Trust, the College got five millions, title free.
And the Faculty's requital was another whacking title,
This time, "Watterhouse, B.S., M.D., Ph.D., LL.D."

Well, ere Cyrus took to liquor, every time he made a dicker
He endowed the College more and added on some letters new,
Till his check-book looked pathetic when he signed that alphabetic
"M.A., B.S., O.K., Ph.D., LL.D., P.D.Q."

But at last of honors tiring, when poor Cyrus lay expiring,
On his will he wrote the following, and settled down to die:
"Gents, please don't misunderstand me—take my coin, but don't you hand me
Any more o' that fool Alphabet!
"Yours very simply,
"Cy."


A.M.
Ph.D.
O.K.
L.L.D.
P.D.Q.

THE AVENGER

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

GERALD LINDSAY shook hands with the governor and sat down beside him on the settee at the rear of the corridor of the Hoffman House, to which reporters and statesmen and mere idlers had resorted for consultation and gossip since the close of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Well, Gerald," asked the governor, "what's new?"

"Not a thing," yawned the reporter. "I don't see a line to-night about politics. That is, unless you want to give me an interview announcing that the next legislature will pass a statute wiping New York City off the map. The city is paying only three-fourths of the taxes of the whole state now, you know, and something radical ought to be done about it."

The governor laughed.

"Otherwise," continued the reporter, "I'm going to telephone down to the office and tell them I'm going home and to bed. It seems to me to be about three hundred years since I've gone to bed before two o'clock."

Feet scuffled near the Broadway end of the corridor. Somebody shouted. The scuffling became louder. The revolving door slapped and wheezed with a rush of men running out to the street. Big John, the herculean porter, swung a trunk easily from his shoulder to the floor and joined the stampede.

The governor rose deliberately from the settee. Lindsay, following him, groaned.

"Just my luck, I bet, Governor. It'll turn out that Jimmy Britt's automobile has run down a cab with a lot of Astors and Vanderbilts in it. And then I'll get into my little bed about three o'clock to-morrow morning, *as* usual! Oh——"

The mournful objurgation was cut short as the two came near the Broadway door. Lindsay caught the governor's arm.

"Great jumping Jehoshaphat, Governor, look at that!" he cried.

Against the black eastern sky—the night was cloudy, and rain threatened—a horizontal, blood-red streak was quivering high over the tower of Madison Square Garden. There were characters, as of writing, in it. They were bright, and then they darkened, like an electric light fed by an uncertain current. They were not clear. All at once they came into focus. As the staring multitude in the square and on the streets read the words, there was a shout of astonishment, mingled with a shrill overtone like a scream of terror.

Gerald Lindsay whipped out a wad of folded paper and a pencil and began taking down the words. His hands trembled in his eagerness to miss nothing before the sky-writing should fade. He set down:

Warning!

The Flatiron Building will be cast
down into Madison Square at
midnight on Friday. Those who
fear God will take heed.

The Avenger.

"G'night, G'v'nor!" snapped Lindsay, as he thrust the notes into his pocket and buttoned his coat. "There's plenty doing now, all right, all right!"

With sparkling eyes and hard-set mouth, he plunged into the street. It might be a hoax. Of course it was a hoax. But, at any rate, it was the biggest hoax of its kind that New York had known yet; it was his to find out whose hoax it was, and why, and how.

The portent itself gave no clue. There were no light-pencils streaming up from the city to indicate that some wonderful lantern was projecting the inscription against the clouds. It was as though the letters had been cut through the cloud-banks from behind, so that the horrible red light could shine through. The inscription kept its full brilliancy for five minutes. Then, flickering slightly again, the letters dulled, and winked out altogether.

The tension of the crowd relaxed. People became conscious that the city's roar was still throbbing up to the sky all about them. Strangers were shouting to one another, arguing, questioning. Everywhere about him Lindsay heard the words, "Well, then, what was it?" "Could you tell me, sir?" or, "Isn't that the limit!"

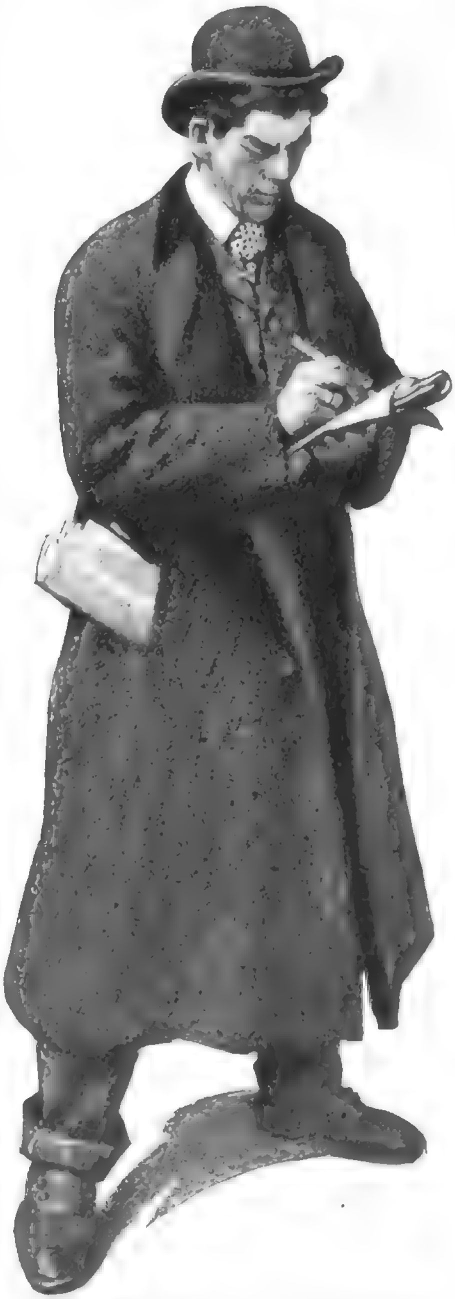
A girl laid her hand on his arm. He turned and looked down into her face. She was dark, with soft black hair framing her face in an orderly tangle. Her eyes were deep violet. She seemed to have the sweetest, most lovable smile in the world. She was very beautiful. She shrank back when Lindsay looked into her eyes.

"Oh!" she said, startled. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were my brother. I am looking for him."

Lindsay snatched off his hat. The girl drew back. People pushed in between them, and he could not find her again. He realized that, for the moment, he had forgotten his story.

With eyes half shut, pondering, he worked his way back into the hotel, and walked to the telephone-room, disregarding shouted inquiries from the acquaintances who were gathering on the settees to talk over the marvel.

"I don't account for it, sir," he said earnestly, in answer to his night city editor's expostulations. "I haven't heard of anybody who does. It happened, that's all, just as I tell it to you, and then it faded out, and that's all there is of it. . . . No, sir. I'm very sure I haven't gone crazy. You will hear of it from a dozen places in the next ten minutes. It just happened that I was Johnny-on-the-Spot. And I have two suggestions, sir. You might send a man up to see Brian G. Hughes; you know, the man that worked a brindled mongrel cat off on the cat show as a prize-winner; the man that anchored a wooden mermaid off Long Beach—sure, yes, that's the man, Brian G. Hughes—he lives up on the upper East Side somewhere. And you might get after Brandreth, of the United States and International Advertising Company. It would be just like them to celebrate the launching of their trust in some such way as this; especially since their offices are going to be in the Flatiron. I'll be in the office by half past eleven."


HIS HANDS TREMBLED IN HIS EAGERNESS TO MISS NOTHING.

When he reached the office Lindsay knew very little more than he had known when the red letters faded out of the sky. The city was buzzing with what had happened. There were a hundred versions of the wording of the celestial message. Nearly all the talk ended with a laugh. Of course, it was some of Brandreth's work. Everybody seemed to settle to that belief. On his way down-town Lindsay had interviewed Nikola Tesla, at his laboratory in Houston Street. Tesla had many explanations of how such a thing might have been done. Indeed, he said, the idea had been stolen from himself. But he could not help in pointing out the man or men responsible for the warning. Captain Mullihan, in charge at police headquarters, had, as the newspapers said, "taken prompt action." He had ordered the arrest of the janitor of the Madison Square Garden as a "suspicious person," and told the reporters that, "for police reasons," he "must decline to go into the evidence on which the arrest was based," but that there would "undoubtedly be important developments within twenty-four hours."

Lindsay settled down to his typewriter in the *World* office.

"Mr Breen says to work this into your story somewhere," said an office-boy over his shoulder, handing him a rather grimy sheet of paper. It was typewritten. At the bottom was the signature: "THE AVENGER." It was an incoherent jeremiad against the wickedness of New York, of such frankness that it had to be expurgated before it could be printed. The signature was not the first that had been attached to the letter. After some study, he discovered that the name "Gabriel Dawn" had been written first and then partly erased and smudged.

"If it's a fake," said Lindsay to himself, "why, then, it's a mighty good one. And it was mailed before the fire-letters showed up in the sky." He shook his head in nervous perplexity. "There's something more than a joke in this, somehow, Mr. Breen," he said, as he looked up and found the night city editor standing over him.

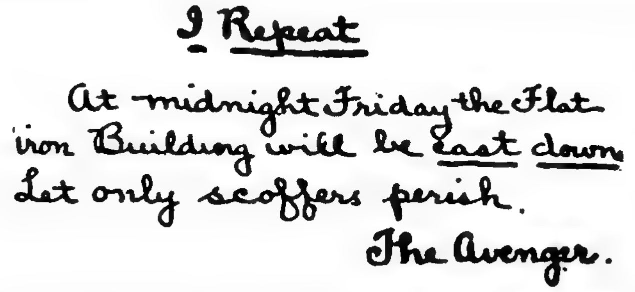
Breen laughed. "Go ahead and write your story, Gerald," he said. "Don't waste time trying to work me up to it."

"Mr. Capps is on the 'phone, Mr. Breen," interrupted the office-boy, "and he says that he's seen Hughes and Brandreth. Hughes says on his word of honor that he didn't know anything about it until Mr. Capps told him. Brandreth says that he wishes he *had* invented the thing and that he'll be much obliged to us if we'll say to-morrow that they'll pay a royalty of five hundred thousand dollars a year to the man who did it, for the exclusive right to his invention."

"I rather guess," said Mr. Breen sourly, "that Mr. Brandreth can pay for his 'Help Wanted' ads at business-office prices. But if he didn't do it, Gerald, who in Heaven's name did? That's what we've got to find out. Get out on it early in the morning. Somebody else can cover politics for a while."

New York read its newspapers the next day—Wednesday—with a foolish, shamefaced interest. The afternoon papers were watched carefully; people held themselves in readiness to accept the joke and to be the first to carry the news to those who were less alert, and to laugh at them for being "slow." But the final explanation did not come. Evening found Broadway and the streets around Madison Square Garden full of idle sensation hunters. It had happened once; it might happen again. In truth, the sky-writing had been visible wherever there was an outlook toward the eastern sky from Inwood to Staten Island. But the newspaper reports had all been written by reporters who had gained their impressions from near Madison Square; the public had the feeling that the neighborhood of the Flatiron Building was the place where watchfulness was most apt to be rewarded.

A little after eight o'clock a dull glow of letters developed in the sky, forty-five degrees above the horizon. It was greeted with a mighty roar of excitement from the streets. A dead hush followed. The second message flared up:



I Repeat

At midnight Friday the Flat-
iron Building will be cast down
Let only scoffers perish.
The Avenger.

In spite of the efforts of most of the newspapers to impress upon their readers that the warnings could not be anything but hoaxes, in spite of their efforts to persuade people to attend to business as usual and to refrain from joining in a universal hysteria, the popular excitement grew. It was fed by some red-ink extras, flourished by leather-lunged boys, which came out with rumors of large casks of giant powder and jars of guncotton having been found in the Flatiron's sub-basement. These were quite untrue. The *Sun's* Thursday morning editorial, "Don't Be a Goat!" was reprinted on the first pages of all the other newspapers as the most effective appeal for common sense and calmness. At the request of General Bingham, the police commissioner, Mayor McClellan issued a proclamation asking citizens not to hang around the

Flatiron corner; the request was made, it was explained, not because of anticipation of the falling of the building, but because the crowds there were becoming so dense and so excitable that there was every danger of a disastrous panic. On Friday morning, at Gerald Lindsay's suggestion, the *World* made little of the whole incident; there were a few lines saying that no sky-writing had appeared the night before, but that a large number of empty-brained busybodies had obstructed business and traffic in the neighborhood of Broadway and Twenty-third Street all day and most of the night. The editor of the *World* telephoned to ask the other newspapers to join with him in this policy of belittling the importance of the warnings; they all refrained on Friday from hysterical suggestions and guesswork.

Nevertheless, nothing else than the fate of the Flatiron Building was talked of in the street-cars, in the elevators, on the sidewalks, in the subway, in the homes, in the offices of the city, that morning. The town took on a holiday air. The streets were full of strangers. Late in the day, the *Evening Journal* came out with a broadside headed "Flatiron Day." People, stopping and looking up at the graceful height of the slender building, refused to move on at the orders of the squad of fifty policemen placed there to prevent congestion. The traffic regulations became quite ineffective. No sooner had the department stores closed at six o'clock than the crowds solidified. The Broadway and the Twenty-third Street cars were stopped. The best efforts of police reserves drawn from all over Manhattan and from Brooklyn could not open the streets.

After a consultation with General Bingham and the mayor, Inspector Killoran began a careful but resistless pushing back of the crowd until Broadway, Twenty-third Street, Twenty-second Street, and Fifth Avenue were cleared immediately around the building. The Union Square bomb outrage had not left the police in any too lenient temper, but they held themselves creditably in reserve; and the fire department was called in to help maintain the lines thus established. Outside the lines, the crowd was even more dense than before they were formed. Fifty policemen and a hundred plain-clothes detectives were stationed all through the building itself. The commissioner felt that there was every chance that the prevailing excitement would inspire some kinetic lunatic to activity and to a conviction that it was proper to make good the cloud-written prophecy by means of an explosion or a fire.

But it was a good-natured crowd. It had come to jeer; to jeer at itself and everybody else: the police, the firemen, the building standing out with its narrow shoulders silhouetted against the dark autumn sky. The feeblest jest directed against that imposing shaft was greeted with roars of laughter. Fakirs squeezed back and forth selling miniature overshoes imprinted with a tiny picture of the Flatiron Building and the word "Rubber!" They got almost any price they asked. Horns blatted; spurts of confetti and colored paper tape shot up in gusts over the top of the human mass. It was a more notable festival than New Year's Eve or election night.

To the police reserves were added, at half past eight o'clock, hundreds of policemen taken from their regular posts in every borough of the city. The commissioner resorted to what he called "bulkheading cordons": he drew a line of police across every street corner within ten blocks of the Flatiron Building. People coming away from the center of excitement were permitted to pass. No one going toward the building was allowed to cross any line without a police-pass or a fire-badge. In this way the pressure on those who had gathered near the Flatiron early in the evening was prevented from increasing, though it was not appreciably relieved.

A quick change in the temper of the multitude came at about ten o'clock. The first outward indication of it developed with the arrest of a street preacher at the Seward statue on the Twenty-third Street side of the park. He was a lean, wild-looking old man, with a green patch over his right eye, and long, apelike arms. He climbed into a tree near the statue, and, twining one arm about the trunk and braced with one knee against an outbending limb, he began to harangue the multitude, which stretched away before him like a pepper-and-salt carpet, clear across the park, under the staring, white electric lamps. He had a weird, penetrating voice.

"Oh, my brethren, my dear brethren!" he howled, with a queer, moving sob in his voice; "Oh, my dear sisters! The day is at hand! Search your hearts! Turn from your sins and stand ready to make confession of them at the judgment-seat—for we shall see our next dawn there. Last night I walked, as Enoch did—"

A wiry young policeman swung up into the tree and laid his hand on the old man's leg.

"Who are you," shrieked the preacher, "that you would interrupt God's message?"

The young policeman looked across to the side entrance of the Bartholdi Hotel, where stood Inspector Killoran. The inspector made a little downward gesture with one hand. The policeman clasped both arms about the preacher's legs and swung free of the tree. The preacher struggled, twisting horribly, with the policeman swinging from his knees. Then both dropped into the crowd. Something between a groan and a moan of fright ran across the crowd. Its mood changed on the instant. The bursts of laughter came less frequently; even then they sounded hard and rough, and not merry. The cries of the fakirs became clear and distinct above the dying hum of shouting and chaffing. No one was buying the little "Rubber!" overshoes now. Men struck the things away when the fakirs held them out. Every one seemed to grow irritable. People were getting tired of the struggle and the wait.

"They didn't seem to like that," said the grim inspector to Gerald Lindsay, who stood at his elbow.

"Never you mind," said the reporter. "It was good work."

The inspector crossed to the Flatiron Building and, dividing his men into squads, made a close inspection of every floor. Gerald Lindsay followed the officer to the door of the building and waited there to hear the results of the inspection. Wondering at the change in the temper of the crowd, he stood on the cleared sidewalk under the doorway of the building, looking out at the close-drawn human banks, up-town and down and to the east. There was a receding motion in the mob. The front line was pushing back. Hundreds, in tens of thousands, were edging, shouldering, working their way out. The mass was all astir. Now and then sharp, angry voices rose from one spot and another, and a momentary stirring and whirlpool told where a fight had started and subsided.

"There isn't a soul in that building except my men, the engineers, the elevator men, and the watchman," said Inspector Killoran in Gerald's ear. "And every employee has one of my men at his elbow. There isn't a chance of any trouble—unless, unless——"

"Unless," said Lindsay, "a mine was planted under the building and connected with electric wires before the warning was given."

The inspector compressed his lips and nodded. "That's what I meant," he said. He looked at his watch and thrust it impatiently back into his waistcoat. "Forty minutes more!" he growled.

Five minutes later Mr. Peterson, the superintendent of the Flatiron Building, ran out and caught the inspector by the arm.

"What's the matter?" asked the inspector quickly.

"Nothing, Mr. Inspector, nothing more, except this: I demand to know what you are going to do about this thing. I can't stand this uncertainty any longer!"

The man's eyes were wild. His voice was crazy and uneven. The inspector laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Everything has been done that can be done, Mr. Peterson," he said. "And just as sure as I'm standing here alive, I believe that I will be standing here at five minutes past twelve. Nothing is going to happen!"

Slightly quieted, the superintendent trotted back into the building, looking up fearfully at the gray-yellow, beetling walls of his great charge, as he entered the revolving door.

"Another day of this would put him in the insane ward," the inspector said to Lindsay. "He hasn't been quite right since yesterday morning, when he got a red-ink letter—we didn't let anything about it get out at the time, but there's no harm in your knowing it now—signed 'The Avenger,' and asking him, as a God-fearing man, for whom the writer of the letter had the utmost respect, to keep clear of the building after half-past eleven o'clock to-night."

It was now nearly that time. The inspector's aides were coming to him rapidly now, with information of trouble throughout the waiting crowd. A pickpocket had been stabbed by an Italian near the Worth monument. A Chinaman had been knocked down and mauled by a crowd of hoodlums at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street; they had cut off his queue and nearly scalped him. The ambulance that was called to the rescue had been overturned at Twenty-third Street and Third Avenue by a crowd that had gone wild with rage because the horse had knocked down a young woman.

"I'm afraid," said the inspector, "there's going to be real trouble before this night is over. I don't like the temper of this crowd. It isn't like New York on a crowded night.

It's ugly. I've seen rowdy crowds before—but this is new. And it's bad."

Out into the open, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, a paunchy German burst through the police lines and ran across into the plaza as though the devil himself were behind him. There was a struggle at the point from which he had emerged, and then another man broke out with two policemen clinging to his arms. This man was trying to flourish a revolver. While the police still fought with him, the revolver went off.

The bullet struck a window on the third floor of the Flatiron Building, and the glass came tinkling down. At the sound of the shot, a small panic seized those in the immediate vicinity; there was an incipient stampede, which was quickly checked.

Out in the plaza two policemen were beating the man who had fired the revolver. He was screaming in agony. The big German was dancing around him, yelling: "Kill him! Kill him! He's crazy." The crowd behind was snarling and shrieking. Some were sympathizing with the German, some with the man who had tried to murder him. No one knew what it was all about. The sound of the shot and the tinkle of the falling glass had brought every one's nerves to an edge.

A splinter of glass had hit a policeman's hand. He came out from the shadow of the building and stared at the blood spreading over the back of his hand. He took off his helmet, unhitched his belt, threw them both on the ground, and ponderously, but in tremendous earnest, began to run. His appearance in the open, running so, bareheaded, started a panic. Quick rumors ran through the crowds, such as that a policeman had been shot by an anarchist who was trying to get into the building; that there was a pitched battle going on in the basement of the building between a squad of policemen and a band of dynamiters; and that a man had been hurled from the sixth-story window just as he was about to light a bomb.

Suddenly it became apparent that the police lines at the front of the crowd were no longer necessary. Filled with a universal, unreasoning fright, the crowd was running away. Every back was turned to the building. People were fighting, begging, praying to be allowed to get farther away.

The engineer and the elevator men came out and walked up to Inspector Killoran, who still stood in the doorway.

"Quitting?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes," said the engineer sullenly, "I am. And I don't care who knows it."

The others murmured approvingly, and they walked away across the square.

"Well, Inspector," said Mr. Peterson, the superintendent, bobbing up with ostentatious cheerfulness, but quite unable to conceal his nervousness, "it's now twenty minutes of twelve. There isn't a soul in the building except your men. No one can come near the building without being seen. Everything seems to be safe. Doesn't look like anything wrong up there, does it? [Many of the tenants had left their rooms lighted for the night.] Guess I'll go home and get some sleep."

"Very well, sir," said the inspector. Lindsay and the other reporters thought there was a sardonic smile under the farewell.

It was very quiet now around the Flatiron, for all this time the crowd had continued to push itself back. There was a murmur and a shuffling of feet as the policemen moved and spoke one to another. There was a little whistling and moaning of the wind, high up somewhere. Blocks away, beyond the electric-lighted expanses of asphalt and the littered and trampled park grass, was the murmur of the crowd, still pressing backward.

"See here, fellows!" One of the group of reporters who had been following the inspector spoke. "I'm scared—good and plenty. And I'm going to get out of this. I don't like it."

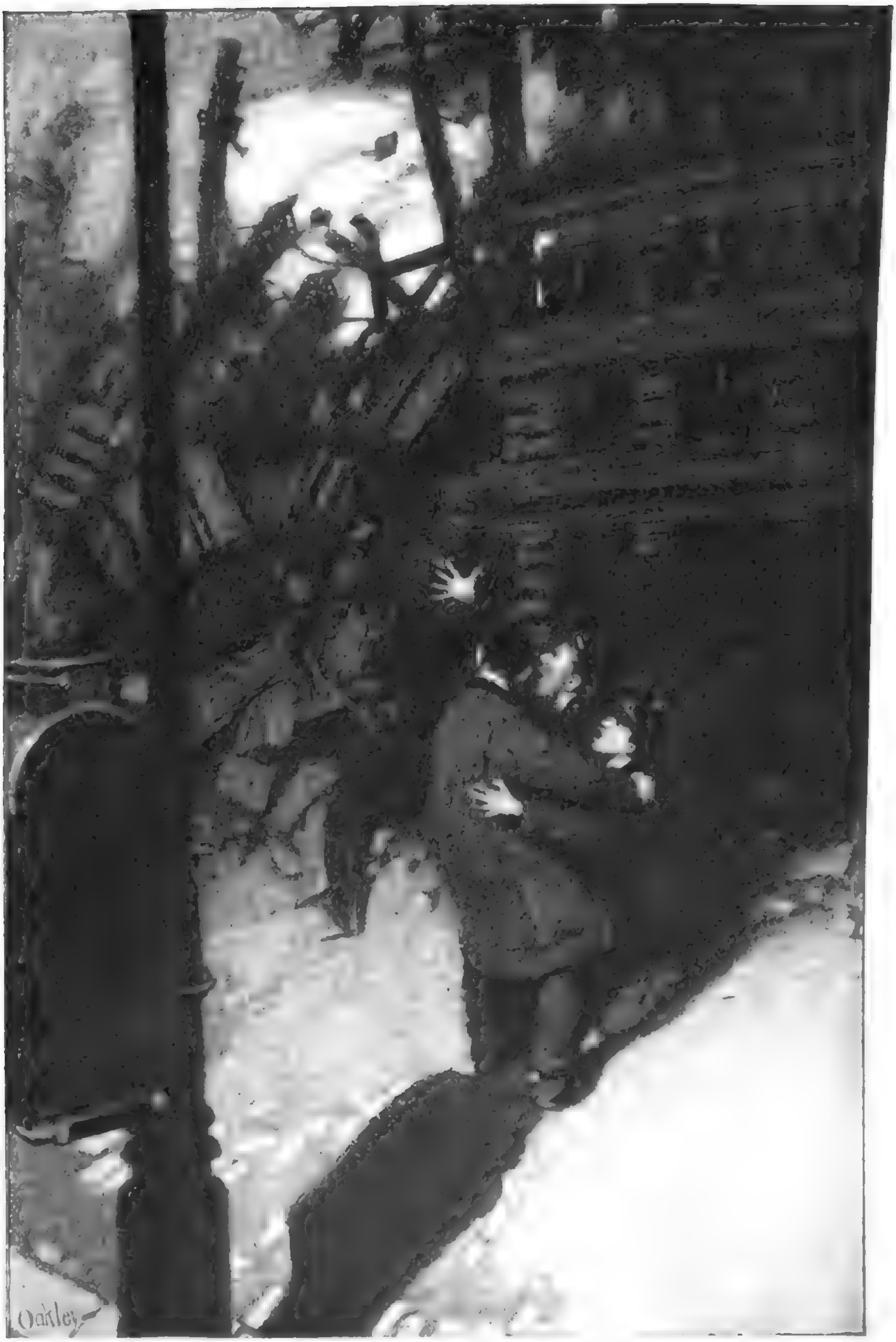
He threw away his cigar and walked up Broadway. The others looked at one another and, without any comment, followed him—all except Gerald Lindsay.

"I'm scared, too, Inspector," he smiled, "but I do want to see the finish of this thing."

The inspector, looking at Gerald, knew that the reporter was not scared. Under his calmness was utter incredulity. He had convinced himself by cold-blooded reasoning that there was no basis for the fear of a disaster. The hysteria of the crowd had not shaken this conviction.

"Hi, there! Where are you men going?" the inspector shouted, in a tone that made Lindsay jump half-way across the sidewalk. Three policemen were walking away from their posts at the apex of the building. The inspector ran toward them, crying, "Come back here!"

One of the men turned back a little. The others only quickened their steps.



THERE WAS A TERRIFIC, CLATTERING, SMASHING, TEARING ROAR, AND THE FLATIRON BUILDING POURED ITSELF OUT INTO THE SQUARE.

"I'm quitting," snarled the one who turned. His fat face was pallid as he looked back at the inspector, and his lips were blue.

"The commissioner will break you tomorrow—you —— cowards!" yelled the inspector.

"Oh, go to ——!" The fat policeman hurried on to catch up with the other deserters. By threes and fours and tens, men left the building and started away in every direction. The inspector ran down the line nearly raving in his wrath. He struck one in the face; seized another by the shoulders and ran him backward until his head bumped the stones with a hollow crack.

A lieutenant came flying around the corner. His eyes were wild. He caught the inspector by the arm and, jabbering, pointed out over the square at the sky.

"Look!" he chattered, "L-l-l-look!"

In the same glaring, horrid red—the very color made unimaginative, level-headed men feel a terror of which they were too ashamed to speak—a new warning was gleaming down upon the square:

In five minutes more I shall act. Be warned or perish.

One of the few remaining policemen ran out to the curb and fell on his knees, waving his arms over his head and praying incoherently. He tried to get up, and fell forward on his face. There he lay, wailing: "Please help me up, somebody! I c-c-c-an't run! Oh, Pete, Buck! Oh, Jeff! Oh, you Charley Ray! Mike Scanlon, come on, help me up, won't you? Please, boys!"

Two policemen lifted him and dragged him away, his legs dangling limply behind him. The reporters who had started away earlier had stopped, some of them near the Seward statue across the street. Now one of them called to Lindsay, telling him not to be a fool. Without waiting for his answer, they started on a dog-trot across the square, looking back over their shoulders at first, and then running faster and faster so that they did not have time to look back. With shouts of despair, the last of the policemen walked out from their posts and deserted, breaking into a run as soon as they were out of reach of the inspector's angry, flashing eye.

One huge, raw-boned lieutenant came down to the inspector and saluted. "I'm staying with you, Inspector," he said. The inspector returned the salute and nodded. There was the least glow of relief under his sick, gray look.

"If we—if we go through this all right," said Lindsay unsteadily, "I'll see that you fellows get what is coming to you, all right."

"Thank you, Mr. Lindsay," said the inspector, with a queer, twisted smile. "I'm glad to have you with me." He touched the reporter on the shoulder. "And now I summon you as a citizen to do police duty—in the name of the State. You are ordered to go to the other side of Fifth Avenue, on the Twenty-second Street corner. Let no one approach or depart. Lieutenant Burke, you take Broadway and Twenty-second Street; same orders. I'll stay on this corner. Go!"

They went.

The inspector walked out to the car track opposite the point of the building at the Twenty-third Street end, and stood, with his hands clasped behind his back, watching the silent square, while the red words faded out of the sky. Lindsay looked back and gasped with admiration for the rugged grandeur of the sturdy old man; then he turned again and walked to his post. When he reached it, he stopped, though he felt that his feet were trying to take him on down the avenue.

"God in heaven—have mercy on my soul! Mother of Mercy, pray for me!" The hoarsely shrieked words made him turn. It was Lieutenant Burke, running toward him, praying as he ran. There was a horrid, tiny, grinding sound all through the air. The heavy pounding of running feet came from the north, and the gasping of a breathless man, and Inspector Killoran flung himself upon the lieutenant and Lindsay as they clung together. The grinding noise grew louder. All three, half down on their knees supporting one another, looked up at the towering building; their glaring eyes were fixed and horror-glazed.

Every light had gone out, and the building was wavering. It almost seemed nodding forward and swaying from side to side.

In that moment there beat up against the black November night sky the united cries of the frenetic, maniacal fear of hundreds of thousands of men and women who were watching the building from afar off.

After that single roaring outburst of discovery and of horror, the dumbness of fear sealed the multitude to silence. The Flatiron leaned over toward its apex. It bowed farther and farther out toward the square.

Silently—except for the buzzing, gritting grinding with which all the air seemed filled—slowly. It seemed urged by a reluctant but inflexible hand—smoothly, slowly, with now and then a rending of iron beams within like cannon shots—but without convulsions, without explosions, it bowed. That was the insane horror of the thing! It swayed sickeningly; it shivered; the movement became more swift, and then there was a terrific, clattering, smashing, tearing roar of splitting beams, hurtling blocks of stone, screaming glass, and ripping, rending destruction. The Flatiron poured itself out into the square, and lay there a broken, quivering mass upon the shaking breast of the earth, clanging and rumbling as the pile settled upon itself.

Men and women blocks away were thrown upon their faces by the concussion. Many were killed outright by the shock and fright; all the trees in the southern half of the park were blown down before the blast that the fall caused. Windows and cornices disappeared as in the whirl of a tornado; crumbled stone, pulverized glass, and shreds of wood fiber were borne over all the central part of the city by the vagrant winds.

Lieutenant Burke rose from the ground, where he had been flung with the other two. He began to laugh, and walked away chuckling, and dancing with clumsy steps, a madman. Gerald Lindsay touched Inspector Killoran's shoulder. The inspector tumbled from his knees into the gutter. He was dead. Lindsay swooned.

He opened his eyes after a while and found himself looking up into a woman's face. It did not seem to him at all surprising that it was the dark face of the girl with the violet eyes and the dusky tangle of soft black hair. She was holding his head on her knee and wiping his forehead with her handkerchief. She moved away from him gently, when she saw his eyes looking up into hers.

"Please don't," he said. "I need you, truly. I'm—I'm hurt, I think. I must have been run down by a cab or something."

Then it came back to him: the fall of that building—the horrid grinding—the sickening sway of it before the iron frame released its grip. He gasped.

"How did you get here?" he murmured. "Are you hurt?"

"Why, no," she said simply. "I was in the crowd, looking for my brother. When the people ran away, I hid in an areaway down the street. My brother is near here, I know, and I must find him."

"You will stay here with me, now, won't you?" he urged.

"I am sorry," said the girl gently, "but I must go. I think you are better now. I must find my brother. I couldn't let you lie there with your head all bleeding. I hope you will be better before long." She was gone. Lindsay raised himself to call after her, but his dizziness came back. He knew nothing more until after an hour rescuers lifted him into an ambulance to take him to Bellevue.

Three nights later the *Times* Building was made into a pile of stone and twisted girders, and then every night was marked by a blow from The Avenger. The Singer Building and the Hudson Terminals were the next to go; and all Broad Street, Wall, and the lower end of Manhattan Island generally became a heap of ruins. The tragedy of the doomed city inexorably marched on to its destined end. The famed skyline of New York was wiped out. Loss of life was, comparatively speaking, very small, for The Avenger gave warning each night, by means of sky signs, of what would befall on the next. He also promised that railway and steamboat property would be spared for a week, in order that the citizens might leave the fated metropolis; and at once the vast exodus began. None but Federal soldiers and officials entered the city. Millions quitted it. By the end of the second week not more than five thousand persons were left on Manhattan Island except Federal, State, and city officials, soldiers, policemen, nurses, physicians, and newspaper correspondents.

Lindsay was among those who stayed. At the suggestion of the governor—because of Gerald's personal adventures on the first terrible night and since then, and because of his intimate knowledge of the city—he had been attached to the staff of General Frederick Grant, who was in supreme command, and who was directing the ceaseless search for the destroyer of the city. Gerald's newspaper was issued in Newark, for no business of any kind was carried on in New York. In this sense The Avenger had already fulfilled his threat to destroy the city. New York was dead.

About six weeks after the beginning of the destruction, Lindsay was standing with General Grant and the governor, who came down from Albany for frequent consultation with the Federal authorities, near the Sherman statue. It was early in the evening. Behind them, in Central Park, camp-fires flickered among the white tents in which the soldiers bivouacked. From down-town, in the vicinity of Herald Square, came, at intervals, the uproar of falling walls. Sometimes, now, as many as a score of buildings were cast down in a night. It had become clear that to keep the soldiers posted in the danger zone was only to throw away lives to no avail.

"Great heavens, what *is* your idea of all this, Mr. Lindsay?" groaned the general, for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time Gerald shook his head. The general sighed despondently, and, followed by the governor, went to his tent—to listen to the reports of his scouts and secret-service men, who had nothing to report. Lindsay turned toward town when the general disappeared. He wished to conduct an investigation, the idea of which had just occurred to him; an idea that had come in the train of a score of others, all of which had proved without fruit. Probably this latest one would be as futile as, for instance, had been his search for some one bearing the name of Gabriel Dawn, the erased signature on The Avenger's first letter; and Gerald had no desire to raise false hopes in the mind of his harassed commander.

The fact that every building had fallen to the northward had forced itself upon his mind as a fact to be pondered. He believed that neither powder nor other explosives explained the disasters, but that the criminal had hit upon some altogether new agency, which, one might say, acted as an attractor to the doomed building upon which it was directed; that is, it pulled it down in some inexplicable fashion, rather than blew it up. Something in the nature of a unique magnet—this was the vague thought in Lindsay's mind. Perhaps if he approached the zone of destruction, and kept northward of the last building thrown down, he might come upon the criminal at work, preparing for the next razing. It was a wild idea, Lindsay told himself, but, at any rate, there was a grain of plausibility in it—and anything was better than inaction.

On his way Gerald found himself passing through a black, solitary street of flat-houses. There were no longer any electric lights in New York—nor indeed any light, save the flaring fires of soldiers on guard duty at street corners, and here and there an oil lamp burning in the few houses used by those remaining on various duties in the city.

The street was as black as a tunnel, roofed by the dim gray of the winter sky. Lindsay's footsteps resounded sharply on the asphalt walk. Suddenly and terribly came the tumult of crashing walls—and then a deep silence followed. Lindsay turned quickly to find his way to the building most recently destroyed, and even as he did so he stopped. He saw, above him, a girl descending the front steps of a flat-house. A light from behind showed him her face, as she looked down the street. She was dark, with soft black hair in a dusky tangle. She seemed to have the sweetest and most trustful look in the world, though she was evidently frightened and troubled. Gerald knew her at once. He had seen her several times since the night when she ministered to him after the destruction of the Flatiron. She seemed ever hovering around the spots marked out by The Avenger for his attacks. Lindsay had made many efforts to speak to her, but had always, by one mishap or another, failed.

As yet she had not seen him. She was dressed for the street. Under the shadow of her hat brim her eyes shone brightly. Her bosom was rising and falling with evident agitation. As she reached the foot of the stairs, Lindsay stepped forward, hat in hand, saying: "Do not be alarmed; I think you have seen me before; I——"

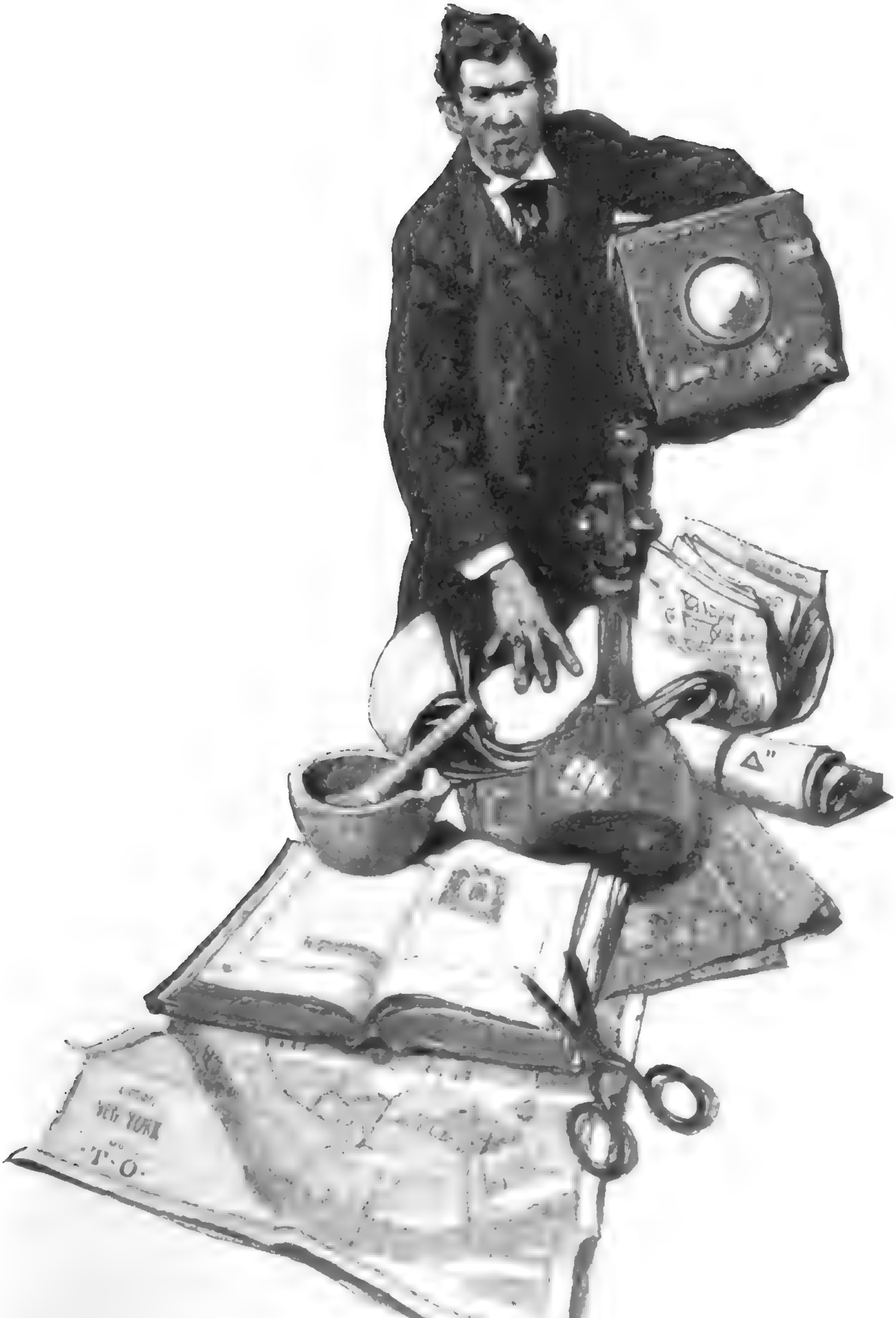
She faced him without a tremor. Lindsay's heart felt a pride in her as he noted the swift, sure effort of will that composed her to meet this new adventure on the moment. She turned toward him and interrupted his words by saying: "Ah!—I am not alarmed—Yes, I have seen you before— I am glad that—that you are recovered; and"—here she moved toward him quickly—"I am sorry I could be of no more help to you than I was. Wait, please!" And she lifted her hand as Gerald moved his lips to speak. "Believe me when I say that I was very desirous of helping you—perhaps now you will help me."

Lindsay cried: "Only try me! Tell me what I may do."

"I have urgent need of a physician—for my brother. I was at the point of going out to seek for one—but I do not know where to go. . Will you do this for me?"

He turned to go, saying: "At once. Merely tell me the nature of the illness."

The look of fear that the girl's delicate, dark face had presented to Lindsay's eyes as she descended the steps swept over it again as she whispered: "I think he is going mad.


NEW YORK
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A TALL, EMACIATED MAN WITH A FACE FROM WHICH BLOODSHOT EYES GLEAMED LIKE BURNING COALS.

He is out of the house at present, but may return at any moment, and I cannot rest until a physician has seen him. If you could get the doctor and bring him here, I would have him see my brother before he knows what I have done. He will be terribly angry, and I am afraid—" But here, biting her lips hastily, she checked her words. She held out a folded paper to Lindsay. "I have written on this paper some of the things that make me most anxious about my brother, so I might clearly state his case. You may take it with you, and—and you will hasten?"

"I will be back within the hour with the best physician owned by the United States Government!" And the young man sped away. The street was within a few blocks of Central Park, and thither he hurried, his mind in a ferment, his heart in an ecstasy.

He reached the Park, and under the light of an oil torch placed at a corner of a road, he stopped for a moment to take from among the papers in his pocket the one entrusted to him by the girl. His pocket, like those of most newspaper men, was filled with odd scraps and memoranda and envelopes scribbled with notes, and in searching for the paper he wanted, he found the letter sent to the newspaper by The Avenger lying alongside the girl's note. The two were of the same kind of paper, a typewriting paper, and as he took them in his hands a stray gust of wind blew open the folds of the girl's note, and Gerald's keen eyes saw that it was punctured here and there and impressed all over with marks made by typewriter keys. His acute mind furnished an explanation in the moment of making the discovery—the piece of paper that the girl had used had been employed as a "backing sheet" in a typewriter, and had taken an almost perfect, though very faint, impression of what had been printed on the top sheet.

Here Lindsay's heart gave a wild throb; a swift thrill of detective fever sped through his veins—for, peering closely at the paper, he read the words "Gabriel Dawn" impressed on the back of the girl's note. Looking above these words, he made out others, the counterparts of which were upon the letter he held in his other hand, the letter that had been sent by The Avenger to his paper. The Avenger's letter had been written in the house he had just left; and if the probabilities in the case amounted to anything, it had been written by the girl's brother, who was going mad. What did that fact mean? What did all these singular circumstances portend? He hastened on, running now, toward the camp. There he found the surgeon-general. General Grant was absent. Lindsay left a note for him, containing an urgent request to move on the house in the side street within an hour's time, if not otherwise advised. Then, with the surgeon-general, he proceeded on his return journey, telling only its ostensible object.

The girl was awaiting them in the hall of the house. She thanked Lindsay with a look for which he would have performed much doughtier deeds. She said to the surgeon-general: "My brother has not yet returned. Will you let me show you a room where we can wait for him? You have read my note, I presume?"

"Note? Why, no—what note?" asked the soldier physician.

The girl turned inquiring eyes upon Lindsay. "Please forgive me," said he, "but—but will you let me speak to you for a moment? You will pardon me," he continued to the surgeon-general. That veteran campaigner bowed with an unmoved face, though his mind was full of wonder. The girl followed Lindsay to the end of the dusky hallway.

"I did not show the doctor your note for good reasons," Lindsay said. "I want you to tell me, please, where you got the paper on which you wrote it."

"I do not understand why you should ask such a question," she replied; "but I may answer you, I suppose, in a few words. I was in a hurry when I wrote that note, and I picked up a slip of paper haphazard from my brother's typewriter desk."

"Have you ever heard of a person named Gabriel Dawn?—and I wish you to believe that I have very important and grave reasons—which deeply affect you—for thus questioning you. Trust me, will you not? I—I would do much to aid you." Lindsay's earnest eyes and tone brought a warm flush to the girl's face, and her own eyes lowered.

"I believe you—I will answer you fully, so far as I am able to do so," she said firmly and decisively. "Dawn was my mother's maiden name; Gabriel is a family name—my brother's name is Gabriel—Gabriel Damon; but I know of no Gabriel Dawn."

"Will you tell me what you and your brother are doing in New York at this terrible time?"

"My brother is one of the Government's

secret agents—though I suppose I should not tell. I returned from a long stay in England just as the troubles here began. And I have remained with him in spite of his protests. I felt that he needed me—he was so greatly changed."

"How?" asked Lindsay tensely.

"He had become secretive, irritable, and — well — self-important. Then there have been strange attacks of frenzy—the first bad attack was on the night when the Flatiron Building fell. I thought he was surely going insane—the excitement about The Avenger seemed to work upon him terribly; and when he left the house I tried to follow him, without his knowing; but I lost him, as you know." She paused thoughtfully, and then went on: "He is so much changed—even his way of life and his opinions are not the same. It surprised me greatly to find him in the detective force of the Government, for he has always bitterly railed at all formal systems of governing."

Lindsay thrilled at these words. "Please tell me more about his change of views," he said. She hesitated for a moment, and he went on: "You will do well, I think, for your brother, in his present state, to trust in me, Miss Damon."

"I will," she said; "yes, I believe you wish to help me. My brother is a scientist. He has always been a student, and he made many inventions and discoveries that the professors at the Technical Institute considered unique and very important, but Gabriel would never make them public. He has always been sad and gloomy; and he said that he would not give his inventions to the world to become part of the debasing commercial struggle, the strife for mere money that, he said, was the curse of the age. He told me little of his work, but he was much away from home, and I was under promise—which I have broken often, frequently to follow him—never to leave the house in his absence.

"One night, before the night when I found you on the ground, I heard him laughing and crying at once in his room, and I ran to him. He was sobbing out, over and over again: 'I have found it! I have found it at last!' I asked him what he had found. He pointed proudly to a queer machine on the floor that looked like a big camera, and cried wildly: 'This! With this machine I control cohesion —cohesion, which holds together the world, and now I am the master of the world!' But he grew calm as I showed my terror—for he was really raving—and sent me away, saying that he had been talking nonsense and that he still had much to do before his new invention would be complete."

"Cohesion!" Lindsay murmured, and remembered his vague surmise respecting some magnet-like contrivance that might be used by The Avenger. "Miss Damon, will you do one more thing as I ask you? Will you show me to your brother's room—the one he will come to on his return—and let me see and talk with him before he sees you? I give you my word that I should not ask this were it not of the utmost importance—oh, Miss Damon, of such great importance that my heart sinks at the very thought of the burden of responsibility on my shoulders. Will you do this?"

And again, after a long, steady, and somewhat wistful look into his face, the girl said simply: "I will. Come this way."

"This way, general," said Lindsay, and the surgeon-general silently followed the young people. Miriam led them to the door of a room on the second floor.

"This is Gabriel's laboratory; he will come here," she said. "I shall wait in this next room until you call me."

Lindsay whispered a few words in the surgeon-general's ear.

"What!" exclaimed the physician. "Not here! Not he!"

Lindsay nodded, and said: "Please stay with Miss Damon until you hear me call."

The surgeon-general passed with Miriam into the room she had indicated, and Gerald Lindsay entered the laboratory of Gabriel Dawn. A lighted oil lamp glimmered on a table. About the room were peculiar machines and instruments, utterly strange to the newspaper man: some of steel, others of crystal, others, again, it seemed, of silver or of copper. Books, maps, blue prints, drawings, steel shavings, tools, and other litter of the sort lay deep on the floor. Near the big window at the rear of the room there was a wide table covered with papers, and over this Lindsay bent. He was intently eying a map that showed the principal buildings of New York, many of them marked with a red cross in ink and a date, and his heart was thumping excitedly over his discovery, when he heard a step on the stairs. He glanced hurriedly around him. Near at hand there was a curtained recess, into which he crept, hiding behind the curtain, with his revolver in his hand. Again he heard the step, dragging, on the stairs; and then a hoarsely shrill voice sighed: "I wish it were all over—I am so tired." And a tall, emaciated man, with a long, cadaverous, thinly bearded face from which bloodshot eyes gleamed like burning coals from gray ashes, entered the room. He carried an instrument that looked like the big hand cameras used by newspaper photographers.

Lindsay leaped toward the table, and leveling his revolver at the tall man's head, cried: "Do not move a step. Throw up your hands."

"Ah-h!" exclaimed the tall man, with a queer, gurgling sound, and he made a dash forward, lifting the cameralike instrument, with his fingers clawing wildly around its top. Through Lindsay's brain sped a thought that checked the tightening trigger-finger. "Must I kill her brother?"

Dropping the revolver, he hurled himself, as a baseball player dives for the base, at the singular contrivance held by the man, and dashed it from his grip to the floor. It fell with a crash and a shattering clatter as of broken glass. A scream that shrilled like the yell of a wildcat came from the man. He threw himself on Lindsay. His clawlike fingers tightened around the reporter's throat; but Lindsay, striving his utmost, placed his own hands on the other's breast and pushed him back with a mighty thrust. He felt the tall man's strength give way before his own; and even in that moment of stress he divined that the physical might of Gabriel Dawn—which his frame would indicate as formidable—must have been burned out in the unholy fever of mad hatred of humanity that preyed upon his body, heart, and soul. The struggle was short. Lindsay threw him heavily to the floor, and, snatching a stout cord from the litter lying near, he bound him.

The prisoner's wild eyes blazed at him. "Ah!" he said, with an indescribable arrogance; "your brute strength is more than mine; but I have left my mark upon your world—upon you and yours until the end of time."

He was glaring apprehensively at a sheet of parchment-like paper on the laboratory table. Lindsay glanced toward it. An intuition came to him that this was the secret of The Avenger: a written formula for the machine that had destroyed New York. He picked up the document. It was headed "The Disintegrator."

"Ah!" said the reporter, with a quick indrawn breath.

The eyes of the bound man flamed again. He kept a rigid stillness and a deep silence, however, until Lindsay, saying: "God forgive me if I am doing wrong—but I take the responsibility!" held the parchment to the flame of the lamp. The captive gasped and shrank as though the flames had touched his body. Lindsay, with pale face and shaking hands, watched the sputtering destruction of the secret of the making of the instrument and the chemicals used by The Avenger in his appalling career—the instrument by means of which the almighty, all-pervading force of gravity had been utilized according to his will.

"You villain!" cried Lindsay, with hot rage suddenly swelling his heart—"unutterable monster!"

"I have worked to the extent of my ability—my day is done; I leave the work of regeneration of this monstrous world to others," said the captive slowly, with infinite lassitude. Too late to interfere, Lindsay saw that The Avenger had released his right arm and hand from the rope, and now the hand carried a morsel of something white from pocket to lips.

Lindsay sprang to his side. "Too late!" gasped Gabriel Damon. The wild eyes tried to look into Lindsay's, but they suddenly closed; there was a violent twitching of every muscle in his body; a prolonged trembling of the pinioned form—in a few moments all was over. Lindsay heard in the street below the sound of tramping feet. General Grant had come in accordance with the request left for him.

The general and the governor walked into the room and faced Gerald Lindsay with questioning, wondering eyes. Lindsay pointed to the man on the floor.

"That's The Avenger," he said. "He's dead."

Miriam came to the door, her hand at her breast, trembling. Lindsay turned toward her quickly and led her down the hall.

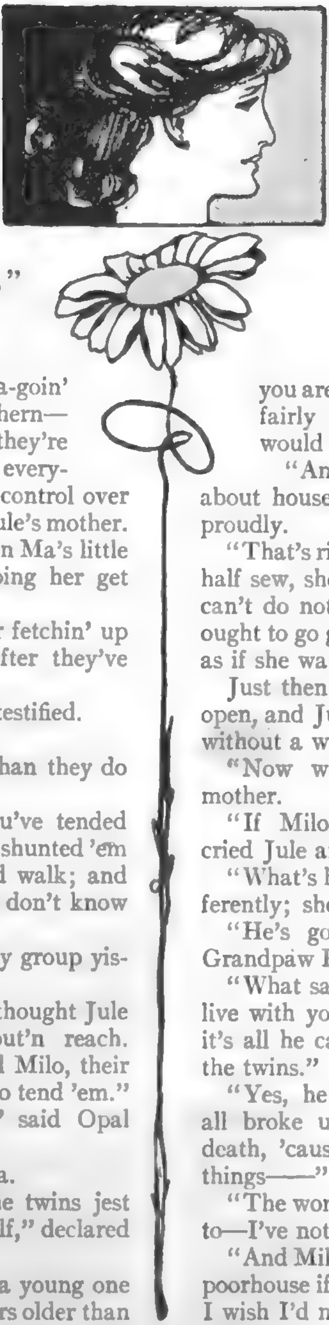
"My work is done," they heard him say. "Now I have nothing in all the world to do but to take care of you. And the hardest thing that will ever come to either of us is to tell you what I must tell you now."

The door closed behind them.

"We were speaking of the reward Lindsay would deserve," said the governor. "The young man seems to have found his own reward, General."

The general smiled. Though the words were light, the governor's voice trembled as he spoke, and the eyes of both men were misted with tears.

LITTLE·STORIES OF·REAL·LIFE



"Grandpaw Peebles"

By Bessie R. Hoover

I DUNNO whatever Jule's a-goin' to do with them twins of hern—they grow worse every day; they're jest gettin' where they're into everything—and she don't have no control over 'em," worried Ma Flickinger, Jule's mother.

"She jaws 'em enough," put in Ma's little daughter Opal, who was helping her get dinner.

"Yes, she jaws 'em; and her fetchin' up consists in tellin' 'em *don't* after they've done a thing."

"She slaps 'em, too," Opal testified.

"They need it."

"But they mind me better than they do her," observed Opal.

"Nothin' queer in that; you've tended 'em more'n Jule ever did. She shunted 'em off on to you afore they could walk; and now they're gettin' bigger, she don't know what to do with 'em."

"They chewed up our family group yisterday," accused Opal.

"Land sakes! I should 'a' thought Jule could 'a' kept that photo out'n reach. But they git ahead of her; and Milo, their pa, ain't no more'n a dish-rag to tend 'em."

"He won't even lick 'em," said Opal scornfully.

"It ain't in him," sighed Ma.

"And Jule quarrels with the twins jest like she was a young one herself," declared Opal.

"That's the trouble; she *is* a young one herself; she wa'n't so many years older than you are now when she got married, not fairly out'n short dresses. But she would git married."

"And she don't know as much about housework as I do," claimed Opal proudly.

"That's right," affirmed Ma; "Jule can't half sew, she can't half do housework, she can't do nothin' right; and she thinks she ought to go gallivantin' round jest the same as if she wa'n't married."

Just then the door was thrown violently open, and Jule Peebles hastily entered, and without a word sat down, scowling.

"Now what's wrong?" inquired her mother.

"If Milo ain't the blamedest feller!" cried Jule angrily.

"What's he done now?" asked Ma indifferently; she was used to Jule's outbreaks.

"He's goin' to bring his father—old Grandpaw Peebles—home to live with us."

"What say?" cried Ma, astonished; "to live with you! No, he'd never do it—for it's all he can do now to support you and the twins."

"Yes, he is, too; he says his father's all broke up since Grandmaw Peebles's death, 'cause Grandmaw she always run things——"

"The women of the family generally has to—I've noticed," remarked Ma.

"And Milo says his pa'll have to go to the poorhouse if we don't take him in. Land, I wish I'd never been born!"

For once Ma Flickinger had no comfort to offer her daughter. "How old is he?" she inquired.

"Pretty nigh eighty. Milo says he won't be much trouble."

"Mebbe he won't," encouraged her mother.

"Mebbe he will. I don't know what I'll do when he comes. I can't hardly navigate now in the house, what with the twins a-tumblin' into everything, and a-jaggin' down everything that I put up, and a-dirtyin' everything that I clean, and Wopsie, their pup, a-chewin' up everything they don't muck up."

"Well," began Ma thoughtfully, "he's Milo's pa, and an old man, and you'll have to make the best of it."

"*You* don't have to have him under foot," sniffed Jule.

"But he's a *relation,*" said Ma impressively, "and he's an old, old man, and you ought to make it pleasant for him."

"Pleasant nothin'!" returned Jule. "I'll give him a taste of life that'll make him set up and ask questions—I'll pepper his way all right, all right."

"You mustn't forgit that he's Milo's pa," reminded her mother, already on the side of Grandpaw Peebles.

"I wouldn't want my own father under foot all the time," declared Jule.

"A man in the house daytimes does set a woman on aidge," admitted Ma. "But you've got to treat Milo's father right, Jule; there ain't no two ways about it."

"I thought mebbe you'd tell me not to have him round at all," cried Jule, "and here you are standing up for him."

"It's a duty—'pears like," said Ma solemnly.

"A mighty queer duty," snapped Jule.

"That's what you took Milo for—better or worse," Ma told her.

"'Took Milo for,' for the land sakes! I took Milo because I was a fool and he was a fool—and nobody had sense enough to stop us."

"You took him for better or for worse," repeated Ma with warmth, "and the united kingdom or heaven and earth couldn't have stopped your marryin' Milo—and you know it."

"I wasn't old enough to know my own mind," returned Jule sullenly.

"Well, you're gettin' old enough to find it out now," informed her mother, "and if you've got more'n you like along with Milo, you'll have to lump it."

"There's a place for poor folks like Grandpaw Peebles to go to," cried Jule heartlessly.

"If it was your pa, would Milo want him to go to the poorhouse—wouldn't he take Pa in?" asked Ma sharply.

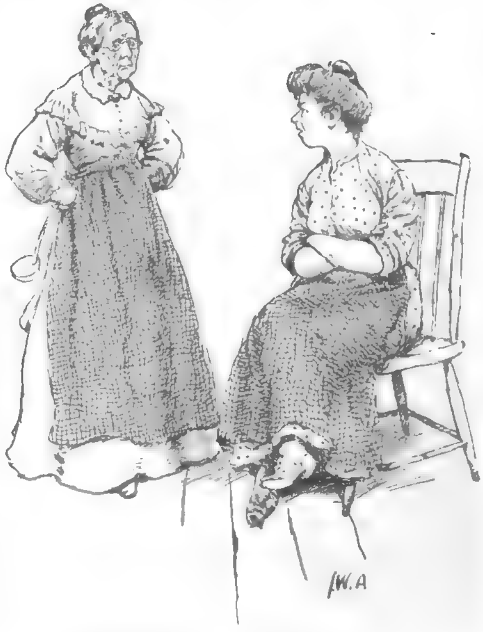
"Yes, I suppose Milo'd take in the hull United States and Canada if they wanted takin' in; he's that wishy-washy."

"Mebbe it won't be quite so bad as you look forward to," was all the consolation Ma could offer.

"It'll be worse," prophesied Jule gloomily. "I don't never go nowhere now, but when he comes I'll be tied hand and foot."

"Now remember," was Ma's parting injunction, as her daughter started home, "don't sass Grandpaw Peebles. You ought to have more fetchin' up than to hector a poor dependent old gent—let alone your own husband's father. Be decent, Jule; it'll pay in the end."

"I sha'n't neither be decent; I hate him now, and I ain't enough of a hypocrite to pretend I don't," stormed Jule.



"I'LL PEPPER HIS WAY ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT."

"Grandpaw'll probably be here right after dinner," Milo informed his wife when the day came for her father-in-law to arrive.

"How'll he git up here?"

"The neighbor that bought his ticket wrote he'd give him enough for hack fare."

"Dinner's ready," announced Jule.

"'Twon't be long till paw'll be here—probably," hesitated Milo.

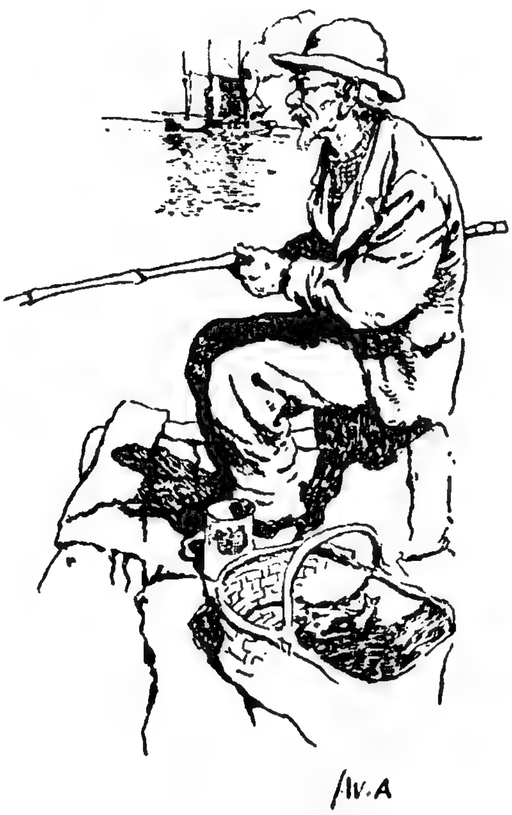
"What of that?" snapped Jule.

"He'll want to eat—won't he?" Milo's voice was mild.

"Yes, but I can't wait dinner for your pa — or anybody else; he'll have to take us as he finds us."

So Milo obediently sat down and began his dinner; but when they had finished eating, he himself put the remaining potatoes and meat back on the stove to keep warm.

"Grandpaw" Peebles, with his modest carpet-bag, was soon shunted from the depot hack on to their front lawn, and Milo went out to welcome him. Grandpaw was a mild little man, whom none of the Flickingers had ever seen before. He had eyebrows and mustache and goatee and brushy hair all alike wan and faded, and strangely like grass that had lain long under snow, and still had snow clinging to it.



HE FISHED INDUSTRIOUSLY.

"How de do, Mis' Peebles," said the old man, and looked at Jule humbly, as a friendly dog might, and Jule suddenly held out her hand to her father-in-law and said stiffly, but not unkindly, "Glad to meet you." Perhaps Ma's admonition to be decent had not been entirely lost on her.

"Is these the twinses?" he cried, his old face brightening into a smile at the sight of Janice and Jasper, sturdy babies of two years, who were tumbling about with Wopsie, their ragged puppy.

"This here dark-headed one's Jasper," informed Jule.

"Jarsper, well, well—named after me. Come here, Jarsper—and t'other one?"

"Janice. Set up and eat," invited Jule. "Milo and me've jest et, but I've kept it all hot for you."

Grandpaw Peebles's life had long ago been cast in a mold by his energetic wife, and he now pursued his accustomed course as strictly as if she were still alive. He fished industriously and successfully in the river and lake, which were not far away, and he peddled his fish untiringly. And he always gave the money to Jule, as he had for years given it to Grandmaw Peebles.

But in many things he was as irresponsible as the twins themselves, having a special disregard for meal-time; yet there was no foolishness in his fishing, and no forgetfulness when it came to the twins, whom he never tired of tending. And he was unfailingly courteous to "Mis' Peebles," as he always called his son's wife.

Though Jule was pacified at first by the old man's quiet, respectful ways, and his love of her children, he had incurred her wrath by his neglect of his meals, and she was determined to break him of it.

"Be back sure at twelve," ordered Jule one day, "if you want any dinner in this house; it'll be on the table when the whistles blow."

"I'll be here, Mis' Peebles," promised Grandpaw readily.

But it was almost supper-time when the old man came trudging home with his empty basket, and triumphantly handed Jule seventy-five cents; even this munificence for once failed to please his daughter-in-law, and she broke into a shrill torrent of reproach.

"I plumb forgot all about dinner, Mis' Peebles," he answered softly, but sadly; for it was the first time that Jule had scolded him. "The fish was so plenty that I jest couldn't think of nothin' else—and I sold 'em all."

"Do you think," cried Jule, "that it's any fun for me to cook for you, or for Milo to support you, when you act like this? Ain't it enough to have you around all the time without your makin' it worse by puttin' me all out at meal-times—and things a-spoilin' because you don't eat 'em?"

Grandpaw nodded his bleached old head drearily in mute acquiescence to all that Jule said, and falteringly began to eat the lunch that she grudgingly set out for him.

As she saw the old man penitently eating, like a faithful dog that had been scolded, Jule found herself relenting. Had he jawed back, she would have delighted to quarrel with him, but his being so gentle, so humble, and apparently agreeing with all she said quite disarmed her.

"I'm goin' to put a hull quarter of this fish money in the chiny elephant for the twinses," she said pleasantly at last.

"Be ye?" he said eagerly, and the shadow that had clouded his face lifted. "Now that'll help."

Ma Flickinger was surprised when Jule ceased scolding about her father-in-law, and began to think that maybe things were so bad that for once Jule lacked words.

"I think you've got a hard row to hoe with that old gent, if you don't say much," sympathized Ma one morning when Jule was over; "not but what it's right for you to do your duty by him—but it's a constant care——"

"I dunno," answered Jule unexpectedly; "he ain't no worse than any fool man."

"Still, there's extra cookin'."

"He earns more'n his keep, fishin'."

"But winter's comin' on—then he can't fish—what does he do now days when it rains?"

"Sews carpet rags," answered Jule.

"Land o' Goshen, where'd you git the rags?"

"Our house ain't nothin' else in it *but* rags," declared Jule; "we're goin' to have a new sittin'-room carpet."

"Here!" cried Ma, hurriedly diving into the bedroom closet, "here's my old red calico Mother Hubbard—nothin' but slits—want it?"

Jule grabbed it greedily. "Grandpaw and me was wonderin' jest yisterday what we'd do for a red stripe."

"And here 'tis," laughed Ma; "got enough blue?"

"Plenty; and say, Ma, don't you want Grandpaw to make you a dinin'-room carpet after mine's done? He knows all about plannin' stripes and warp and everything."

"Land!" exclaimed Ma, enchanted at the idea, "would he do it?"

"He'd be delighted," answered Jule.

"For the land sakes! what ever give old Mr. Peebles that turn?"

"Grandmaw Peebles always had him at it winters, and he says he'd kinder miss it."

"And ain't he a pleasant-spoken old gentleman?" remarked Ma.

"Turrible," responded Jule. "And me and Grandpaw're startin' a fund."

"A fund?" inquired Ma, puzzled. "Goin' to help the hospital?"

"Land, no; it's to educate the twins."

"Saved much?" asked Ma incredulously.

"One dollar and sixty-eight cents. It's in the chiny elephant on the mantel, where the twins can't git their claws on to it."

"Lemme see if I ain't got a cent around loose somewheres in this work-basket—here 'tis."

"It all counts up," said Jule, pocketing the copper.

"Whose idee was it?"

"Grandpaw's," returned Jule.

"Might 'a' knowed."

Not long after this, Ma Flickinger stopped at Jule's on her way home from town, and found them in the wildest confusion. Jule was crying and shrieking at the same time, the twins were howling lustily, while Grandpaw Peebles was wiping the perspiration from his old face, which for once showed red with emotion.

"Stop your noise, everybody!" commanded Ma shrilly, above the hubbub, "and tell a feller what's happened. Jule, shut up; what ails you?"

"Nothin'," sobbed Jule; "oh, o-oh——"

"Have you been takin' out your tantrums on Grandpaw here?" demanded Ma.

The little old man shook his head dumbly, but emphatically, in exoneration of Jule.

"For the land sake! then what is up?" cried Ma, exasperated. "You act as if the house was on fire."

At this Jule sobbed all the louder.

"Us here have been greatly spared," said the old man solemnly; "the twinses have been nigh unto—unto——" but his voice trailed off into silence.

"They both'd been dead if it hadn't been for Grandpaw here," said Jule excitedly. "Grandpaw jerked 'em out'n certain death."

"What!" cried Ma, not yet greatly impressed, "has the young ones been a-runnin' afore a grocery wagon ag'in?"

"Worse'n that," informed Jule tragically; "they was all but burned up."

"No!" cried Ma, indifference giving way to fear, "don't tell me that."

"But it's the livin' truth," testified Jule; "the twins got afire in the coal-shed 'tother end the lot, while I was ironin' in the kitchen."

"You ought to 'a' knowed better than to let the twins have matches," blamed Ma.

"I never did; they got a burning stick from

Mis' Jones's trash pile. And, oh, dear, it's been awful! But Grandpaw he come jest time enough to put it out."

"Here, stop that noise," cried Ma to the twins, and, after wiping her eyes, she took both the children on her lap and comforted them. "How'd you happen to know about the fire, Mr. Peebles?"

"I was a-fishin' away in the river and sudden-like I seemed to hear the twinses a-callin', 'Grandpaw,' jest like they will. And I knowed I must 'a' been mistaken; but I didn't take no interest in the fishin' after that. I didn't know what ailded me—I war that uneasy. But finally I heard it ag'in faint, but clear—seemed to come from inside my head some way—'magination, mebbe—I dunno; anyway, I had to come home.

"And I found the twinses a-playin' with a neat little fire in the wood-shed—I had a sort of leadin' I'd find 'em there. Jarsper'd got his little apron a-blazin' and Janice was a-tryin' to set hern afire. And I wropped my coat quick-like round Jarsper and stomped the fire out'n the stick—that's all."

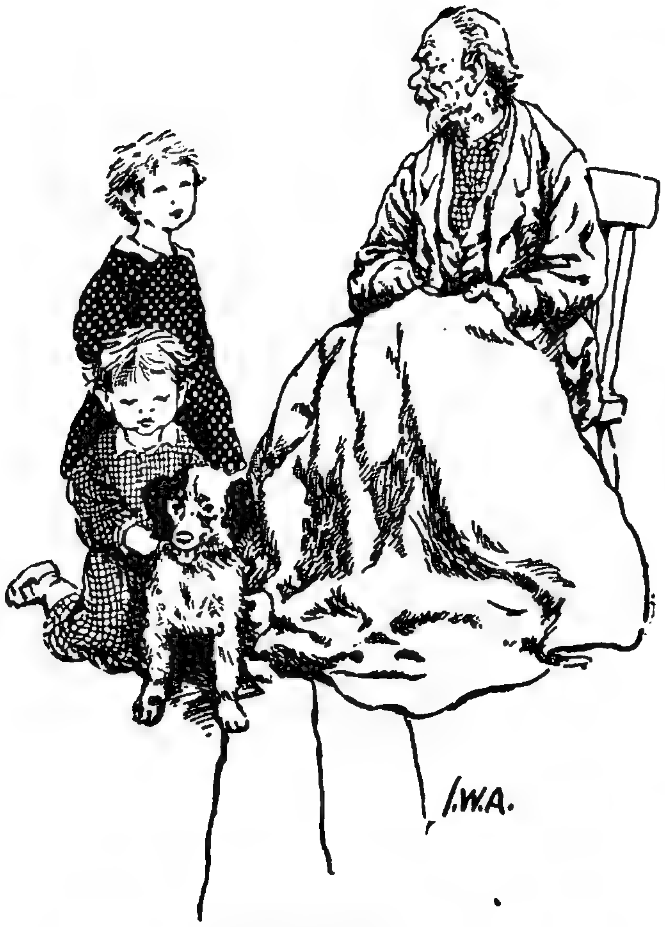
And the old man, unwilling to listen to an extended discussion of the rescue, slouched silently out and returned to the river.

"Providence," declared Ma, "must 'a' nudged Grandpaw for sure."

"Grandpaw's the best there is," praised Jule tearfully; "he's done more'n save the twins from goin' up in smoke, too; he's teachin' 'em to mind. Here, Jasper, go and set on that chair, and Janice on 'tother one."

And to the utter surprise of their grandmother, the children climbed laboriously on to the chairs and obediently sat down.

"Now you can see, Jule, how much better it was to treat Grandpaw decent," said Ma. "If you'd 'a' driv him off to the poorhouse, where'd your twins 'a' been now?"



"HE WON'T LEAVE THE TWINS PULL EACH OTHER'S HAIR ANY MORE."

"But it wa'n't the way I treated Grandpaw Peebles that made him stay; it was the way he treated me—always like a born lady," explained Jule. "I was plumb set ag'in him and I didn't take no pains to hide it, neither."

"His extra goodness kinder wiped out your meanness—'pears like," said her mother.

"And me and Grandpaw go places, too. Yisterday we took the twins over to Silver Beach for the whole afternoon; next week we're goin' up to Berrien Springs—Milo says there ain't no springs there, but we're goin' up to see.

"And Grandpaw's teachin' the twins their manners," continued Jule. "It's 'Thank you, ma'am' to me, and 'No, sir' to their father. Oh, I tell you, Grandpaw's a polite old gent. He won't leave the twins pull each other's hair, neither, any more—he says it ain't pretty. Grandpaw's a great hand to rid up, too. He says, 'Let's have a place for everything and everything in its place' (Grandmaw Peebles was turrible neat), and I says, 'We ain't got no place for nothin' in this little hole of a house, but we'll make a nawful effort to put 'em there, anyway.'"

"I dunno how you'd bring up the twins decent if 'twa'n't for Grandpaw," said Ma.

"Land knows, I *don't* know what to do with 'em," acknowledged Jule, "and Milo ain't got no ideas about nothin', neither."

"Grandpaw come up here jest the right time," declared Ma; "you needn't tell me that folks don't come into your life when you need 'em most, 'cause they do. I've always wondered what on earth'd become of your twins when they got big enough to be under foot, but Grandpaw Peebles was sent, and I needn't have worried at all."

"And it scares me," said Jule contritely, "when I think that I treated him so that he might have gone off mad and never come back."

"Sometimes them as ain't got sense enough to do the right thing is protected—I've noticed that right along," observed Ma philosophically.

"Grandpaw is the best there is," reaffirmed Jule heartily.

"Land, but the world is full of the best kind of folks," moralized Ma.

The Retrograding of Joe Snibley

By May Isabel Fisk

TIMES ain't wot they wos, nor Joe Snibley neither," remarked Mr. Gopsill as he contemplated, sadly, the bottom of his mug. "Wot with the badgerin' of 'is wimmin and—thanky kindly; the same."

Mr. Gopsill wiped his mouth reflectively on his sleeve and then produced a pipe from some mysterious inner region. He ran his thumb around the empty bowl and sighed. "Thanky, I don't mind a bit o' 'baccy—even if," sniffing suspiciously, "it ain't quite wot I been used to. Well, 'ere's to you.

"As I said," he continued presently, having emerged from the mug, red and breathless, and again resorting to the ministering sleeve, "times ain't wot they wos, nor Joe Snibley neither. 'E's 'ad 'is troubles, 'e's 'ad."

"'E's not the only one," piped up a thin voice from an obscure corner. It was Bill Mops, a newcomer, or he would have known that to interrupt Mr. Gopsill in the progress of a narrative was a serious offense.

Mr. Gopsill took his pipe from his mouth with much deliberation and then turned slowly in the direction of the offender.

"Per'aps," he began in a voice of ponderous dignity, "per'aps, Mr. Mops, you 'ad better be tellin' the story 'stead o' me. You may not 'ave 'ad the pleasure of knowin' Mr. Snibley, but you might tell it just as well."

At this scathing rebuke Mr. Mops retired precipitately into his mug to burst forth at once in a violent fit of choking. Overcome with embarrassment, he fled from the room.

When quiet was again restored, the storyteller resumed:

"Joe Snibley was as likely a young man as ever kept out o' lockup. Joe, 'e could 'a' been a gentleman or a preacher if 'e 'ad 'ad 'arf a chance. It all come along o' 'is wife and 'is mother-in-law. Dod blast the wimmin, any'ow! Wot with their beggin', coaxin', nimminy-pimminy ways and their naggin'—always wantin' somethin'. I'd like to see the hussy wot could ketch me!

"There ain't no one 'ere can say as I 'aven't 'ad plenty o' the petticoats follerin' me. Maybe you ain't seen 'em," he added after a moment's thought, "but you can't any o' you deny it." No one denied it. "But I'm for a quiet life, I am.

"Joe, 'e'd 'a' been all right if it 'adn't been for the wimmin. It begun with 'is mother w'en 'e wos a boy. She nagged 'im. Joe, 'e warned 'er to leave 'im alone or 'e'd up an' 'it 'er—'is father 'avin' died a year or so before, Joe knew she 'ad no one to pertect 'er, so 'e warned 'er. 'E always 'ad the instincks of a gentleman. Well, like the rest o' 'er kind she kept a-naggin' at 'im until one day 'e did up an' give 'er a good 'un side o' the 'ead. Co'se, it didn't 'urt 'er much, she 'avin' a very strong brain, but the way she went on you'd 'a' thought she'd been injured permanent.

"Well, soon after Joe's trouble with 'is mother 'e run away to sea. 'Fore long 'e got tired o' that an' 'e made up 'is mind to marry comfortable. 'E looked around till 'e found a nice gal with a good steady job goin' out cleanin' by the day—Joe was nervous an' 'e couldn't stan' a woman round all the time. Well, 'e ups an' marries 'er. Soon's she found out Joe wasn't goin' to work no more for a w'ile—there wosn't no need to—she got nasty an' took on terrible an' wos impident to Joe. After a w'ile 'er disagreeable temper got on Joe's nerves, an' one day w'en she'd made a pork pie as wos no good—an' Joe bein' very partikler about 'is vittles—'e gets mad an' heaves the pie at 'er, plate an' all. 'E 'it 'er on the arm an' she wos laid up for three days an' couldn't do cleanin', and so they wos out six shillin'. W'en Joe realized this e' felt orful an' begged 'is wife's pardon an' swore 'e'd never raise 'is 'and to 'er again. Joe, 'e 'ad a conscience, all right.

"'Is wife, she wos a sly one though, an' without lettin' Joe know, she invited 'er mother to come an' live with 'em. Poor Joe, that wos the beginnin' o' 'is goin' down—w'en 'is mother-in-law came. She broke 'is sperrit—'e's never been the same since.

"Mis' Scraggs—that wos 'er name—she wos a very large, powerful-built woman. She 'adn't been there two days w'en Joe got one o' 'is sensitive fits—she wos beginnin' to wear on 'is nerves. An' w'en at breakfast 'e asked 'er to pass the serup an' she didn' do it, she bein' deaf an' not 'earin' 'im an' 'e not rememberin', 'e up an' started to throw a plate o' flannen cakes at 'er.

"Ol' Mis' Scraggs, she reached right acrost the table as 'e wos sittin' there an' grabbed 'im. Joe says as she came so suddint 'e wosn't prepared to defend 'isself—and w'en she got through with 'im the table was upset an' most o' the crockery broken, an' the furniture wos the same.

"All this time Joe 'ad been shoutin' to 'is wife to 'elp 'im, but she said she couldn't lift 'er 'and against 'er mother—much as she would like to. W'en Joe 'ad picked 'isself up an' wos feelin' 'isself over to see if 'e wos all there, 'e begun to tell 'is wife wot 'e thought about 'er not 'elpin' 'im, but the ole lady give 'im a look so 'e 'ad to confine 'is feelin's to words only. 'S I said, that wos the beginnin' o' Joe's goin' to pieces. Mis' Scraggs got 'im so tame 'e'd come every time she'd call 'im an' almost eat out o' 'er 'and.

"Well, things went from bad to worse with Joe, an' the time 'e used to spend sociable down 'ere at the pub, 'e'd be a-weedin' in the garden or trainin' vines or some such labor as 'e'd always considered too easy for 'is 'ealth. Arter a w'ile Joe began to threaten suicide—'e seemed to like the idea an' talked about it all the time.

"One day at dinner 'e 'nounced to 'is wife an' mother-in-law 'is intention o' endin' 'is life. 'E looked 'ard at 'is mother-in-law to see 'ow she would take it, but she only grunted an' took another sausage.

"Joe, 'e talked so much about killin' 'isself that arter a w'ile there wos those as wished 'e would if only to keep 'is tongue quiet.

"At last Joe was took sick abed an' I went to see 'im. 'E lay there lookin' pretty w'ite, and so, thinkin' to cheer 'im some, knowin' 'ow set 'e wos on dyin', I says, 'Well, Joe,' says I, 'it looks like you're done for this time—you won't need to 'elp yourself to get away from this mortal spere. By your looks I know you're goin' to have your wish at last an' without no trouble.'

"'Wh-what do you mean?' says Joe, settin' up in bed an' gettin' as w'ite as 'is piller.

"'W'y, you're goin' to die all right an' without any bother o' suicidin' yourself. You oughter be pleased.'

"By this time Joe 'ad turned a sort of pale clam color an' 'is teeth wos rattlin' together till you'd 'a' thought they'd drop out.

"'See 'ere,' says Joe, eyin' me very nasty-like, 'no one wants you comin' 'ere makin' sport o' my troubles. I ain't near dead yet, an' let me tell you w'en I kill myself, it'll be in my own good time. I ain't as sick as I look, neither. Don't you talk no dyin' to me—I'll take care o' that myself. There's the stuff 'at'll do it,' and he pointed to a big bottle marked 'carbolic acid' on a table with 'is other medicines. I thought it wos queer of 'is wife an' mother-in-law to let 'im 'ave it there, but I suppose they 'ad their own good reasons.

"That night about twelve o'clock one of the neighbors come poundin' on my door an' calls, 'Run up to Snibley's quick; there's trouble.'

"W'en I got there Mis' Snibley wos wringin' 'er 'ands an' cryin', ''E's done it at last—'e's done it at last!' Mis' Scraggs seemed very composed—she 'ad no feelin's, that woman. Poor Joe lay writhin' on the floor shoutin' between groans that he was burnin' up. Every one wos suggestin' things an' no one doin' nothin' and poor Joe screamin' he wos burnin' up.

"Mis' Scraggs she stood with 'er 'ands on 'er 'ips lookin' down at Joe. ''E's been 'ollerin' for 'arf an hour like that,' says she. 'Strange nothin' don't 'appen more to 'im. Maybe 'e ain't 'ad enough.'

"'Er cold-bloodedness upset Joe still more. 'E rolls up 'is eyes till you couldn't see nothin' but the w'ites an' then yells louder than ever to show 'e wos gettin' worse.

"''Old 'im up by 'is 'eels,' says one.

"'Give 'im strong coffee an' make 'im walk to keep 'im awake,' says another.

"Well, pretty soon the doctor arrives and Joe's suicide was all over."

An awestruck silence fell upon the little group.

"Wot an 'orrible death!" ventured one after a time.

"Huh!" grunted the story-teller.

"That's wot the wimmin'll drive a man to," said Garry Chubb solemnly.

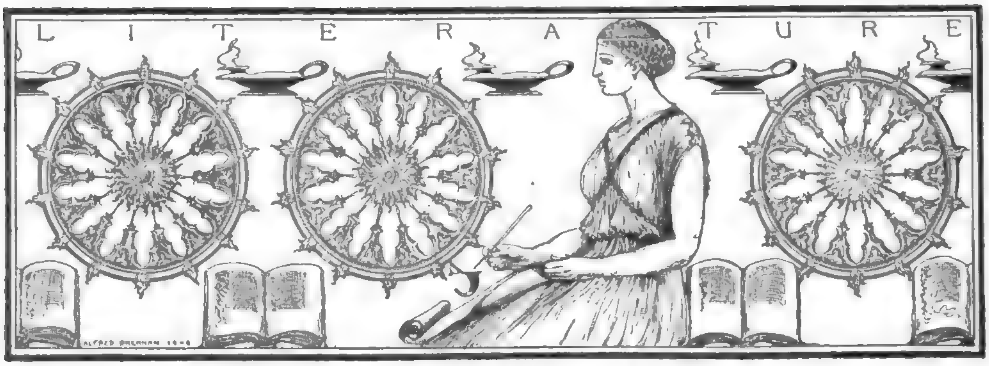
"Death nothin'," quoth the story-teller, recovering as from a dream.

"Not dead!" chorused the party.

"Not 'e. It come out arterwards that Joe wos took with a pain in 'is inside, an' in the dark 'e reached out for the sperrits 'e kept 'andy on 'is medicine table an' took a swig o' the wrong bottle."

"Then 'e didn't mean to take the carbolic," put in Jim Huxton.

"'E never took it," returned the story-teller; "'e got 'old of the Jamaica ginger bottle an' emptied it!"



A Row of Books

By J. B. KERFOOT

[JOHAN BARRETT]

In the palmy days of the New England shipping trade old Captain Wingate used to sail the Merry Anne out of Kennebunkport. Skipper-man and cabin-boy, he had known the coast for fifty years, and could feel his way with the lead from Martha's Vineyard to Frenchman's Bay. It was even rumored that, during the latter years of his command, he knew the taste of the bottom all along the home shores, and used to lie in his bunk in a fog and have the leadsman bring him the lead with its piece of tallow in the bottom, when he'd touch his tongue to the bit of sand or silt brought up from the depths, sing out the course for the helmsman, and turn over for another snooze. One trip his mate thought to play a trick on the old man. He brought a small bag of dirt aboard with him, and the first fog they ran into he stopped the sailor who was handling the lead, wiped off the bottom, and sprinkled some of his bag's contents on the tallow. A moment or two later the captain rushed on deck. "Great snakes!" he bellowed. "There's been a tidal wave and we're over Cynthia Pinkerton's garden!" It is with some similar cry of discovery that one familiar with the coastwise shallows of current fiction rushes on deck and waves Mary S. Watts's "The Tenants" (McClure). This novel—its author modestly names it an episode—is quite off the chart. The story begins and ends with "They were tearing down the old Gwynne house the other day." The old Gwynne house was once the show place of a middling city of the Middle West, and the tenants occupied it for a year or so in the early eighties. One gathers that the house, and the Gwynnes, and the tenants, and most of the incidents of their occupancy, are more matters of memory than of make-believe. But they are none the less raised definitely above the level of mere reminiscence into the plane of imaginative creation and portray the mingled humor and humanness of a past provincialism with a truth at once more subtle and more convincing than that of crude reality. The plot, if there may be said to be a plot, leads to no dogmatized dénouement. The love story, if one may so designate the abortive "affair" into whose secrets we are admitted, is unimportant. In short, according to the usual laws of fictional navigation, no properly rigged story has any business to be afloat over them. Yet here we are, with a full-sail breeze and the spray in our faces, and Cynthia Pinkerton's garden under our keel.

◆

It seems that the authorities who are responsible for our literary definitions and supply the abstract generalizations of which we are so fond—who, for the benefit of the "man in the street" and the "general reader," have differentiated the "novel of manners," the "psychological novel," the "novel of adventure," and the "problem novel"—have unduly slighted the short story. They remind one of those amateur naturalists who make a great to-do over telling a hoot-owl from a screech-owl and content themselves with calling all little birds "pewees." There are, nevertheless, both among small birds and small fictions, recognizable varieties; and the simultaneous appearance of Anthony Hope's "Love's Logic, and Other Stories" (McClure) and Eugene Wood's "Folks Back Home" (McClure) offers an opportunity of calling attention to the "short story of gossip," a marked but hitherto undescribed sub-genus of the short-story species. The short story of gossip deals, invariably, with the private aspects of its episodes. Its appeal is directed primarily, not to our love of drama, but to our fondness for inside information. Its attitude, while making some show of discretion and carefully avoiding either the appearance of spitefulness or the imputation of cynicism, is still essentially that of a friend telling tales out of school or of an interested neighbor whose windows, as it were, overlook the back yard of the plot. And it relies, not without reason, on our curiosity getting the better of our principles in regard to affairs that after all are none of our business.

Both "Love's Logic" and "Folks Back Home" contain excellent specimens of the type, but chosen, one might say, from the extreme opposite limits of its range. Anthony Hope writes of the near-palace; Eugene Wood of the near-hovel. Anthony Hope deals with London society; Eugene Wood with an Ohio village. Anthony Hope's technique is refined to the utmost balancing of delicacy against effectiveness; Eugene Wood's is a homely homespun, artfully disclaiming art. Yet, strangely enough, Hope's "What Was Expected of Miss Constantine" and Wood's "That About Laura Hornbaker" are (allowing for differences of habitat) practically identical tales. The truth is that both writers, the one apparently naive, the other confessedly sophisticated, are true gossips; and we others, the "general reader" of the generalization, can laugh and smile equally with each and see ourselves in both.

❧

To misquote an old friend, Mr. Hamlin Garland "says a much disputed thing in such a solemn way" that he has been making many of us sit up and ask questions. There is, somehow, something about him that prevents us from dismissing his puzzling conundrums with the easy solution that "the little boy lied." I think that most of us, moreover, are fundamentally aware that there is a whole order of phenomena, actual enough, and doubtless understandable enough, of whose laws and of whose relations to our normal consciousness we are ignorant, and which, for convenience sake, we choose to ignore. You see there have been so many little boys, and so many of them *have* lied. And most of us are lazy out of business hours and prefer to get our explanations, like our washing, "done out." When they are all finished and nicely starched and ironed, we put them on and think no more about it. Those of us whose curiosity Mr. Garland has awakened and those of us whose interest was already on the *qui vive*, will find an exceptionally clear and unbiased summary of the serious modern investigation of the Shadow World in H. Addington Bruce's "The Riddle of Personality" (Moffat, Yard). This is a history of two movements: the investigations of the psychical researchers into the claims of spiritism and the phenomena of telepathy, and the studies of the psychologists and the psychopathologists in regard to our subconscious mentality and the vagaries of hypnotic control and double personalities. Another work, at once more technical and less conservative, is John Duncan Quackenbos's "Hypnotic Therapeutics in Theory and Practice" (Harper). The author is a physician, a hypnotist, an enthusiast, and a rhetorician. But he fails to segregate his qualifications. He writes for laymen in the scientific vernacular. He addresses rhapsodies to specialists. He quotes the poets to clench a scientific argument, and calls the Evangelists to the bar to prove a technical hypothesis. Only those who know as much as he does can discriminate between the defects of his qualities and the qualities of his defects.

❧

Eleven years ago I spent some hours on a big trolley-car marked, in large letters, "Seeing Denver." It held some fifty passengers, was switched first and last onto nearly every track in the city, and a young man with a good voice and unlimited information walked up and down the side step and gave us the benefit of both. To the best of my knowledge this trolley-car was the founder of a line, the original ancestor of an innumerable and widely scattered progeny. And I was reading a book the other day that made me think of it. It is called "A Man of Sark" (Baker, Taylor), but it might be called "Seeing Sailoring in 1800." The hero makes several trips on an English merchantman, switches to a privateer, is captured and impressed into the French navy, is recaptured by an English man-of-war, and sees the inside of a British war prison before he returns to the charming little heroine who repays him for his wanderings. The author, John Oxenham, like my young man in Denver, has a pleasant address and a fund of information. There are really worse things to do than to take a trip with him. Sark, by the way, like its neighbors, Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney, is one of the Channel Islands; but is presumably unknown to most of us because it has never had a cow named after it.

❧

Mr. H. G. Wells is a socialist. This is a shocking statement to make about a man, but Mr. Wells owns up to it himself. There has always been, and there will probably always be, a taint —one is almost tempted to say an attainter— of treason connected with the word "socialist." Twenty years ago nearly any reputable citizen would have knocked one down in reply to the epithet. Now the great majority of reputable citizens indorse, with perfect sincerity and perfect unconsciousness, the tenets of the socialism of that day. Twenty years hence the process will, likely enough, have repeated itself. Twenty years thence the same thing may have happened. Who knows but that, ultimately, our children may find themselves living under a decently organized socialistic State and holding the "socialism" and "socialists" of their time to be anathema maranatha. Meanwhile, there are many of us, adventurous and daredevil spirits, who, if we got the chance, would enjoy getting a real live socialist into a corner and making him tell us what he meant by it all; and Mr. Wells offers us the chance in "New Worlds for Old" (Macmillan). This is a statement, very lucid and direct, of the aims, ideals, and objects of socialism. Mr. Wells is considered by his fellow socialists to be a Utopian, and parts of his book amply bear out the judgment. But it is valuable for the intelligent simplicity of its explanations and its complete freedom from rancor.

* * *

I don't know how fire-crackers are done up nowadays. Some years ago, however, when I was an authority on the subject, there used to be in almost every pack one yellow and one green cracker. We called them, I remember, the king and queen. And we were fully persuaded that the green one made more noise than any red, and that the yellow one made most noise of all. As a matter of fact they frequently refused even to go off. But their exceptional intention was so evident that our faith never wavered, the tradition persisted, and when we opened a new pack we pounced upon them with expectations unabated. It seems to me that among us larger little boys and girls who amuse ourselves with current literature instead of crackers, there are also traditions. I found myself, some weeks ago, pouncing on Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Ancient Law" (Doubleday, Page). I do not, to tell the truth, remember that in the actual event either "The Battle Ground" or "The Deliverance" greatly excelled the red crackers of their respective packs; and "The Wheel of Life" certainly refused to explode. But their exceptional intention was evident. They were meant, unquestionably, to be in another category. And they seem to have founded a tradition. "The Ancient Law" is the story of a Virginian of birth and breeding who has served a term in state prison, and, after its expiration, returns under a new name to recapture his self-respect and his hold on life. The story has dignity, imaginative insight, many elements of excellence. Yet it attains, after all, but a negative effect in their employment. It rouses, in the reading, a conviction of artistic purpose; but it remains, in the retrospect, inconclusive in its achievement. It wears, in fine, a green jacket, but many a red cracker makes more noise.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Black Bag" (Bobbs-Merrill). A sequence of excitement by Joseph Vance, author of "The Brass Bowl." One of the stories that goes around and around in mad pursuit of a mystery and ends by sitting down and looking foolish—like a dog that has been chasing its own tail.

"The Career of a Journalist" (B. W. Dodge). An open confession, apparently very good for the soul of William Salisbury, late of the Kansas City, Chicago, and New York press. A chatty volume full of news that was never printed.

"The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia" (Moffat, Yard). A silly season romance of amateur conspirators in a Balkan state, rather pleasantly told by James Locke.

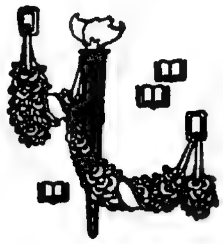
"The Fair Lavinia and Others" (Harper). A volume of New England stories by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman which are not without a suggestion of being gleanings from a field already carefully harvested.

"American Birds" (Scribner). Studies and observations by William Lovell Finley, illustrated by photographs which at once explain and are explained by the text. A work of self-evident good faith.

"Memoirs of Monsieur Claude" (Houghton, Mifflin). Selections by Katherine Prescott Wormley from the lengthy memoirs of a Parisian chief of police under Napoleon III. A curious but only moderately interesting bit of self-revelation by a man of limited ability and unlimited conceit.

"The Wife of Narcissus" (Moffat, Yard). A salad of satire and idealism by Annulet Andrews. The story of a young girl's admission to a fake Bohemia, her disillusionment and her deliverance.

"Pragmatism" (Longmans, Green). An extremely interesting attempt by William James to establish, define, and defend a working criterion for philosophical judgment.



UNDER THE·SPREADING CHESTNUT·TREE

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow passengers are most congenial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."

* * *

A gentleman undertook to purchase a waist for his wife.

"What bust?" inquired the saleswoman.

"Why, I didn't hear anything."

* * *

A lady, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the Army and Navy Stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven, or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman," she sighed, "she was married twice."

* * *

A very stout old lady, bustling through the park on a sweltering hot day, became aware that she was being closely followed by a rough-looking tramp.

"What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she indignantly demanded. The tramp slunk back a little. But when the stout lady resumed her walk he again took up his position directly behind her.

"See here," she exclaimed, wheeling angrily, "if you don't go away at once I shall call a policeman!"

The unfortunate man looked up at her appealingly.

"For Heaven's sake, kind lady, have mercy an' don't call a policeman; ye're the only shady spot in the whole park."

* * *

One of our subscribers writes us that William Balfour Ker's picture "The First Spank" reminds him of the following story: A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper, when the tears had dried somewhat, turned to his mother. "Mother," he asked, "did grandpa spank father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother impressively.

"And did his father whip him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did *his* father spank *him?*"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started this thing, anyway?"

◆

Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length. On his return from the services, there being company to dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the mince pie and cakes. Some time afterward, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands pressed tightly over his ribs and an expression of awful anxiety on his face.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm.

"Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."

◆

"It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said a business man to his son; "but it's more important still that you should first know yourself.

"For instance. A noisy bunch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and demanded, none too sweetly: 'What do you want?'

"'Ish thish the residence of Mr. Smith?' inquired the man on the steps, with an elaborate bow.

"'It is. What do you want?'

"'Ish it possible I have the honor shpeakin' to Misshus Shmith?'

"'Yes. What do you want?'

"'Dear Misshus Shmith! Good Misshus Shmith! Will you—hic—come down an' pick out Mr. Shmith? The resh of us want to go home.'"

◆

There cannot be much satisfaction in "goin' around and lickin' the editor" when the latter not only makes copy out of the encounter but pictures himself as the hero as well. The following vivid pen-picture is taken from the editorial columns of an Iowa journal:

"There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick maneuver threw him on top of us, bringing our back, at the same time, in contact with the solid bed of the printing-press. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him!"

◆

A Scottish parson, still on the under side of forty, was driving home from an outlying hamlet when he overtook a young woman. He recognized her as the maid of all work at a farm which he would pass, so he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary gladly accepted his offer and they chatted pleasantly all the way to the farm gate.

"Thank you, sir," she said as she got down.

"Don't mention it, Mary. Don't mention it," he told her politely.

"No, I won't," Mary obligingly assured him.

◆

A nervous commuter, on his dark, lonely way home from the railroad station, heard footsteps behind him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He increased his speed. The footsteps quickened accordingly. The commuter darted down a lane. The footsteps still pursued him. In desperation he vaulted over a fence and, rushing into a churchyard, threw himself panting on one of the graves.

"If he follows me here," he thought fearfully, "there can be no doubt as to his intentions."

The man behind *was* following. He could hear him scrambling over the fence. Visions of highwaymen, maniacs, garroters, and the like flashed through his brain. Quivering with fear the nervous one arose and faced his pursuer.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Wh-why are you following me?"

"Say," asked the stranger, mopping his brow, "do you always go home like this, or are you giving yourself a special treat to-night? I'm going up to Mr. Brown's, and the man at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking you, but is there much more to do before we get there?"

◆

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President*
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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THE first number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE under our management was the June issue, 1903. This, then, is our fifth anniversary. The publication was four years old when we bought it. Robert C. Ogden, of the firm of John Wanamaker, handed the magazine over to us with a clean record and high ideals. He assured us of his confidence that he would never have cause to regret making it possible for us to secure the property, and predicted for our administration a high measure of success.

True to its heritage, it has been our purpose to keep EVERYBODY'S clean and wholesome. On our own account we have added to the magazine another ambition, or obligation, if you will—that it be helpful. Many magazines are helpful; they entertain and even instruct, but helpfulness is not their object, or, if it is, that object is not primary. We believe it is easier to make such a magazine than the one we have set ourselves to make. A magazine that aims to be helpful—seriously, aggressively helpful—has got to be made mighty interesting—more interesting than a magazine whose primary object is entertainment—or its circulation will sink through editorial heaviness.

Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, addressing Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York *Journal*, on an occasion, said: "I represent the journalism that everybody respects and nobody reads. You, Mr. Brisbane, represent the journalism that everybody reads and nobody respects." This was meant and accepted facetiously. Most of the *Journal* readers do respect the *Journal*. Some of the *Post's* readers do not respect the *Post*.

We set out to make a magazine that everybody would read and everybody would respect. Of course not "everybody" literally, but "everybody" as representing millions, who would "respect" it not because it was harmless but because it was actually, definitely helpful.

Our experience had been secured on magazines of entertainment. We were ambitious to make a try at the harder field—the helpful magazine. Candor compels us to admit that we were ambitious to do something hard, as well as to do something helpful—what is there in most of us that sends us mountain-climbing? How stale life must be to the man who has lost his daring!

SOME ENEMIES

Well, we have made what we have made. You know how EVERYBODY'S is regarded. We are detested by some and known to all. Our circulation averages around five hundred thousand a month, four hundred thousand being handled on the news stands of the country, at fifteen cents a copy, which is a fair evidence of popularity—and one hundred thousand yearly subscribers. We have more circulation than any other general magazine with the possible exception of one of the magazines of entertainment selling at ten cents. We carry more advertising than any other general magazine, so that in all that goes to measure the success of a publication—circulation, advertising, and a propitious outlook—we seem to have succeeded.

We have made mistakes; some of them you know, many of them you don't; which reminds us of the public man from Pennsylvania who didn't know quite where he stood in regard to Roosevelt, and who was scheduled for an interview with the President. When he found himself confronting the latter, he began a carefully prepared speech that was intended to leave him exactly where he started—on both sides of the fence.

"Mr. President," said he, "while the people down in my part of the country realize that you have made some mistakes, they—" just here the President chopped him off short, speaking with rather more than his accustomed energy, punctuating his remark with a powerful forefinger. "Mr. Blank," he said, "the people down in your part of the country don't know *half* the mistakes that I have made."

WHAT TAFT SAYS

While EVERYBODY'S has about it all the evidences of success, EVERYBODY'S Publishers have not succeeded unless they have proved helpful. Remember, that was the task we set ourselves, to be interesting *and* helpful. Secretary Taft, addressing 500 men at the Sphinx Club dinner, gave us some reason for believing that we have helped a little. He said: "Magazines hold the mirror up to existing conditions of morality, and reflect with great accuracy the popular changes in this regard. In the last four years there has been a note of warning to the people of the United States, that prosperous as they have been, marvelous as has been their industrial expansion, great as has been the increase of comfort and convenience of living of all classes, whether rich or poor, there has been in the discharge of certain fidelity trusts, in the conduct of certain great corporate affairs, and in certain enormous business operations, a clearly distinct element of dishonesty, illegality, and disregard of moral principle, and that unless it is checked by public condemnation and protest, there is grave danger that the moral foundations of the business of the country will be sapped and degradation and disaster follow.

"The magazines of this country, through the articles written on the subject, have left no doubt where they stand in respect to this moral awakening, and have proven to be potent instruments for the preaching of a crusade against the mammon of unrighteousness."

SELFISHNESS THE BOTTOM EVIL

We are glad to share with other publishers in this tribute to magazine efficiency, and we hope to continue to deserve the approval of right-minded, right-hearted people. The great danger to America just now is that the "moral awakening" will go to sleep again; that we will lose interest in the other fellow as our personal interests weigh down upon us; that selfishness will again take the saddle and ride down the Knights of the Common Good.

Selfishness seems to be at the bottom of the ills that afflict us; selfishness that will not give the other fellow a chance; selfishness that burrows or browbeats or buys its way to its own advantage and the other fellow's hurt, and sacrifices friendship and the hope of heaven for a gaudy bauble.

If the time should ever come when as a people we shall be as insistent for the rights of others as we are for our own, the whole world will wish to come and live with us.

We believe that here in America there is more real freedom and fraternity, more toleration and consideration than anywhere else in the world. We believe that the great majority of us have high ideals of business and family life. Resting in these assurances, we shall go on trying to make a helpful, interesting, successful magazine, bespeaking your warm support when we merit it, and your hot protest when we merit it. For the future, our hope is that we may help to equalize opportunity, and to set upon the national altar the high principle of the Common Good, for which men will sacrifice private interest and esteem the sacrifice worthy.

◆

WANTED—MR. HAWLEY

When our seven-per-cent. gold bonds were first offered to the public through the announcement in this magazine, we received a subscription for one bond with a deposit of ten per cent. ($10) from Mr. B. Hawley, 1111 Harvard Avenue, ——. From that day to this, we have heard nothing from this subscriber, and we have been unable to communicate with him owing to the incomplete address given.

Evidently the intention to invest was reconsidered and it was assumed that the deposit of $10 was forfeited. We wish Mr. Hawley to know that this is not the case, as the $10 stands credited to his account. In the hope that he is still one of our readers we take this means of reaching him, and we shall be pleased to refund the $10; or he may still obtain the bond for which he subscribed if he wishes to send $90 to complete the payment.

LINCOLN STEFFENS' UNPRECEDENTED ACHIEVEMENT: ROOSEVELT, TAFT, LA FOLLETTE

Discuss the Trouble with America and the Remedy

Vol. XVIII
Everybody's Magazine
No. 6

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Fifth Avenue and 37th Street New York

Everybody's Advertisers

"GOING THROUGH THE WORKS" OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

We all like to go through "the works." When in the neighborhood of the factory of some familiar product we enjoy being guided through the successive steps of its manufacture.

Wouldn't you also like to be taken through the stages of the commercial distribution of one of these products? The steps of that distribution are perhaps even more interesting than the steps of the manufacture: for while the manufacture is a physical affair, the distribution is a science of human nature.

If you, for instance, had an industrial product to which you wanted to give a wide commercial distribution, what would you do? Realizing the prodigious part the magazines play in producing commercial value, you would probably write to your favorite popular magazine for advice. The magazine would inquire for details, and then give you preliminary suggestions, afterwards counseling you to take the expert advice of some well-tested advertising agency.

The agency begins with you at the question of distribution among retail dealers: how to get it if you have none, how to extend it if you have some already. So, if you study these advertisements, you will see at least two kinds:—

One kind are pure publicity, like those of the well-known soaps, razors, foods, automobiles, etc. Such "pure publicity" advertisements show that the distribution among dealers is accomplished, the public only needing to be reminded of what they can readily buy anywhere.

The other kind, you observe, begin further back. They say, "If not carried by your dealer, write to us, etc." This sort indicates that distribution is still being sought. The letters received from each locality are used as convincing arguments to the retailer why he should carry this product; they prove to him that there is a growing demand for it. He is also affected by seeing the advertisements themselves, and lest he may not see them all, the advertiser frequently sends him a copied exhibit of them. At the same time, any direct sales made by mail pay for the advertising campaign.

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Here, for example, is a letter from one advertiser which illustrates the progress of distribution. He began business about four years ago; now he has an extensive distribution but is seeking more.

THE GUTH CHOCOLATE CO.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 4th, 1908

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, Adv. Mgr., EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: It should interest you to know something of our experience in advertising the *Chocolats au Guth* in your magazine.

We used last year half pages, the same copy appearing in about seven mediums. The direct results were excellent, *those from* EVERYBODY'S *exceeding the aggregate results from all the others.* One result from EVERYBODY'S was the development of seventy new agencies which now carry our goods exclusively. Another result was direct mail orders for our Dollar Chocolates with a profit that much more than paid the advertising bill, and the renewed orders of their purchasers are still coming in.

My only conclusion is that EVERYBODY'S readers are interested in the highest grade of confections, and have the quick money to buy them; and moreover that retailers who are looking for profitable opportunities look in EVERYBODY'S to find them.

CHARLES G. GUTH, President.

Naturally we are gratified at the compliment this letter pays the readers of EVERYBODY'S.

But it is still more significant of the commercial progress, going on under the eyes of us all, due to advertising. *Aren't some of you, among our readers, manufacturing a product which is susceptible of a distinctive trade mark?* If so, why not make an asset of that trade mark through national advertising? The asset of public good will toward a trade-marked name cannot be easily undermined. Write to us about it and let us give you the value of our experience.

"FAMILIAR IN THEIR MOUTHS AS HOUSEHOLD WORDS"—

Baker's Cocoa

It Has Held the Market with Constantly Increasing Sales for 128 Years and Has Received 50 Highest Awards in Europe and America.

Registered U. S. Pat. Office

Our illustrated Booklet, containing choice recipes by Miss Parloa and other noted teachers, will tell you how to make good cocoa and lots of dainty dishes. *Sent free.*

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Royal Muskoka Hotel
1000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

MUSKOKA

Muskoka Lakes, Canada

"The Grandest Spot in all America"

Lakes of Blue, Set with Isles of Emerald

Canoeing, Bathing, Fishing, beautiful Water Trips, Golf and Tennis.

Modern hotel, excellent cuisine, cool verandas and homelike rooms perfumed by the fragrant pines. Hay-fever unknown.

Less than a day's journey from principal American cities, via Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago. Solid trains from Buffalo and Toronto.

Handsomely illustrated descriptive matter sent free on application to

G. W. VAUX, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
F. P. DWYER, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
E. H. BOYNTON, 360 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
W. ROBINSON, 506 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

W. E. DAVIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal.

G. T. BELL,
Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent,
Montreal.

Lackawanna Railroad

Your Summer Vacation?

The vacation question in all its details is fully answered in the 1908 Summer Book of the Lackawanna Railroad, entitled

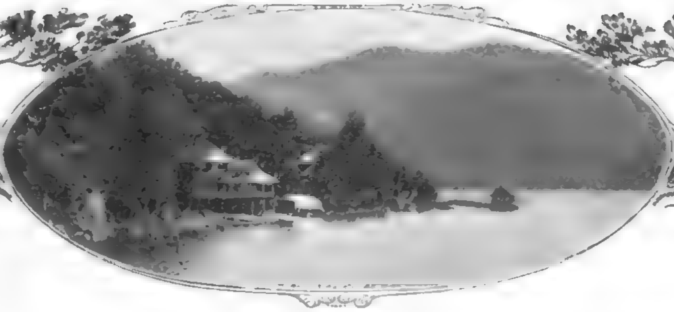
"MOUNTAIN AND LAKE RESORTS"

It tells you where you can fish, hunt, bathe, swim, row, sail, paddle, motor, golf, climb, ride, dance or rest. It gives a list of Hotels, boarding houses, rates, railroad fares, etc. It takes you to the very heart of Nature's playground.

Send 10c. in stamps and this beautifully illustrated book of 112 pages will be mailed to you, or it may be obtained Free at any Lackawanna Ticket Office.

GEORGE A. CULLEN
General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad
Dept. 2, 90 West St., New York

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request



In the Adirondack Mountains

you can wear business clothes or a dress suit, fish, hunt or camp, play tennis, golf, bowl, dance or lose yourself among the mountains' shady nooks and quiet retreats. You can stop at palatial hotels, boarding-houses, farm-houses, cottages or camps, just as you desire.

The Adirondacks, the National Playground, are easily reached from all directions by the New York Central Lines.

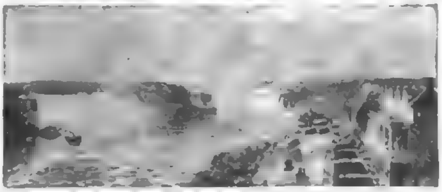
I will gladly send you an itinerary of a trip from your home city to the Adirondack Mountains and return (side trips if you wish)—illustrated literature, maps, information on hotels and incidental expenses—and sum up the entire trip into an approximate cost.

Address J. F. FAIRLAMB, G.P.A., Room 356, Grand Central Station, New York

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CANADA



THE CLIFTON HOTEL

DIRECTLY FACING BOTH FALLS

Just completed and up to date in every respect. Open winter and summer.

Rates $4 to $6 per day on the American Plan

APPLY FOR BOOKLET

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—ten minutes' ride from city, close to the great South Park System. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing and good music. Table always the best. Has nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda overlooking Lake Michigan. For handsomely illustrated booklet address Manager.

51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago

NEW YORK CITY

THE : BROADWAY : CENTRAL

Only American Plan Hotel in New York

In the heart of the shopping district. Convenient to all theatres and subways. 600 rooms with electric lights, telephones in all rooms. American plan $2.50 per day; European plan $1.00 per day and up. Send for large, colored map of New York, free.

EVERYBODY'S HOTEL SERVICE

"Making a Newspaper"

By John L. Given, recently N. Y. *Evening Sun*

A book that should be read by everyone who aims to keep abreast of the times. Discloses intensely interesting activities that go on right under your eyes without your seeing them. Also answers questions would-be journalists and advertising writers ask. Chapters on "Getting a Situation," "Salaries." Many anecdotes. Over 100 leading newspapers say it gives the facts. Third edition, 325 pages. At booksellers $1.50. By mail $1.62.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 West 33rd Street, New York

The question of life after death is vividly discussed in the books of Professor James H. Hyslop:

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH and THE RESURRECTION
BORDERLAND of PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, ENIGMAS of PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, SCIENCE and a FUTURE LIFE

At all bookstores, each $1.50 net ; *postage, 12 cents additional.*

Professor Hyslop, who formerly held the chair of Ethics and Logic at Columbia, is the founder and Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and Vice-President of the English Society for Psychical Research. He has long been recognized as the leading American scientific authority on this subject.

Your address on a post card will bring you a pamphlet describing fully these and other important books on psychical research, which *Gladstone* pronounced *"the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important."*

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Publishers, 16 Beacon Street, Boston

EVERYBODY'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Universities and Colleges

Washington College

An ideal school for girls and young women, located on a beautiful estate of 10 acres, within the National Capital. Surrounded and within easy reach of the many and varied educational institutions for which Washington is famed.

Cultured instructors; **delightful** home life; **refined** associations; **sight-seeing** systematized; **social** advantages wholesome. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Catalogue on request.

F. MENEFEE, President, 3rd and T Sts., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Chevy Chase College and Seminary

A Home School for Young Ladies. Campus of 11 acres. Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Golf and other out-door sports. Healthful location; artesian water. Terms reasonable. MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Prins., Drawer 841, Washington, D. C.

Emerson College of Oratory

Largest School of Oratory, Literature and Pedagogy in America. Summer Session. 29th year opens Sept. 28th. Address HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, Dean, Chickering Hall, Huntington Avenue, Boston.

CLARK COLLEGE

Worcester, Massachusetts

CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Ph.D., LL.D., President

Three year course, leading to degree of Bachelor of Arts. Tuition $50 a year—no extras. Admission on certificate and recommendation of Principals. A college for students devoted to work. Skilful medical inspection without charge. Gymnasium with competent director. No intercollegiate athletics. For information, address R. C. BENTLEY, Dean.

Harvard Dental School

A Department of Harvard University. Unusual facilities for practical work. The Infirmary is open daily and students have access to the City Hospitals. A three years' course, leading to the degree Doctor Dental Medicine. New buildings. Modern equipment. Large Clinic. Write for catalog. EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean, 283 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

1831–Lindenwood College for Women–1908

Fifty minutes from St. Louis; all departments usually carried in Women's Colleges; forty-six thousand dollars of new buildings ready for use. For catalogue apply to GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES, Pres't, St. Charles, Mo.

Wilson College

FOR WOMEN

Chambersburg, Pa.

An institution that compares favorably with the highest grade women's colleges in the country. Four years' course leading to degree A. B. A finely equipped music department affords many advantages for the study of both vocal and instrumental music. Art department. Faculty of 33 experienced teachers. Fourteen buildings with all modern improvements. Fifty acres of grounds. Healthful location. Terms moderate. For catalog address M. H. REASER, Ph.D., Pres. 64 College Ave.

SHORTER COLLEGE, Rome, Ga.

Founded and endowed by Alfred Shorter, 1877

FOR LADIES—A College of unsurpassed excellence. All usual departments. Delightful home. Superb location. Ideal climate. Famed for health.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

FLORENCE, ITALY

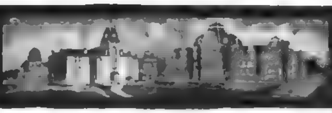
An advanced School of Aesthetic Culture. Music, Painting, Sculpture, Languages, etc. The one college in Europe for American ladies. Luxurious home. Large faculty of great masters—the best in Europe.

THOMAS. J. SIMMONS, A. M., LL.D., President of both Colleges, will send Catalogues or other information on request. Write today. Address, Rome, Ga. (U. S. A.) P. O. Box 1014.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Universities and Colleges

BRENAU COLLEGE CONSERVATORY



FOR YOUNG LADIES **GAINESVILLE, GA.**

THREE HUNDRED BOARDERS—representing twenty-six states. Varied courses. Faculty, thirty specialists with American and European training. Ideal location in Piedmont region of the South, near Atlanta. Ten buildings with all modern conveniences and elegant equipment. Fifty new pianos, two pipe organs. Chapter houses for sororities. Gymnasium and athletic field. Outdoor games. Expenses, $300-$500. Paris branch, party sailing in September. Summer School June 24.—Send for CATALOGUE

CONVERSE COLLEGE

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

800 feet above sea-level. 35 miles from Blue Ridge Mountains. 61 degrees mean annual temperature. High-grade College for Women. Music Conservatory and School of Art.

ROBERT P. PELL, Litt.D., Pres.

College for Women

Columbia, S. C.

Courses of study leading to A. B., B. S., and A. M. Departments of Music, Art, etc. Ideal location. For Catalogue, address **E. McClintock, President.**

Hardin College and Conservatory

For Young Women. The College—A University trained faculty. The Conservatory—German Standards. Art, Elocution, Cooking Courses and Business Courses. Write for Catalogue. JOHN W. MILLION, President, 1213 College Place, Mexico, Mo.

Glendale College for Women.

Surburban to Cincinnati. Attractive, pleasant buildings. Large grounds. Specialists in every department and ample equipment insure fine results. Art and Music.

Miss R. J. DEVORE, A. M., President, Glendale, Ohio.

Powhatan College

Largest woman's college in the State. College preparatory and full college courses; Music, Art, Elocution. Normal course for teachers and a well-equipped Business Course. Beautiful and healthful location. Buildings magnificent and finely equipped. For illustrated catalogue, address S. P. HATTON, A.M., LL.D., President, Charles Town, W. Va.

Academical and Preparatory Boys

The Washington School for Boys

Located in the country, but within easy access to the wonderful educational opportunities of the National Capital. Boarding and day departments. One teacher for every five pupils. Boys of any age received. Athletic grounds. Year Book on request. 4028 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, District of Columbia.

Buford College

Nashville, Tennessee

Limited, Select Home College for the Higher Culture of Women. Non-Denominational, Non-Sectarian. Thoroughly Christian. Enrollment Strictly One Hundred.

Ideal location, excellent equipment, splendid opportunities. Sanitation practically perfect; no death in the history of the college. Beautiful highland campus of 25 acres. Athletics and physical culture emphasized. College garden, dairy, hennery, water plant, steam-heat plant and laundry. Chalybeate and sulphur wells and cistern. Complete, comprehensive curriculum of fourteen schools—English, Mathematics, History, Natural Science, Philosophy, Religions, Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, Music, Expression, Art, Practical Course, Journalism and Library Training, leading to corresponding degrees, University Bible Course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music and Expression. Faculty of experienced University and Conservatory specialists, supplemented by a scholarly Lecture Corps. Patronage—national and foreign, representing twenty-five States and five nationalities. Term opens September 17, 1908. Year book free.

MR. E. G. BUFORD, Regent **MRS. E. G. BUFORD, President**

Virginia College

For YOUNG LADIES, Roanoke, Virginia

Opens Sept. 24, 1908. One of the leading Schools for Young Ladies in the South. Modern building. Campus of ten acres. Grand mountain scenery in Valley of Virginia, famed for health. European and American teachers. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music and Elocution. Certificates received at Wellesley. Students from 30 States. Moderate rates. For catalogue address

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-Pres.

Southern Female College

$200 to $300 per year. A beautiful college home for girls and young women, after highest Virginia standards. Students from 20 States. Preparatory, advanced and finishing courses. Music, art, elocution. Five buildings. Gymnasium. Social training. 46th year-book. ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, A.M., Pres., Box 209, Petersburg, Virginia.

Academical and Preparatory Boys

Rumsey Hall

Parents contemplating placing a boy in school are cordially invited to inspect Rumsey Hall. Three hours from New York City. Telephone, Canaan Division 59-21. Catalogue on request. Cornwall, Conn.

Cheshire School

Founded A. D. 1794

Situated on high ground in the beautiful rolling country of Central Connecticut. College and general courses, combined with a well directed physical training. Modern equipment. Appeals to parents requiring a careful and thorough education for their sons. Acquaint yourself with the advantages this school offers before deciding upon a boarding school for *your* boy.

Rev. JOHN D. SKILTON, M. A., Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

Academical and Preparatory Boys

THE ALLEN SCHOOL

Location—One of Boston's exclusive suburbs.
Individual Instruction—Nine teachers for sixty boys.
Thorough Preparation—For any college, scientific or business school.
Athletic Training—Four-acre athletic field. Large Gymnasium, Marble Swimming Pool, Physical Director. For catalogue, address,

EVERETT STARR JONES, Headmaster, Box P, West Newton, Mass.

For Boys
Morgan Park Academy

(Cooperating with University of Chicago)

The Character Building School. Military system. Manual training. Small classes under tutorial system. All instructors have university training. Certificate admits to Chicago and other universities. Address

Box 14, MORGAN PARK ACADEMY, Morgan Park, Ill.

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Offers the romantic life of the Maine woods. Exceptional home building. Forty boys to eight teachers. A private Pullman, under charge of a Master, to and from Boston. Gymnasium. GEORGE DUDLEY CHURCH, Head Master, Farmington, Maine.

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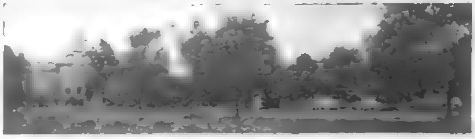

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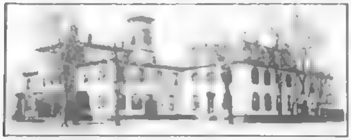

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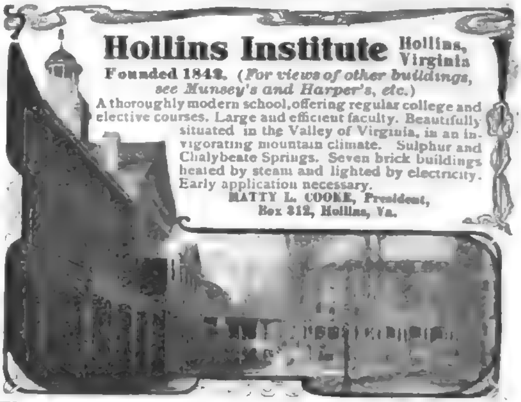

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THE MERCHANT WHO FOUND HIMSELF

A CERTAIN merchant in the East, owning a retail clothing business left by his father, found himself a few years ago with surplus money and energy that led him to establish another store in a nearby town.

Now, his father had drawn the best patronage in that city by selling leading lines of men's hats, the name of any one of which is nationally known for high quality. The elder merchant had carried two of them almost from the first year their manufacturers had made hats. There are certain standard makes of men's clothing, and this store had for two years carried one of them. It was the same with shoes, collars, shirts, underclothing, etc. The stock comprised everything needed to fit out a man or a boy. But every article was sold on the reputation of the manufacturer, and bore his label, which was well and favorably known through national advertising.

The son had continued this policy. But now he thought it time he was making a reputation for himself. Everything sold in his new store should bear his own label, and nobody else's. He wanted his name on the best merchandise, however, so he went to the manufacturers of those very lines handled by his father and himself, and arranged to get precisely the same goods, to sell at the same prices, but with his own label attached instead of the manufacturer's.

When his new store opened it had identically the same merchandise as the old one, except for the makers' names. The merchant advertised liberally in the local papers. He guaranteed the trustworthiness of everything sold. He laid emphasis on his reputation, his experience, his skill as a buyer. His store immediately took the leading patronage in that city.

At the end of three seasons, however, the proprietor went to the manufacturers, acknowledged that he was wrong, and directed that their own labels be restored to what he bought. Trade was not increasing as it should. The old store showed greater growth in the same period than the new, though the latter was in new territory. It took too much time to persuade customers that a hat made by the well-known Blank Company, bearing only this merchant's name, was as good as the same hat bearing Blank's name. So the old labels were restored, and during the fourth season the gains in trade were more than *double* the whole growth during the first three seasons. To-day that shop bears a large sign. At the top is the merchant's name, and underneath the names of fully a dozen manufacturers of standard articles of men's wearing apparel. He is glad to let it be known that these manufacturers are, as it were, partners in his business.

The retail merchant is doing the best for his patrons and himself when he puts most of his energy and ability into the work of selecting and distributing goods, and leaves manufacturing and the making of reputation to the producers. Some merchants buy goods too cheap, and others too dear. Some carefully select stock that is n't in demand. Others buy too much. In the end there is dead stock, dead trade, dead capital, and a dead business.

—

Nationally advertised goods carry the least risk of becoming dead stock. Live energy is behind them. More than that, real demand is behind them, for the manufacturer has tested them in many markets to find out whether the public really wants them, and whether it will want them again, and again, and again — and yet again. Enormous national sales are necessary to pay advertising bills, because competition keeps the advertising expense down to an infinitesimal fraction on each sale. A good deal is heard from time to time of the commodity that is ten cents value and ninety cents advertising. But who ever knew such a commodity to gain a national demand or hold it?

Nationally advertised merchandise has behind it the element of publicity that gives news value, tells the consumer what he is buying, and makes stability of quality imperative. The merchant who handles merchandise advertised in this way is going with a powerful current of distributive energy. Retail experience has demonstrated that it is to his best interest to paddle a little with the current himself.

The Quoin Club
T⊥T⊥T Key

THIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address

Quoin Club

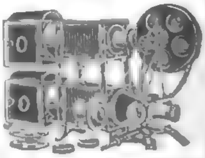
111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

16 Ft. Steel Launch with 2H.P.Engine complete $96

[illegible] 25 foot launches at proportionate prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever — simplest engine made, starts without cranking, has only 3 moving parts. Steel rowboats, $[illegible] All boats fitted with watertight compartments, [illegible] need no boathouse. We are the largest manufacturers of pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled the day they are received. We sell direct to user, cutting out all middlemen's profits. Free catalogue.

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO.
1280 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate Five Cent Theatres in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented. Profits $10 to over $100 per night. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.
AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 450 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

$25.00 Per Week

IF YOU EARN LESS

I can DOUBLE your Salary or Income

by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising. My system of instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the hearty indorsement of the great experts and publishers and I am anxious to send my Prospectus, together with the most remarkable facsimile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instruction, if you are interested. I will show you how to earn from $25 to $100 per week.

GEORGE H. POWELL
883 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y. City

Will Make a First Class Book-keeper

of you in six weeks for $3.00 or RETURN MONEY; distance and experience immaterial; I find **POSITIONS**, too, everywhere, FREE; **9,246** testimonials! Placed pupil Mar. 17 at **$50** per week; perhaps can place **YOU**, too! SAVE THIS AND WRITE.

J. H. GOODWIN, EXPERT ACCOUNTANT
Room 238, 1215 Broadway, New York

Government Positions

46,712 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is practical, personal and thorough. My graduates are successful. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

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DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
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"HOW TO REMEMBER"
Sent Free to Readers of this Publication

MY BOOK FREE
THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Stop Forgetting

Your are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will public speaking, personality. Send for Free Booklet.

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We fit you to pass the C. P. A. Examination and equip you for practice anywhere. Our instruction is individual—no classes.

Course embraces **Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law**—also **Bookkeeping** and **Business Practice.**

Write to-day to Dept. B, mentioning subject that interests you

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YOU HEAR THE EXACT PRONUNCIATION OF EACH WORD AND PHRASE. A few minutes' practice several times a day at spare moments gives a thorough mastery of conversational **French, German, Spanish, or Italian.**

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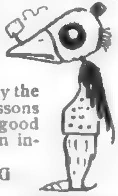
IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small.

Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address, U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 3, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Can You Draw This?



Copy it as well as you can, send to us and we will give you a handsome portfolio of drawings by the noted artist, Charles Lederer. A course of lessons by mail, at home, may qualify you to earn a good salary as an artist and cartoonist. Instruction individual and exactly adapted to your talent.

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Chattanooga, Tennessee

WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DRAW

You can earn $20 to $50 and upwards per week.

We have **Successfully** taught all branches of drawing by correspondence since 1898. **Practical, personal** instruction. Experienced teachers. Art Director educated in Europe. Positions guaranteed. Successful students everywhere. Illustrated Year Book free.

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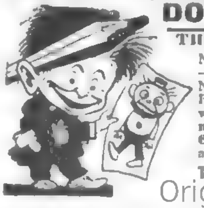


THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW

Now, we **will not** give you any **grand prize**—or a lot of **free stuff** if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you **rich in a week.** But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can **make money,** send a copy of this picture, with **6 cents** in stamps for **portfolio** of **cartoons** and **sample lesson** plate and let us explain.

The W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
333 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Time=Equals=Money

WE want people of all ages to represent *Everybody's Magazine.* All that is needed for equipment is time and enthusiasm. The only requirements for success are neatness, civility and perseverance. The pay is sure and takes the form of a salary, in addition to a liberal commission.

Our representatives have to go among the best people, consequently we want the best representatives we can get.

But to good representatives we will give the most helpful kind of hints that will make the work pleasant and interesting, even to an amateur.

There are a great many people who regard a prejudice as being just the same thing as a reason. If you should ask one of them to act as representative for anything that was printed on paper from type, they would draw themselves up indignantly and say, "I don't care to be a book agent."

It wouldn't make any difference how well it paid, whether they needed the money, whether they had work that they liked, or whether they had no work at all. The mere fact that they had met certain types of agents whom they didn't like would be sufficient reason why they shouldn't think about the matter at all.

Everybody's Magazine already has the reputation of being the best and most interesting $1.50 publication in the country. Its editors have this reputation constantly in mind and are always striving to live up to it. It is also one of the most widely advertised magazines in the country.

These facts all make the work easier for its representatives.

We should like to send you our salary offer for the summer months, together with some suggestions to representatives. If, for any reason, you wish to start in next fall with more money than you have now, we believe that we can interest you.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

The World's Best

Mystery and Detective Stories

Edited by Julian Hawthorne

Six Charming Volumes
101 Strange Stories
The Review of Reviews
For Two Years
} Only **50 Cents** Advance Payment

The Most Entertaining and Thrilling Library Ever Published

Whether a De Quincey classic, or an up-to-date Marion Crawford or Kipling or Sherlock Holmes; a Poe tale of terror, or an intense love story by De Maupassant; a jesting skit from Thackeray, or a tremendous human tragedy from Balzac; a true narrative from a "Medium" who gives away the secrets of his craft, or the gorgeous adventures of some Oriental thief-catcher, translated from the Sanskrit of several thousand years ago — **in every case** you will find your interest caught in some tantalizing puzzle, and held to the end, by the pen of one of the world's master-novelists.

Before the Art of Writing was Invented

there were story tellers in Eastern cities whose business was to make men forget the heat of summer nights. These absorbing mysteries will make readers forget the noise and heat of the workshops of to-day and help them to relax. It is a historical fact that the great Bismarck for recreation read detective stories. Here is the greatest collection ever made from the literature of all nations put up in convenient volumes for your entertainment.

JOSEPH G. CANNON says: "It seems to me you have gathered from the ocean of such literature that which deserves to have been born, and, having been born, deserves to be preserved."

SPEAKER CANNON'S Secretary adds:

"The Speaker has placed these books in his own room, where he can conveniently pick up a volume and throw off the cares of the day with relaxation and the enjoyment of this new series."

ELIHU ROOT says:

"It is an admirable selection, and will, I am sure, give pleasure to a great many people who cannot have at hand the entire works from which they are selected."

LYMAN ABBOTT says:

"I confess for myself a fondness for detective stories. They carry me out of my ordinary routine of work."

For the First Time in English

Not only is the Mystery Library new in plan—the stories themselves will be found surprisingly unfamiliar. Many of them appear for the first time in English, in **special translations made for this set** from Scandinavian, German, Russian, French, Japanese, Italian and Latin. Many more, even those by well-known authors familiar wherever English is spoken, will be **surprising** to you, coming as they do from rare editions or being adapted into readable length from works so cumbersome as to be little seen nowadays.

Why this Searching and Translating

The labor entailed in the editing of this set amounted to thousands of dollars. You ask how can such books printed from new plates be sold for such a price — The answer is — we want more discriminating Americans to see the REVIEW OF REVIEWS during the Presidential year, and we are willing to sacrifice the initial investment of time and dollars and offer the books at the mere cost of paper and printing in order to bring the magazine into every intelligent home.

THE OFFER — Cut off the coupon and mail to-day. A set of the first edition will be shipped by express, charges prepaid, at once. Your subscription for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will be entered for two years. If already a subscriber your expiration date will be extended two years. You examine the books in your home. If you like them pay 50 cents a month for 12 months or $6.50 in all for the six volumes and the two years' subscription. If you don't like the books you may return them at our expense.

E.M.

Send me a set of the new Library of Detective Stories and enter my subscription for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS two years. Herewith 50 cents, my first payment. If I like the books I will make further payments of 50 cents a month for 12 months.

Name ....

Address ....

The Review of Reviews Company
13 Astor Place, New York.

The next

THE JULY

ANNE WARNER

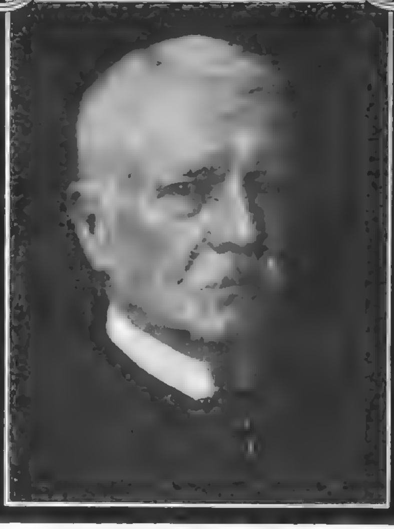


Photo by Hollinger & Co., New York
DR. WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON

Photo by Alice Boughton, New York
ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

Is Insanity in the Blood or in the Brain?

Dr. W. Hanna Thomson, whose article in this number will make you think a whole lot more than you have thought in a long time, is quite sure that insanity is fundamentally a blood disease. The "regulars" will quarrel with him with disdainful scorn. But the controversy is going to be of more than casual interest. You can start right, and at the beginning, if you read the July *Everybody's*.

Why is Bryan? Why is Johnson of Minnesota?

Lincoln Steffens, the truth-hunter and trapper, has the answers to both of these questions by the men themselves. You may or may not like William Jennings Bryan. But you cannot help liking the candor and simplicity with which he responds to the test of a straightforward question as to his position before his country. You may or may not know Johnson of Minnesota. But when you have read his account of himself to you through Lincoln Steffens, you will be glad to meet him whether you want to vote for him or not.

Did a Ballyhoo Ever Get You?

If so, why, then the highbrow literary article by Elmer B. Harris on Coney Island will warm you with reminiscent and appreciative thrills. If not, why, then you will never know that it is a highbrow article at all, because it will lead you through a new fairyland of joyousness whose lights and noises and crowds can never be realized by any one who has not read the article—even though he is a seasoned victim of the Coney Island habit. And of course that means the Trolley Park habit straight across this country from St. Augustine to Seattle.

When Is a War Not a War?

Everybody knows the answer to that: When the trouble is with His Excellency, the President of Venezuela, Mr. Castro. Most of us know very little about the Castro person except that he bounds around a great deal in diplomatic circles and creates worries that are altogether dispro-

On Sale June 20th

Everybody's
NUMBER

Photo by Lieure, Rome, Italy
HARRISON RHODES

Photo by Wallace, New York
O. HENRY

ETHEL FARNSWORTH

portionate to the size of his country. George W. Crichfield has given to the July *Everybody's* a most interesting discussion of Mr. Castro and his importance in Middle American affairs. Read it and you can say, when other people are wondering about the Castro man: "Now Mr. Crichfield, in the last *Everybody's*, says, and he *knows*, that . . . "

Why Must the Ship Sail on Time?

Simply because the 'longshoreman has her ready to sail. Ernest Poole tells you some things that vaguely make you feel that the heart of a 'longshoreman is somewhat bigger than that of an ox. And at the risk of being somewhat reiterative, let it be remarked that Mr. Poole's observations are in the July *Everybody's* and nowhere else.

Want to Laugh?

"The Last of the Troubadours" in the July *Everybody's*. Read it if you want to laugh. But don't read it unless you want to cry, too. "The Surrenders of Cornwallis," by Anne Warner, the story of a very little boy who was wiser and kinder than his elders, is submitted subject to the same conditions. Whereas "Patsy Moran and the Trappings of Chivalry" is just a good, big, broad laugh at the daredevil burglar of whom Mr. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman is always telling something funnier and new. Harrison Rhodes tells how Cornelia arrives; E. J. Rath relates the circumstance of "Mr. Trimble's Speech," and there are lots of other good things.

What Was That? Did You Hear It?

Nothing, except the things that Hamlin Garland is telling about the "Shadow World" and the facts so far ascertained about spirit communication. People have been talking about the subject for years and years. Mr. Garland is setting forth, not talk, but actual records, up to date.

Will It Cost More than Fifteen Cents?

No. The July *Everybody's* will be regular in every respect. Worth ten times as much as its price, which will be the same as usual.

15 Cents Everywhere

The Idea Behind Collier's

It is the idea behind **Collier's** that has made it "*The National Weekly.*"

That idea is:

To give the average American—irrespective of party or creed or section—a paper

In whose Editorial *Honesty* he can believe,

On whose *Information* he can rely,

Whose Stories will be by the *Best* writers, *worth reading*,

Whose Pictures will be by the *Best* artists, *worth framing*.

A paper which he will *welcome into his home* each week as he would a *friend*—an interesting, entertaining, *well-informed* friend upon whose word he can rely.

Collier's, *The National Weekly*

403 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

73 Million Dollars in 37 Weeks!

Ordinary Life Insurance Issued.

The New Low Cost Policy

OF

The Prudential

is the Greatest Triumph in Life Insurance!

This is the Policy the People Want!

After eight months of unparalleled success, read what our Enthusiastic Field managers say.

These are selected from hundreds of letters.

"The Policy sells—and it satisfies." —*James Perry, New York City.*

"It meets all competition. The demand is constantly growing in favor of absolute guarantees rather than estimates and uncertainties." —*J. S. Cranston, Boston, Mass.*

"The Prudential agent is today invincible, and is envied by representatives of all Companies." —*R. J. Mix, New York City.*

"Agents of other Companies are up against the Rock. Our 18 Payment Life for less than others' 20 Payment Life tells the story." —*H. H. Roth, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"Everybody I talk with who knows insurance says The Prudential has best policies at most reasonable rates." —*N. O. Bacon, Charleston, W. Va.*

"With such a Policy to sell every Prudential agent should double his income." —*Ray S. Cummings, Newark, N. J.*

"This office is 50% ahead of last year's business for same period. This is responsible for my enthusiasm." —*F. J. McGrath, Sioux City, Ia.*

"Prudential's great size, tremendous business, absolute safety and New Policy make competition a thing of the past." —*H. B. Nelles, Los Angeles. Cal.*

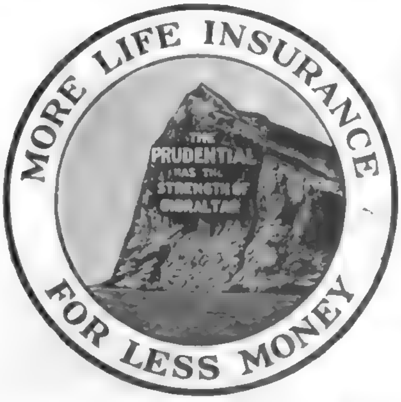
"New Policy is what the people want." —*Pipes & Foehl, Pittsburg, Pa.*

"For definite figures, fixed and unchangeable, no company has met the demand more completely than has The Prudential with its magnificent New Policy." —*Furlow & Avery, Louisville, Ky.*

"We have never written as much business in the same period. Competition fades before us." —*L. B. Hall, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Annual Cost Whole Life Policy Per $1,000

Age 20	$14.96
Age 25	16.77
Age 30	19.08
Age 35	22.10
Age 40	26.09
Age 45	31.47
Age 50	38.83
Age 55	48.98


MORE LIFE INSURANCE
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
FOR LESS MONEY

This is the Very Best Policy for the Man Without Life Insurance, and for the Man Who Needs More.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN POLICY TODAY.

State age, nearest birthday, and occupation. Write Dept. 31

The Prudential

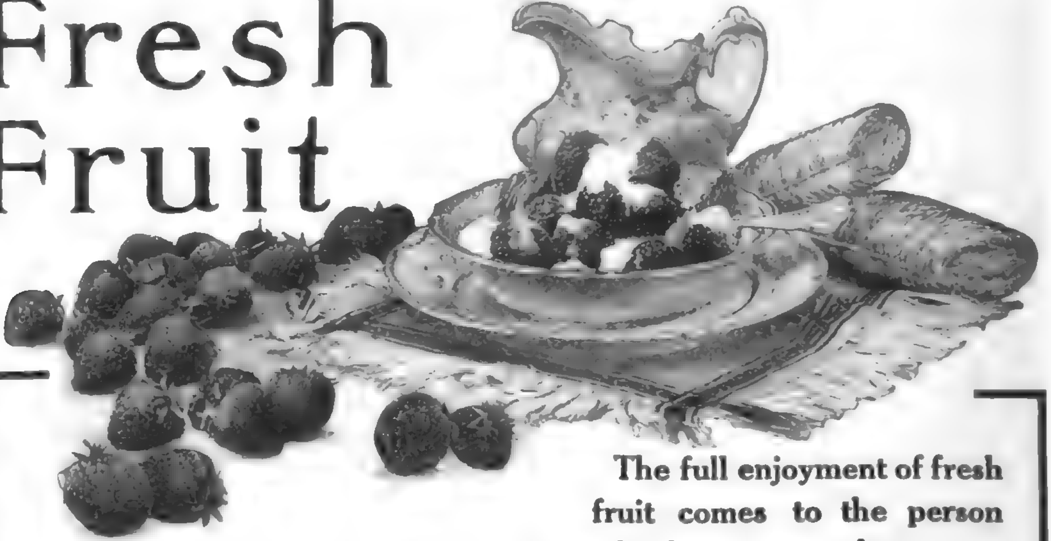
Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.

The Full Enjoyment of Fresh Fruit



The full enjoyment of fresh fruit comes to the person who knows enough to combine it with a food that is properly acted upon by the fruit acids, thereby promoting digestion and preventing stomach discomfort and bowel disorders. The ideal food for this purpose is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

The shape of the biscuit and the porous nature of the shreds make it peculiarly adapted to combinations with all kinds of acid fruits, in season and out of season.

You do not know "The Joys of June" until you have eaten Shredded Wheat with strawberries and cream. Nothing so wholesome, healthful or nutritious in summer. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. Deliciously palatable and easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, is cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest and cleanest food factory in the world.

"Its All in the Shreds"

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

VITAL QUESTION
COOK BOOK

Our new Cook Book is sent free.

A Favor—and the Price

I am offered fifteen hundred shares of the stock of The Ridgway Company, publishers of *Everybody's Magazine*. The shares have a par value of one hundred dollars each and are non-assessable.

Now you can believe I want that stock. I can swing some of it, but unhappily not the whole one hundred and fifty thousand at this time. I am still swinging on a hundred thousand I added to my original holdings last year.

As I cannot carry all of it myself, I prefer to scatter a part rather than have it fall into the hands of some one who is not in sympathy with the aims and purposes of the present publishers.

Here is my proposition:

If you will send me your check for any number of shares from one to fifty, I will hand the money to the present stockholder, have the stock transferred to you on the books of the company, and send you your certificate accompanied by the following guarantee and agreement, which I will personally sign in the presence of a notary.

"In return for .... dollars received from .... this .... day of ....1908, I am sending you certificate No. .... for .... shares of stock in The Ridgway Company drawn in your name and so entered on the books of the Company. I hereby give you my personal guarantee that the stock will return you an average of not less than 10% per year for the next three years. I further agree to give you, at the end of three years, a complete statement of the business of the Company, and the option of keeping the stock, or selling it to me at 105. That is, I guarantee to make every hundred dollars you send me, pay you at least $35.00 in three years, and give you back your hundred. I will take the proper legal steps to bind my estate to carry out this agreement (in case of my going to a higher—or lower—occupation). I would like to have your proxy for voting the stock, but I do not make it a condition to the agreement because you would not be buying the stock if you did not wish me to have the undisturbed management of it."

[SIGNED] ....

In order that you may know how safe I am in guaranteeing 10%, *Everybody's Magazine* made last year, in spite of the panic, considerably more than $200,000. If the dividends should not average 10%, I will send you my personal check for the difference.

I make this agreement to take back the stock at 105, at the end of three years: first, because investors like to know they can get out if they have to or want to; second, because I am sanguine that the stock will be worth more than 105 in three years. You probably have some idea how much the stock has increased in value during the last three years.

As this is purely a personal matter and has nothing to do with the Company, of which I am President, I have made general statements about the business relying upon my standing with you to fix their value. If you wish to cooperate in the work the publishers of *Everybody's* are sincerely striving to accomplish, and if you believe in me, you will send me your check for what you can spare at this time. I will appreciate the courtesy of the hundred dollar bidder just as much as the thousand dollar bidder, and I will safeguard your money and try to return you two talents for every one you entrust me with. Speak to your friend who may not have seen this announcement. Ask me any questions you like about the business.

In sending your check, write your name and your address very carefully, and especially the name you wish on the stock certificate. Let me know if you have any objection to giving me the proxy for voting your stock. I realize that this proposition is very unusual, very personal. Shocking, possibly, to some sensitive souls. But I know only the one way—tell how I feel, say what I think, and ask for what I want. Will you help me to swing these fifteen hundred shares?

Sincerely yours,

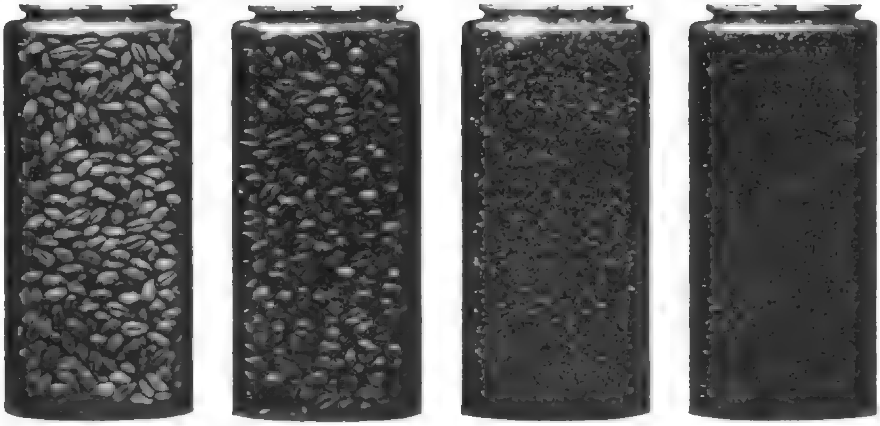
ERMAN J. RIDGWAY

Union Square, New York City

May 4th 1908

POSTUM—

What It Is Made of—



Clean Whole Wheat (No. 1) is separated into kernel and outer or bran-coat; the first containing carbohydrates and proteids (tissue-material and energy-storing elements); the second, phosphate of potash for rebuilding brain and nerve cells. The kernel is

Skillfully Roasted (No. 2) to a degree that develops in wheat an aroma similar to Java coffee (but without the use of coffee or any drug-like substance); hence the delicious flavour when Postum is served hot with cream, which has led many to think they were drinking coffee. The roasted kernels are then

Cooled and Ground (No. 3) and set aside. The roasting has changed part of the starch into dextrin and dextrose, or grape-sugar, which form soluble carbohydrates, or energy-making material, and the proteids (tissue-forming elements) are also made soluble for prompt absorption. Next

The Bran-Coat (No. 4) is mixed with molasses, roasted and ground separately, then blended with the other part of the wheat to form the perfected product—Postum.

The relief from coffee ails when Postum is used instead, is a matter of history. Try it for your own self-proof.

"There's a Reason."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

YOU Intelligent — Up-To-Date Women, who have used PEARLINE long enough to know it — some of you for thirty years — couldn't do a greater favor to poor Soap-Rutty Women than to tell them of your experience with PEARLINE; — Frail Women who can't do Washing and Cleaning without Harm, but MUST; — Well-To-Do Women who have Delicate things to be Preserved, and Women who must Economize in help and Clothing; — All of them need PEARLINE — TELL them how much Labor it Saves you; — how much Easier the Work of Washing and Cleaning; — how much Longer Clothes last; — how much Better they Look while they last.

PEARLINE DOES THE WORK INSTEAD OF YOU

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

HAVEMEYERS & ELDER BRAND
CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR
THE AMERICAN SUGAR

5lb Sealed Boxes Only!

Imagination could not conceive of a handier and prettier form than that which is presented in CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR.
Neither could the most particular people ask for more perfect purity nor economical people for less waste.

BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE!

"OH FOR A CAMERA"

Whenever you say it—Wherever you hear it
Remember

PREMO

For vacation days and the matchless joys of the great outdoors, Premo is the camera of cameras.

Because Premo means the lightest and most compact of all cameras—The simplest to load and operate in existence. Important advantages these; yes, and worthy of close investigation.

Go to the dealer's or get catalogue, and you'll find every one of them very real. You'll find, too, that there are over fifty different styles and sizes of Premos to choose from, at prices from $2.00 to over $200.00.

And you'll find many that use films or plates with equal facility; others designed for films exclusively.

All offer the choice of development by Tray or Tank system. Here are a few:

DAYLIGHT LOADING PREMO FILM PACK CAMERAS

Premo Junior, $2.00
Premoette, $5.00
Film Premo No. 1, $10.00
Film Premo No. 3, $18.00
Premograph, $10.00
Premograph No. 2, $20.00

PREMO CAMERAS TAKING FILMS OR PLATES WITH EQUAL FACILITY

Pocket Premo C, $12.00
Pony Premo No. 2, $14.00
Star Premo, $22.50
Filmplate Premo, $24.00
Pony Premo No. 6, $37.00
Premo Supreme, $253.70

Rochester Optical Division
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
54 South Street
Rochester,
N. Y.

Our new illustrated catalogue describes all Premos and tells all about the Premo Film Pack and the Premo Film Pack Tank for development. Get it at the dealer's or write us to-day. It's free.

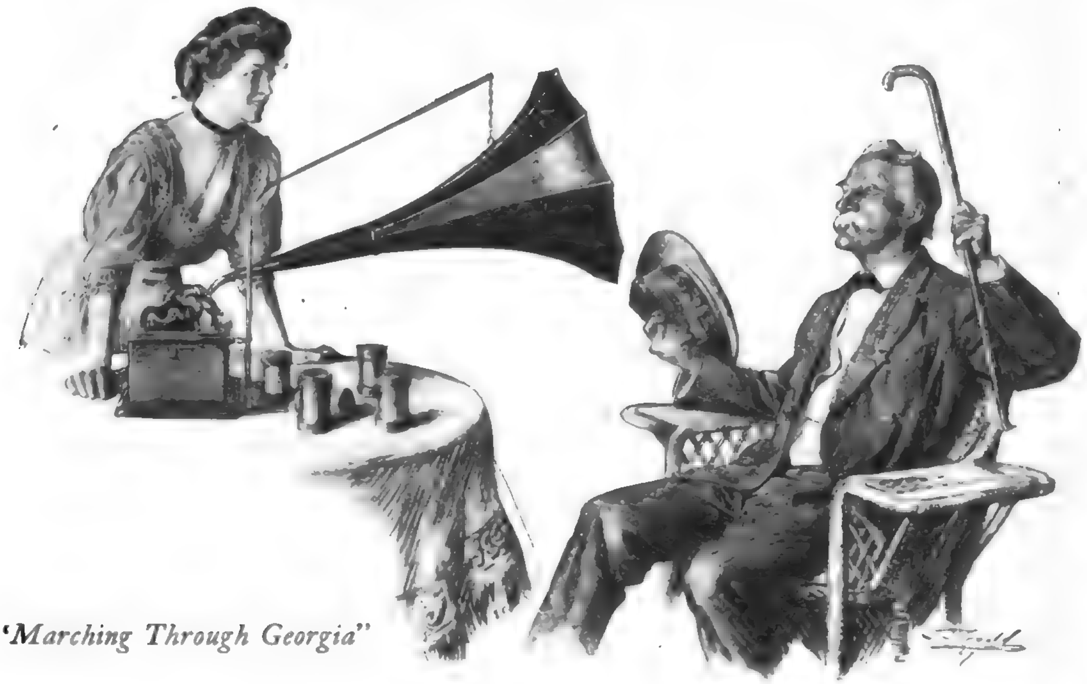
Copyright 1908 B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

In the eyes of our friends we may not need good clothes to enhance our virtues; but in the social and business world, it is by appearances that we are mainly judged.

This is one reason why more men each year have become wearers of Kuppenheimer garments. Clothes made by The House of Kuppenheimer reflect refinement of taste, worth, style—everything in dress that the world approves.

You'll find the merchant who has Kuppenheimer Clothes a good one to deal with—well-informed on fine apparel. A book of authoritative styles mailed upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON



"Marching Through Georgia"

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

represents not only the original sound-reproducing idea invented by Mr. Edison, but it also represents every improvement Mr. Edison has been able to make in his original invention.

It is an improvement that the Edison Phonograph uses a reproducing point of such hardness that it lasts for years and does away with the annoyance of continually having to change needles.

It is an improvement that the horn is constructed in such a way as to give the greatest clearness and volume of sound, without sacrificing the quality of the sound.

It is an improvement that the Edison Phonograph and Edison Records can be bought so cheaply that they make good music possible to all.

Did you ever try making your own Records? Write to us or ask your dealer about this.

THE TWENTY-FOUR NEW RECORDS FOR JUNE are made up of some of the cleverest song records and some of the best instrumental records that the well-known artists on the Edison staff have ever made for us. Hear them at any Edison store on May 25th. You'll be sure to want some of them for your Phonograph.

Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new June Records, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

You CAN NOT DRAW The Line Too Sharply

THERE is but ONE Pianola.

It is made only by the Aeolian Co.

The names Pianola and Aeolian Co. must both appear upon the Piano-player — or else it isn't a Pianola at all.

The word Pianola is NOT a generic term.

Piano-players in general can NOT be referred to as Pianolas.

It is not fair to yourself or to the Pianola to make this mistake.

The same distinction is even more important in the case of the Pianola Piano.

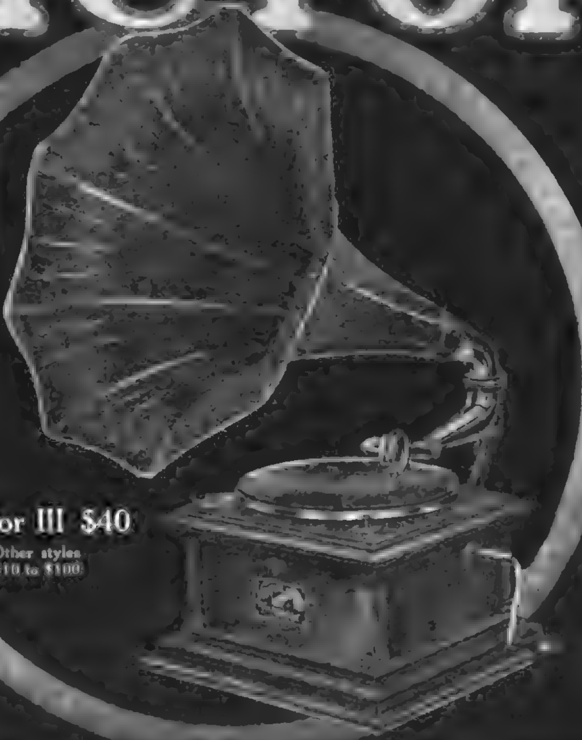
The only pianos in which are incorporated the genuine Pianola are the WEBER, the STECK, the WHEELOCK, and the STUYVESANT.

Other so-called "Player-pianos," no matter what degree of merit they may possess as pianos, must necessarily contain some other "player" of far less prestige and far less value, musically and mechanically, than the Pianola.

The Aeolian Company

Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Avenue, New York

VICTOR



Victor III $40

Other styles
$10 to $100

A home without a Victor is a stage without a play.

Get a Victor and put on the play. Pick out your own performers, arrange your own program, and enjoy the music, fun and entertainment that every home needs.

Victor

HIS MASTERS VOICE

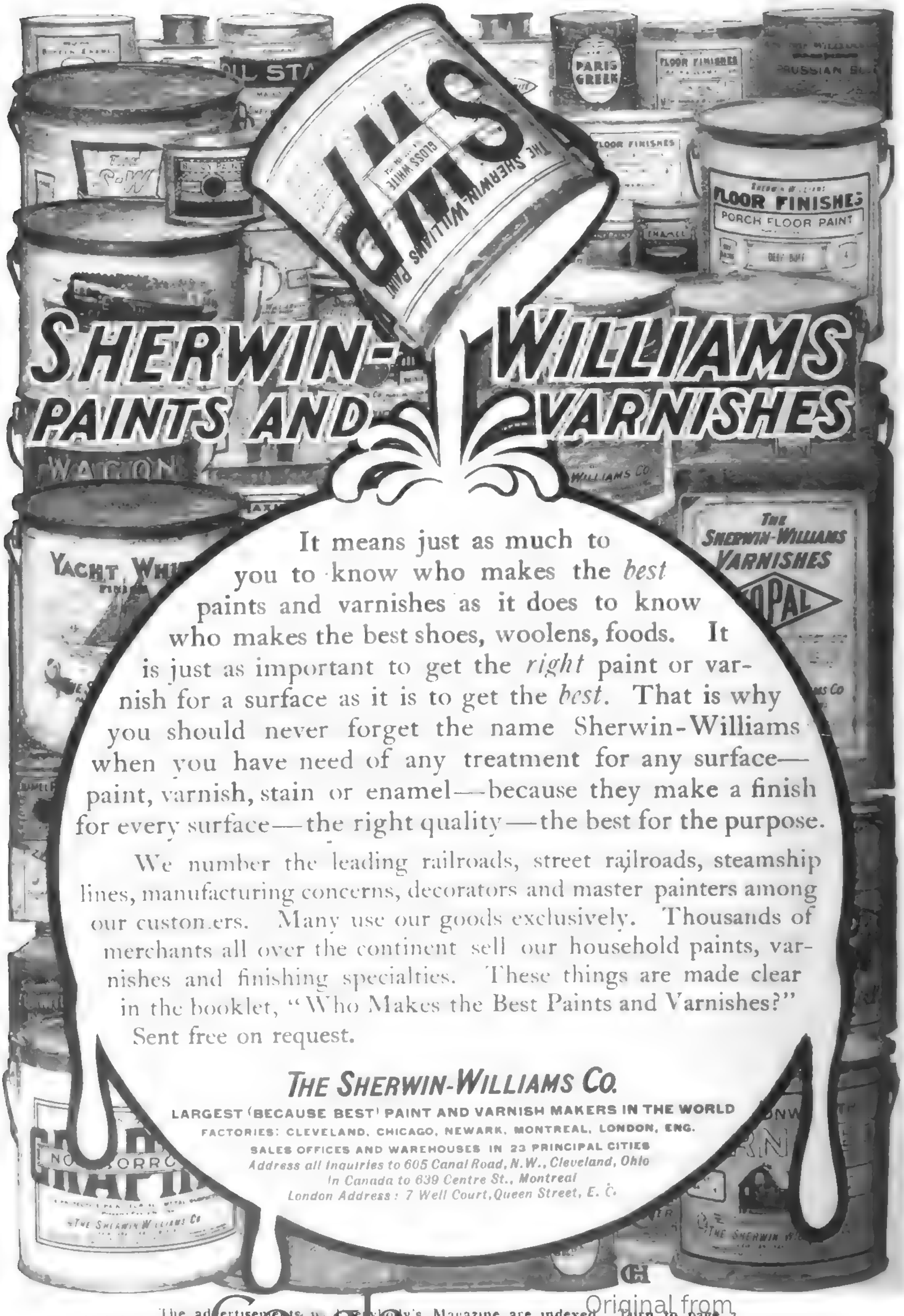
The Victor is sold by all live music-dealers and talking-machine merchants. Any of them will gladly play the Victor for you.

Write to us for catalogues.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

The new Victor records for each month are for sale on the 28th of the preceding month—the Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America.


SWP
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
GLOSS WHITE
PARIS GREEN
FLOOR FINISHES
PORCH FLOOR PAINT
FLOOR FINISHES
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISHES
WAGON
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

It means just as much to you to know who makes the *best* paints and varnishes as it does to know who makes the best shoes, woolens, foods. It is just as important to get the *right* paint or varnish for a surface as it is to get the *best*. That is why you should never forget the name Sherwin-Williams when you have need of any treatment for any surface—paint, varnish, stain or enamel—because they make a finish for every surface—the right quality—the best for the purpose.

We number the leading railroads, street railroads, steamship lines, manufacturing concerns, decorators and master painters among our customers. Many use our goods exclusively. Thousands of merchants all over the continent sell our household paints, varnishes and finishing specialties. These things are made clear in the booklet, "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?" Sent free on request.

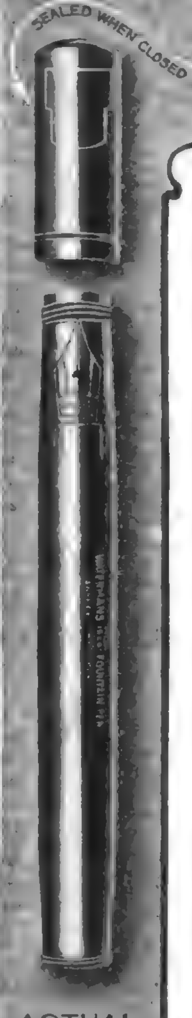
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

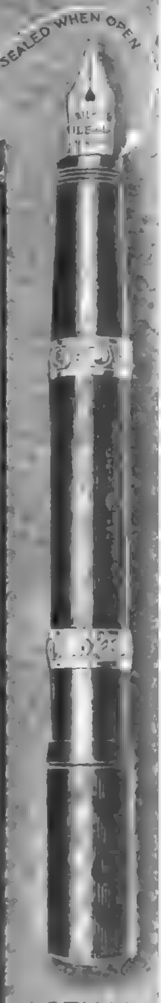
LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.
SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN 23 PRINCIPAL CITIES
Address all inquiries to 605 Canal Road, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

SAFETY PEN





For Vacation Travels or Home Use

**Sealed ink tight, to carry in any position,
in purse, trunk, travelling-bag or pocket**

You always want to write, or make notes, when you are travelling or shopping. When away on your vacation to seek a secluded spot and write to your heart's content, or even at home, to sit on the porch or by the window and write as conveniently as at your desk.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Safety Pen

bearing the well-known guarantee that the name implies, fulfills these and all other writing requirements. Toss it into a trunk or travelling-bag, to be carried anywhere and everywhere, in any position—upside down, right side up, sideways or endways. It may lie on the bottom of the hamper on the automobile if you prefer it. The ink cannot spill, the parts won't break and the pen won't clog.

Time and Memory are two of our most precious and most fleeting possessions. Don't waste one and strain the other

Purchase one of these pens today. It will serve you faithfully for a whole lifetime.

Fitted with the Spoon-Feed, and embodying all the other well-known Waterman Ideal qualities, in addition to being so made that in a very convenient manner the cap screws the pen nib back, when not in use, to effectively seal the barrel.

Ask your dealer to show you
Waterman's Ideal Safety Fountain Pen.

ACTUAL SIZE
4 INCHES

PLAIN BLACK
CHASED OR
CARDINAL

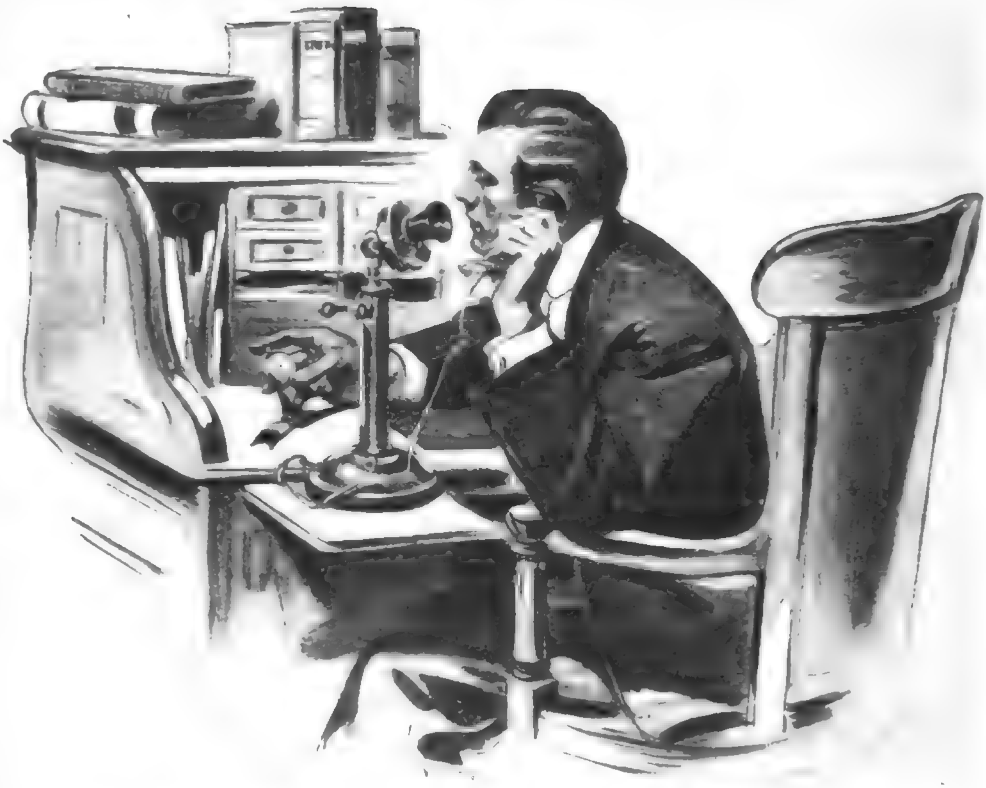
Nº12 V.S. 3^{00}
14 V.S. 4^{00}
15 V.S. 5^{00}

ACTUAL SIZE
4 INCHES

GOLD MOUNTED
2 BANDS
OR 1 MIDDLE BAND

Nº12 V.S.G.M. 4^{00}
14 V.S.G.M. 5^{00}
15 V.S.G.M. 6^{00}

L. E. Waterman Co. 173 Broadway, N.Y.
8 SCHOOL ST BOSTON 209 STATE ST., CHICAGO 136 ST JAMES ST. MONTREAL
742 MARKET ST SAN FRANCISCO 12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E. C.



The Howard Watch

The man with the Howard makes an appointment over the telephone. He knows what he is talking about. He knows what time it is *now*. He calculates his time in seconds—not in quarter hours.

The average man distrusts his watch. Ask him the time and he apologizes in advance. He doesn't say with the Howard owner, "It *is* thus and so." He says, "*I* have so and so." Or, "*My* watch says," etc. There is a new self-respect that goes with having the *exact* time and *knowing* that you have it.

The Howard horologists make nothing but exquisitely adjusted watches. They know nothing less. Some of them represent the fourth generation of Howard watchmakers. The Howard tradition is handed down; it is in their blood.

A Howard watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch from the 17-jewel, in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35; to the 23-jewel, in a 14K solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Find the Howard dealer in your locality and talk to him. If you have any difficulty write to us. Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard. The Howard tradition is particular as to who represents it.

Elbert Hubbard visited the home of the HOWARD Watch and wrote a book about it. If you'd like to read this little journey drop us a postal card—Dept. C—we'll be glad to send it to you. Also a little catalogue and price list, with illustrations actual size—of great value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Who's Your Tailor?
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

COPYRIGHT 1907 ED. V. PRICE & CO

A Blue Serge Suit

is indispensable to a complete wardrobe. It is not only an excellent garment to fall back upon when in doubt, and in good taste at all seasons, but during the summer especially, when light clothes soil, and a change is desired, it

Comes in Very Handy.

The serges in our large Spring and Summer assortment, particularly Nos. 4184, 4192, 4292, 4306, 4314, are uncommonly good, having been selected with utmost care, and if you would enjoy the satisfaction that is found only in a stylish and handsome suit

Made to Order, $25 to $40

is all you need to pay if you have us make it. "Ready-to-wear" ready-made clothing, or the high priced work of the small local tailor, won't attract you after you've worn a suit we've made expressly for you. We'll be your tailors always.

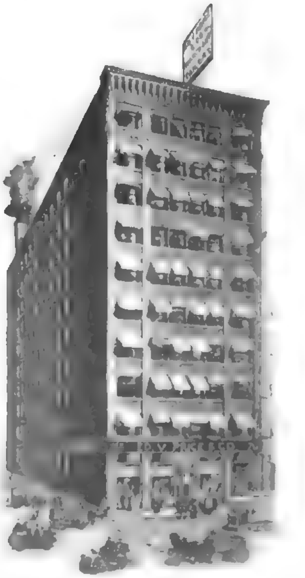
Ed V. Price & Co

Merchant Tailors

Price Building **Chicago**

Largest makers in the world
of *good* tailor-made clothes

Our local representative will show you 500 patterns of choice fabrics, and take your measure. If you don't know him, ask us his name



ENTIRE BUILDING, 110,000 SQUARE FEET.
DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO OUR BUSINESS

INSPECTED SHEET BY SHEET

It may not be necessary, but we consider it important—that **COUPON BOND** *should be inspected sheet by sheet. It is a perfect paper, and every user of it will find each sheet perfect —not one crack or flaw can be found in a hundred reams.*

Inspecting each sheet of
COUPON BOND

COUPON BOND

THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

is made in the slow, old-fashioned semi-hand made way. It is one of the most perfect products of our mills. No other bond paper, no matter what its price, is so highly qualified to represent the high grade house —a fact that has long been recognized by banks, corporations and others to whom quality in stationery is an essential thing.

Send for free samples of COUPON BOND in assorted weights and colors; also samples of booklet and cover papers. Please use your business letter-head in requesting samples.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of Writing, Book and Cover, and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.

HOLYOKE, - - - - - MASS.

Passing of the Lamp

By John E. Kennedy

CHINESE geographies still teach that the world is *flat* like a pancake.

China is a trifle slow!

So was Philadelphia,—in 1830.

She was somewhat "set in her ways" and at that time drew up "A Public Remonstrance against Lighting with Gas."

The "Remonstrance" contained the following nuggets of wisdom:—

—"We consider it a most inexpedient, offensive, and dangerous mode of lighting."

—"We consider Gas to be an article as ignitable as gun-powder, and usually as fatal in its results."

That was when Philadelphia used Candles, Lanterns, Whale Oil Lamps and, later, Kerosene Lamps.

Where are these Candles, Whale Oil and Kerosene Lamps *today?*

Millions of Gas-jets have supplanted them notwithstanding "the Remonstrance."

* * *

Why have the Lamps disappered?

Because, Gas-light was found, *after fair trial,* to be not only *more* "expedient," *less* "offensive" and *less* "dangerous" but considerably *less expensive,* per candle-power, than Candles, Whale Oil, Kerosene or, Gasolene Light.

Moreover, it was found *on trial* to be infinitely more *convenient* to merely turn taps and light up Gas-jets, when illumination was wanted, than to clean, fill, wipe, snuff, and carry to position every lamp used for *365 days* in every year.

Even a Philadelphian of 1830 could not avoid *that* conclusion.

So, they no longer use *Lamps* in Philadelphia, nor in any *other* "live" City or Town where *Gas* is available.

But there *are* Lamps in *Country places yet,* though Rural Gas-light is now available at *lower cost* than even City Gas, Kerosene or Gasolene light.

And, there *are* people in the Country *yet* who think of this Rural Gas-light (Acetylene), as Philadelphians once thought of City Gas.

That is because they are *prejudiced,* misinformed, and *won't* investigate, just as the Philadelphians of 1830 were prejudiced, misinformed and would not investigate.

But, if Country People *would* investigate Acetylene Lighting impartially, *this* is what they would find about it.—

They would find that Acetylene Gas-light is not only the most brilliant, coolest, steadiest and *cleanest* of all home Lights, but the *safest* as well.

They would find that its rays are precisely the same in color-balance and in chemical effect as natural Sunlight. They would find it so clear, and pure, that pale-blue, pale-yellow, and pale-pink can be as readily distinguished under its rays at night as under sunlight itself by day.

They would find it so *healthful* that Plants *grow by night* under Acetylene as they do under Sunlight by day.

They would find the use of Acetylene would cut out all the disagreeable *daily* cleaning, filling, snuffing and chimney-wiping of Kerosene Lamps, with the inseparable soot, smell, heat and air destroying action of *such* Lamps.

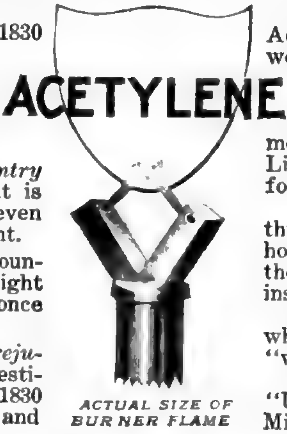
Moreover, they would find that Acetylene Light, when once installed, would cost *a third less than Kerosene Light* (wicks and chimneys considered) for the same Candle-power, while needing only *thirty minutes* per month attendance for 50 Acetylene Lights, as against *30 hours* per month for 8 to 10 Kerosene Lamps.

We could tell them how *little* all this *additional* comfort, leisure and home-prestige *need* cost, when they go the *right* way about investigating and installing *Acetylene.*

And, we like to hear from people who are "from Missouri" and who "want to be shown."

Just question us to this Address—"Union Carbide Co., Dept. D, 157 Michigan Ave., Chicago."

ACETYLENE



ACTUAL SIZE OF BURNER FLAME

Bountiful Harvests

are not only the foundation of national prosperity, but also of the nation's health. The living essence of waving barley fields, blended and fermented with the tonic juices of Saazer Hops, seethes in every bottle of

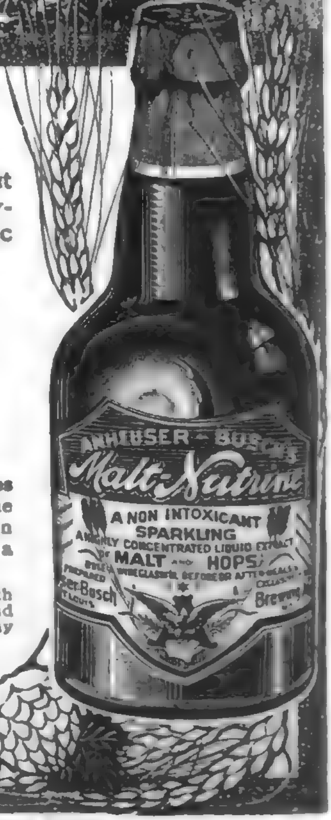
ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

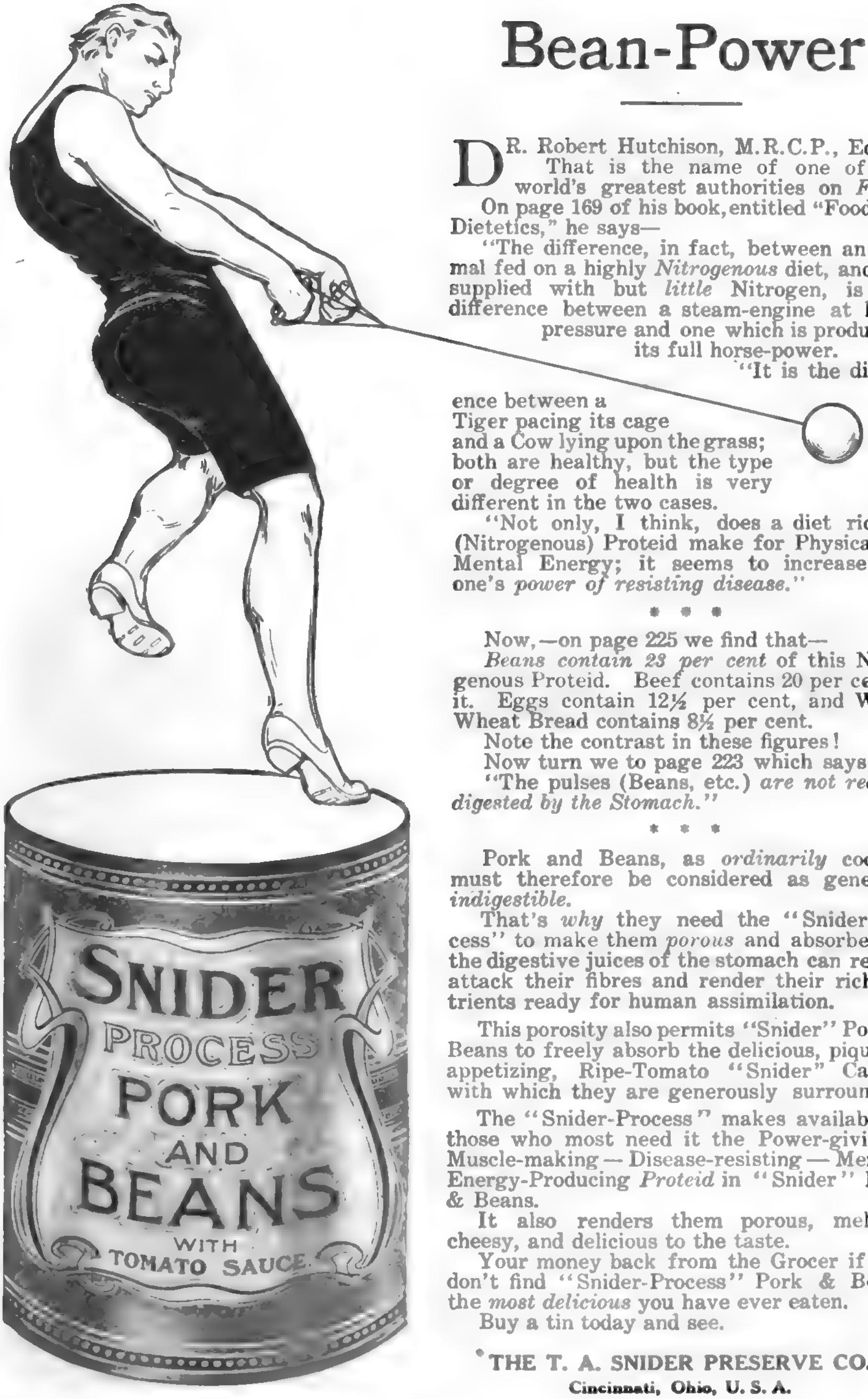
Malt-Nutrine

Thus this famous **liquid-food** is no artificial compound—**but comes direct from nature's laboratory.** Hence it feeds and builds up the human frame and relights the sacred fires of health in those within whose ailing bodies the spark of life burns dim and low. Order a case from your Druggist or Grocer—have it delivered today.

For 12 tops of Red Metal caps from Large Malt-Nutrine Bottles with **Gold Trade-Mark** or 24 from Split Bottles with **Black Trade-Mark** and 15c for postage, we will send one of our Vienna Art Plates to any address in the United States.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH,
St. Louis, Mo.


ANHEUSER-BUSCH
Malt-Nutrine
A NON INTOXICANT
SPARKLING
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT AND HOPS
Anheuser-Busch
Brewing



Bean-Power

DR. Robert Hutchison, M.R.C.P., Edin. That is the name of one of the world's greatest authorities on *Food.*

On page 169 of his book, entitled "Food and Dietetics," he says—

"The difference, in fact, between an animal fed on a highly *Nitrogenous* diet, and one supplied with but *little* Nitrogen, is the difference between a steam-engine at half-pressure and one which is producing its full horse-power.

"It is the difference between a Tiger pacing its cage and a Cow lying upon the grass; both are healthy, but the type or degree of health is very different in the two cases.

"Not only, I think, does a diet rich in (Nitrogenous) Proteid make for Physical and Mental Energy; it seems to increase also one's *power of resisting disease.*"

* * *

Now,—on page 225 we find that—

Beans contain 23 per cent of this Nitrogenous Proteid. Beef contains 20 per cent of it. Eggs contain 12½ per cent, and Whole Wheat Bread contains 8½ per cent.

Note the contrast in these figures!

Now turn we to page 223 which says—

"The pulses (Beans, etc.) *are not readily digested by the Stomach.*"

* * *

Pork and Beans, as *ordinarily* cooked, must therefore be considered as generally *indigestible.*

That's *why* they need the "Snider-Process" to make them *porous* and absorbent so the digestive juices of the stomach can readily attack their fibres and render their rich nutrients ready for human assimilation.

This porosity also permits "Snider" Pork & Beans to freely absorb the delicious, piquant, appetizing, Ripe-Tomato "Snider" Catsup with which they are generously surrounded.

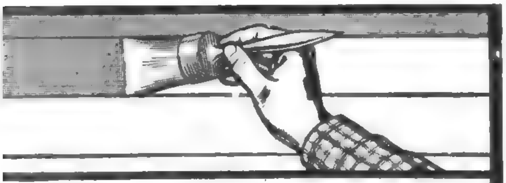
The "Snider-Process" makes available to those who most need it the Power-giving—Muscle-making—Disease-resisting—Mental-Energy-Producing *Proteid* in "Snider" Pork & Beans.

It also renders them porous, mellow, cheesy, and delicious to the taste.

Your money back from the Grocer if *you* don't find "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans the *most delicious* you have ever eaten.

Buy a tin today and see.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.



Here's Paint Assurance

YOU paint primarily for *protection*—For beauty of appearance, too.

But you're *paying* for protection you *don't get* if your paint doesn't *wear* at least four to six years; or *more*.

Now, suppose you use "White-Lead-and-Oil—hand-mixed-by-guess"—what *assurance* have you that your paint will *wear?*

The *painter* answers only for the *work*—

The lead-and-oil dealer sells only the *raw materials*—he has nothing to do with the *quality*—the *proportions*—the *mixing*—

The White Lead manufacturer stands responsible for nothing but the *lead*—If it's straight, *it's* guaranteed *pure—that's all.*

The *Oil* manufacturer stands responsible for *nothing*—his oil is sold in bulk—it *may* be *adulterated* after it leaves his hands.

They *shift* the responsibility—*Nobody* stands back of *that* kind of *paint*—Nobody vouches for a single one of the Materials *after* it's mixed into *paint*.

But take the best *prepared* paint—

Lowe Brothers
High Standard
Liquid Paint

It's a complete paint—all-ready-for-the-brush. The Lowe Brothers *name*, their thirty-five years of *experience*, their *reputation*, their *responsibility*—their *scientific knowledge*—*all* are back of "*High Standard*" Paint—for "*your protection*."

Lowe Brothers vouch for the *raw materials*, the *formulæ*, the *proportions*—the *grinding* and *mixing*—

They stand responsible for the *paint itself*—ready-to-*apply*—

Its "covering" capacity—its "spreading" and "working" qualities—its *permanence*, its *wearing* qualities.

If you use a hand-mixed white-lead-and-oil paint—the most you can know is that you bought the raw materials for "pure."

But when you use Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paint, you *know* that the *paint itself* is right—

And, *most important*, it will give a good surface for repainting, if properly put on a surface in good condition for painting. That means *economy*.

There's a "High Standard" Paint for every purpose—and a "Little Blue Flag" Varnish for all requirements.

On every can you'll find the "Little Blue Flag"—your protection." Write for Booklet, "*Attractive Homes and How to Make Them.*"

LIQUID PAINT

"The Little Blue Flag"
—Your Protection

**THE LOWE BROTHERS
COMPANY**
Paintmakers — Varnishmakers
450-456 Third Street, E.
DAYTON, OHIO
New York Chicago
Kansas City

Complaints About Poor Paint

The time to complain to your painter about the paint he uses is *before he puts it on the house.*

The man who pays the bill should not shirk the responsibility of choosing the paint. True, the painter ought to know paint better than the banker, the professional man or the merchant, and if he is a genuine, trained painter, he does know. The trouble is, the houseowner often deliberately bars the competent, honest painter from the job by accepting a bid which he ought to know would make an honest job impossible.

Inform yourself on paint, secure your bids on the basis of Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil, and then (quite important) *see that you get them.*

The purity of White Lead can be definitely determined even by the novice, in two minutes. A blowpipe is needed, but we will supply that instrument free to anyone interested in painting, together with instructions for its use; also a simple and direct treatise on the general subject of painting, written especially for the laymen.

Ask for "Test Equipment E"

NATIONAL LEAD CO.
in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Company); Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Company)

A Painted Floor Is the Best Kitchen Floor

The secret of a cheery, cleanly kitchen is a bright, spotless floor. Floor coverings grow dingy and wear out quickly—scrubbed floors are unattractive and a great care.

The ideal kitchen floor is a painted one.

Granite Floor Paint, Acme Quality, makes a hard, durable, lustrous finish, easy to clean, hard to wear out. Any one can apply it—it's all ready to brush on, and it will dry over night.

PAINTS
ENAMELS
THE
ACME
QUALITY
KIND
STAINS
VARNISHES

ACME QUALITY

is a name for every housekeeper to remember. It covers Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes for every purpose. If there is anything about the home, inside or out—wood or metal—that needs a new coat, write for the free **Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes.** It tells what to use and how to use it.

If you are thinking of painting the outside of your house, ask the practical painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints.

**ACME WHITE LEAD
AND COLOR WORKS
DEPT. B,
DETROIT, MICH.**

"The Story of Banking by Mail"

NEW MAIN OFFICE BUILDING
owned and occupied exclusively by
The Cleveland Trust Company
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $5,000,000.00

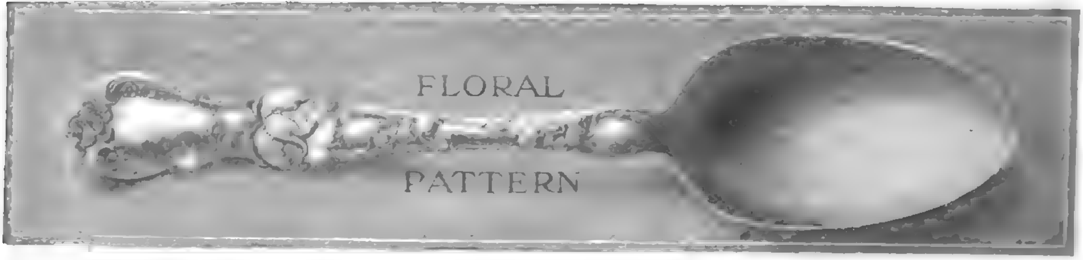
A graphic description written from the viewpoint of an outsider, who has made a close study of the subject. It will show you how safe and practical it is to bank by mail with this strong institution, wherever you live, and get

4 Per Cent Interest

on your savings. This book will be sent to you free, on request. Kindly ask for Book "C".

The Cleveland Trust Company
CLEVELAND, OHIO

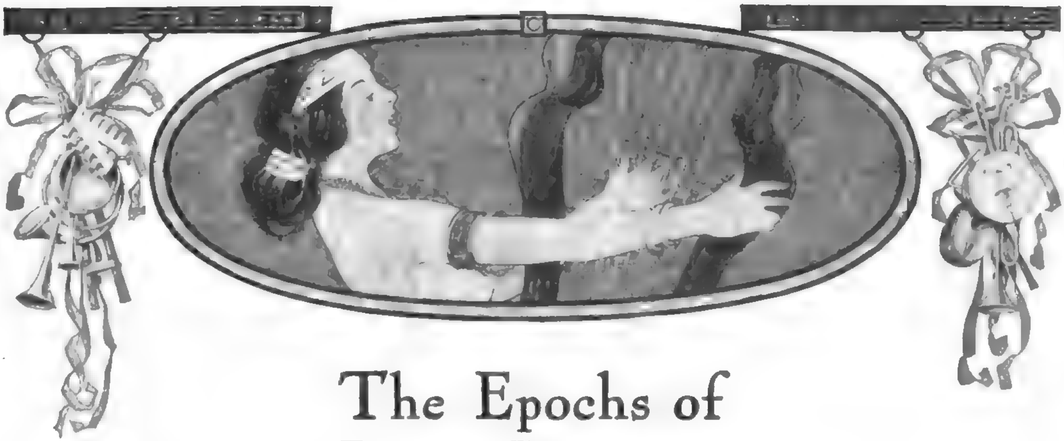
1835
R·WALLACE
SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR



WHEN the time for purchasing the Wedding Silver has arrived go to your dealer and have him show you 1835 R. Wallace. Compare it then and there with any other—in weight, in distinction, in promise of actual service. You will then understand why 1835 R. Wallace Plated Ware is preferred to any other—and after years of use, why it is called "Silver plate that resists wear."

We publish a delightful little book on the care of silver. It will be sent free to any woman who is particular about the appearance of her table.

R. WALLACE & SONS Mfg. Co., — Box 25 — **WALLINGFORD, CONN.**



The Epochs of Piano Progress

The epochs of Piano Progress are marked with the name of STEINWAY, for to the STEINWAY family—four generations—may be accredited every *great* advance in piano construction. To them belongs the glory of idealizing the tone of the piano—of creating that wonderful art-tone, that incomparable singing quality, imitated by all, but realized in its purity *only* in the

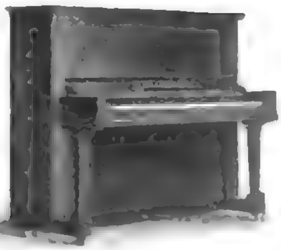
STEINWAY

PIANO

Other makers may claim a high degree of excellence in the elemental requisites of piano construction—in the STEINWAY these things are taken for granted. It is the inimitable STEINWAY art-tone, coupled with matchless durability, that has made the STEINWAY Piano the world's foremost musical instrument.

The latest epoch of piano progress is represented in the STEINWAY Miniature Grand, at $800, and in the Vertegrand (an upright), at $550, ebonized cases. These pianos represent the highest achievement in piano construction the world has ever known.

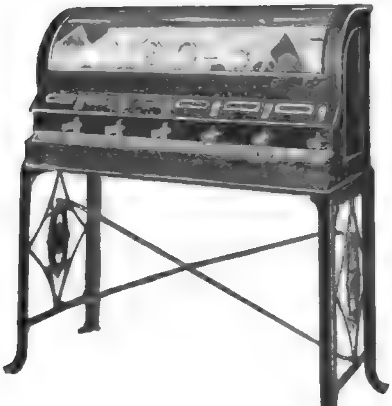
VERTEGRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $550



MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $800

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Steinway Hall,
107 and 109 East 14th St., New York.
Subway Express Station at the Door.



You Can Make from $10.00 to $50.00 a day

on an investment of a few hundred dollars and secure a monopoly of the cigar business of your town or county by owning and operating 10 or more

International Cigar Vending Machines

The first and only automatic coin-in-the-slot cigar vending machine. Never fails—infallible delivery—never makes mistakes—exposes bad coins and delivers every cigar in perfect condition. So simple it never gets out of order. No clerk hire—no rent—no Government or State license required—works 24 hours out of 24 every day in the year.

Doesn't Interfere With Your Other Business—less than an hour a day required to look after a plant of 100 machines. If you have a few dollars to invest take it up as a side line and insure yourself

An Income for Life

We will sell you a number of machines, give you the exclusive right to operate them in your choice of towns or counties and protect you from competition for all time to come.

Quick Action Necessary

Live investors everywhere are rapidly taking up desirable towns and counties.

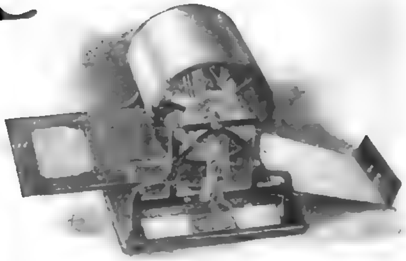
WRITE TO-DAY

(before somebody else gets the territory you want) for full information, descriptive booklet and names and addresses of people now successfully operating our machines. State territory desired.

Ask Dun, Bradstreet or any St. Louis Bank about our reliability and the capital back of our business.

INTERNATIONAL VENDING MACHINE CO.
306 Century Building St. Louis, Mo.

Print Your Circular Letters



on the

Rotary Neostyle

One copy is written on the typewriter or by hand like an ordinary letter except on specially prepared paper.

This stencil is put on the Neostyle which prints and counts out neat, clear copies, all exact duplicates of your original, at the rate of 60 to 100 a minute.

The work is merely turning the crank and feeding the paper—the rotation of the drum brings the printing surface of the stencil to the paper and the ink supply is automatic.

We would like to send our booklet. Will you give us your address on a postal?

Neostyle Co.
30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

WINCHESTER

LOOK FOR THE RED

W
TRADE MARK
REG IN U S PAT OFFICE

WHEN BUYING GUNS OR AMMUNITION

This Winchester trade-mark is the hall-mark of guns and ammunition as perfect as brains and experience, coupled with a complete plant, can make them. The red **W** is to guns, cartridges and shotgun shells what the word "Sterling" is to silverware.

For Your Protection "Look for the Red **W**"

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

GLOUCESTER SWINGING BED HAMMOCK

For Porches, Lawns, Tents, Bungalows, Dens

Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Seat

Can be hoisted to ceiling when not in use. Made without or with wind shields as shown in picture. The model used by U. S. Naval Officers. Made of heavy canvas, strong wood frame and thick mattress with removable mattress cover. Will hold half a dozen people. Ideal for outdoor sleeping. Inexpensive and lasts a lifetime. Carefully covered and packed with lines and hooks ready for hanging, and sent anywhere by express or freight.

Outdoor
Comfort
At Last

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

telling more about the advantages and uses of this hammock, and price list of styles and sizes. The genuine Gloucester Hammock is not sold in stores, but only direct by us, the makers. Write us *to-day* for particulars—hammock weather is due.

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc., 36 Water Street, Gloucester, Mass.

IVER JOHNSON
Truss Bridge Bicycle

With this truss bridge construction of the Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycle the frame cannot sag and the wheels cannot spread, even with strong pedal pressure up a steep hill. That sagging and spreading is what makes a rider sore. In the truss bridge wheel each ounce of push tells. There is no lost energy.

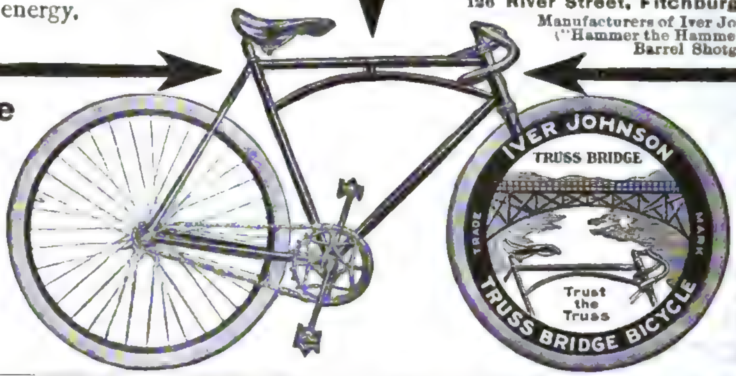
Strong Rigid and Easy Running~

Other superior features of this bicycle are the Iver Johnson solid forged fork-crown, of which we have not known one to break in six years, and the Iver Johnson two-piece crank-hanger, the strongest and simplest ever used on a bicycle.

Write for Catalogue—sent free, with name of our local dealer, upon request.

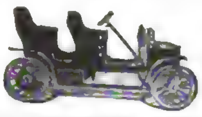
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns.

Trust the Truss



Iver Johnson Truss Bridge
Racer, $50
Roadster, 40

VICTOR HAND FORGED AUTOMOBILE



$550 Up
12 H. P., Air Cooled

Send for catalogue describing Runabouts, 4 Passenger Car, Victor Pullman and Delivery Wagons.

VICTOR AUTOMOBILE MFG. CO., 3952 Laclede Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

$2,500 Touring Car

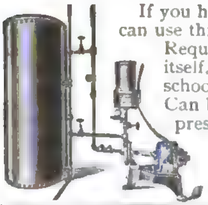
The Glide

Rutenber 40 H. P.

Built in the Hills
Vital parts—Motor
SELECTIVE TRANSMISSION AND DRIVE MECHANISM of highest efficiency. No waste of power and correctly applied. It makes its showing on hills—a speed, and on difficult roads. Comfortable, stylish and reliable. Free catalogue.

THE BARTHOLOMEW CO.
307 Glide Street, Peoria, Ill.

ECONOMY Automatic Electric Water System



If you have electric light in your house you can use this system for complete water supply. Requires no attention—stops and starts itself. Best for houses, flats, hotels, schools, office buildings, factories, etc. Can be operated on over-head as well as pressure tanks. *Send for free book.*

THOMAS & SMITH
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Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval and trial** to anyone in U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days ship it back and *don't pay a cent.*

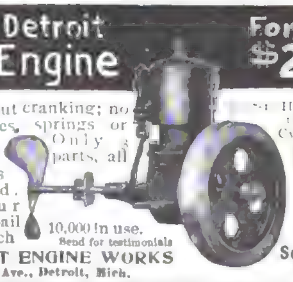
FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new special offers.*

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do not wait; write it Now!**

Tires, Coaster Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W 43 CHICAGO

2 H.P. Detroit Engine For $29.50



Starts without cranking; no cams, valves, springs or sprockets. Only 3 moving parts, all bearings babbitted. For your Row Boat, Sail Boat, Launch

[illegible] H. P. [illegible] Cylinders and pistons ground. Crank shaft drop forged steel. All sizes ready to ship.

10,000 in use.
Send for testimonials

DETROIT ENGINE WORKS
1280 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Send for free Catalog

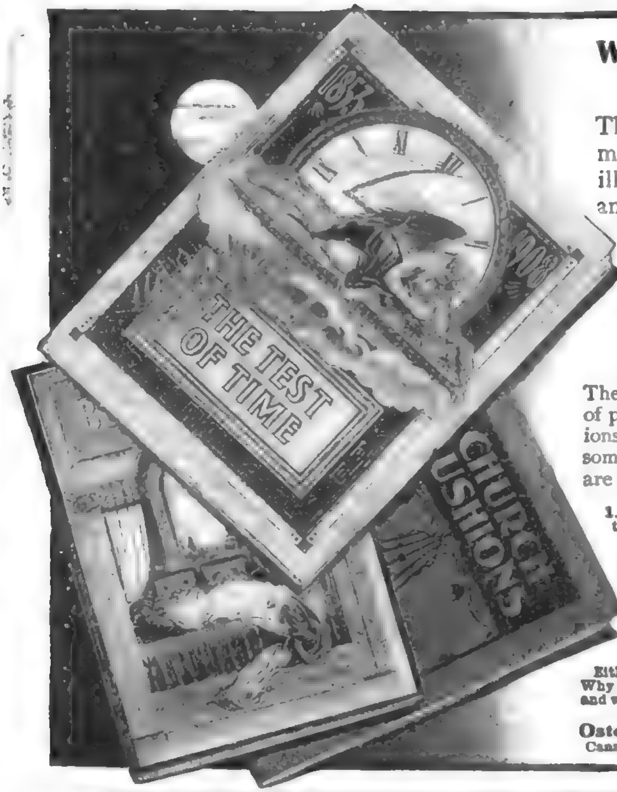
VIOLIN of Smooth, Fine Tone

The purchase of a violin is an important thing. Why not get the best musical value to be had? The Lyon & Healy Cremonatone Violin is world-famous, and if you will read its history you will understand why it excels all imitations and why soloists everywhere gladly pay its price, which is $100. The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price $15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages. 1100 illustrations.

FROM

LYON & HEALY
92 Adams Street, CHICAGO

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



Which of These Books Do You Wish—Free

They are full of information about beds, mattresses and cushions, are beautifully illustrated and printed in two colors, and tell all about

OSTERMOOR

Mattresses and Cushions

They also contain testimonial letters from hundreds of persons who have used our mattresses and cushions in their families, institutions and churches, some of them for nearly fifty years, and say they are as good to-day as the day they were bought.

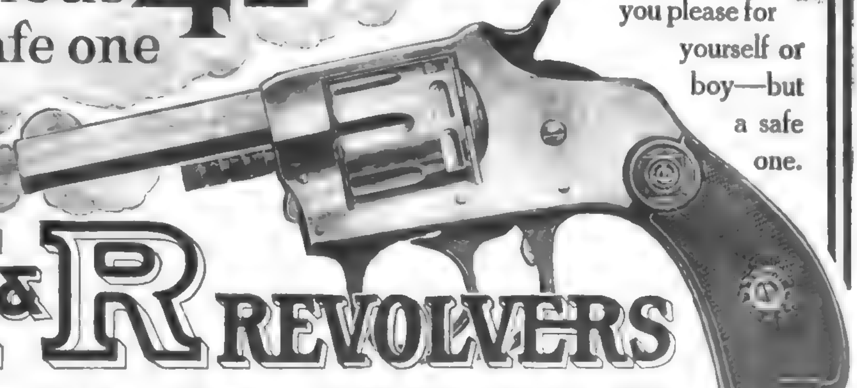
1. **"THE TEST OF TIME"**—A short history of mattresses, their first use, sleeping customs, evolution of the Ostermoor Mattress, with pictures, descriptions, testimonials, prices, etc.
2. **"BUILT FOR SLEEP"**—Telling about Ostermoor Bedsteads, Cots, Springs and other things that add to bedroom comfort and beauty.
3. **"CHURCH CUSHIONS"**—Filled with information about its subject that no Pastor, Committee, or Board of Trustees, should be without.

Either or all of these books will be mailed without cost to you. Why not learn about the best of their kind in the world and how and where they may be bought.

Ostermoor & Co., 107 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

A Glorious 4th but a safe one

Let it be as noisy as you please for yourself or boy—but a safe one.



H&R REVOLVERS

There is plenty of fun in store for all with a supply of "blanks" and a *safe*, dependable H & R Revolver. Cheap firearms are dear at any price—and dangerous. An H & R is guaranteed—perfect in its mechanical construction, and *tested* before you ever see it—safe, sure and simple.

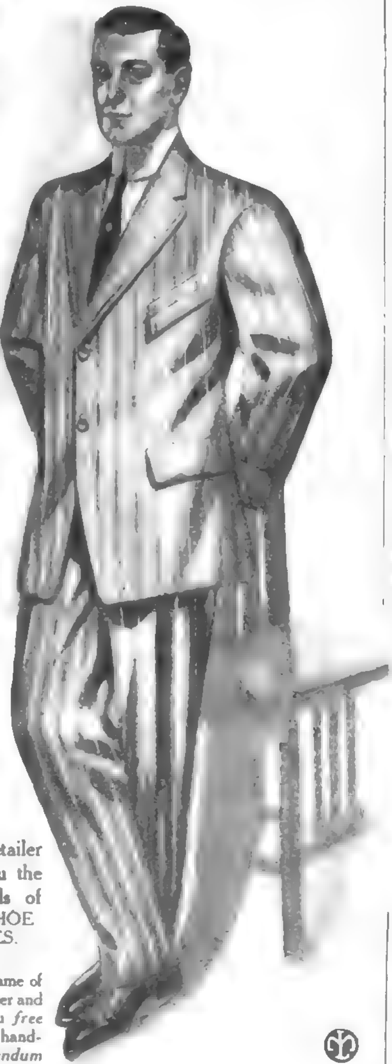
Model 1906 only weighs 10 ounces; while small in size it is a good noise maker as well as a reliable weapon, will last a lifetime, 22 caliber, seven shot, rim fire, double action, 2½ inch barrel, nickel finish. Price, $3.00.

Sold by all first-class dealers. *Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct.* Look for our name on barrel and little target trade-mark on the handle. Send for Illustrated Catalog.

TRADE H&R ARMS CO. MARK

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,
463 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

The Mark of
Good Clothes
as well as
Good Luck



Ask your retailer to show you the latest models of HORSE SHOE CLOTHES.

Send us the name of your local dealer and we'll send you *free of charge* a handsome *Memorandum Book*.

If you're up to date, why not "look the part" to your best advantage.

Wear
The "Horse Shoe" Brand
Two Button Sack Suit.

David Marks & Sons

Makers of Clothes for Men
BROADWAY NEW YORK

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

The fabrics used in the manufacture of

"Onyx" Hosiery

Look for this Trade Mark

Stamped on every pair

ARE THE BEST

Knowledge of fabrics might be acquired by others, but creative genius that leaves nothing to chance requires years of experience. For Comfort, Beauty, and Durability, try the following numbers:

FOR WOMEN

No. 599 S:	Black Gauze Lisle, Garter splicing, reinforced seam, heel, sole and toe.	Price, 50c.
No. 810/18:	Black Six-thread Lisle heel and toe, four-thread all over.	Price, 50c.
No. 409 K:	Black, Tan and White Gauze Silk Lisle, soft, glossy, flexible. Has all the properties of Silk, minus the cost.	Price, 50c.
No. 180 K:	Black Silk Lisle, extra wide hose, reinforced heel, sole and toe.	Price, 75c.

SPECIAL VALUE

No. 106:	*Pure Thread Silk, Black, White and Tan, all colors to match shoes or gown—pure dye. Every pair guaranteed.*	*Price, $2.25.*

FOR MEN

No. E 810:	Lisle—Black and Colors—Great Value.	Price, 50c.
No. E 825:	Silk-Lisle, Black and Colors—None Better.	Price, 50c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: Ask your dealer, or write Department J. We will direct you to nearest dealer, or mail postpaid on receipt of price any number as above stated.

Broadway New York

"The Straw Without a Flaw"

Wilting Weather

makes your Straw Hat the "biggest little" contributer to comfort. It's the last thing *you* put on, but the first thing *others* notice.

If the best is not too good for you select a

"B. & K." Straw Hat

and that you may be sure it is the genuine insist on seeing

THIS LABEL

in the Crown, or under the Leather,

BLUM & KOCH
HIGHEST GRADE
84-90 FIFTH AVE
NEW YORK

Exclusive styles

"B. & K." Straws are *made by hand* from the finest braids. Young men like them for their jaunty dash—older men, for their becomingness and airy coolness.

For sale by all good hatters. Write for Booklet E.

BLUM & KOCH, 84 to 90 Fifth Ave., New York

A
Requisite for Golf
and All Out-door Sports

LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

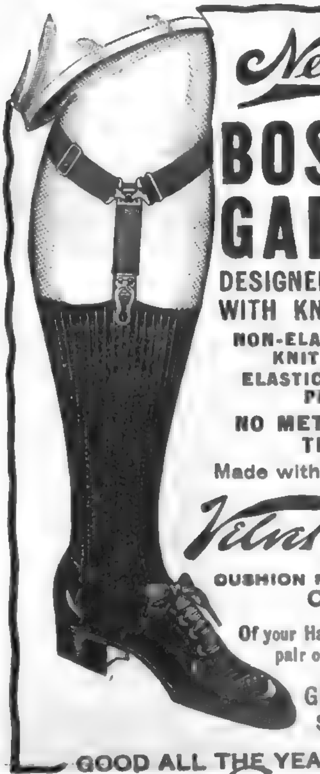
They add to the pleasure of sport by preserving one's comfort and neatness of appearance. No freak of weather can affect their shape. Never wilt or crack, and being **linen** they look it, yet wipe clean and white as new with a damp cloth. Latest styles in all sizes for all occasions.

Collars, 25c. **Cuffs, 50c.**

If not at your dealers, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO.
Dept. 16, 7 Waverly Place, New York

STYLE
ECONOMY
WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS
FIT
COMFORT



Needram

BOSTON GARTER

DESIGNED TO BE WORN WITH KNEE DRAWERS

NON-ELASTIC TUBULAR KNIT LEG BAND
ELASTIC ADJUSTABLE PENDANT
NO METAL TOUCHES THE LEG

Made with the Celebrated

Velvet Grip

CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON CLASP

Of your Haberdasher or sample pair on receipt of 25c.

GEO. FROST CO.
Sole Makers, Boston

GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND

MICHAELS-STERN FINE CLOTHING

has among its Spring and Summer models all the new cuff, lapel and pocket flap "wrinkles," "fads" and "notions," besides standard "quiet" styles.

$12 to $35

Garments of your size must fit you as if made to your measure; try 'em on and look in the mirror.
Will they wear well?
Just ask any wearer of
Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

Write for booklet "L." "Styles from Life," covering Men's "Correct Dress" for Spring and Summer, and "Useful Law Pointers," FREE.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Look for this Label

Michaels-Stern & Co
Manufacturers
No
Date

It's on all Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing and Identifies it

As your teeth are wanted to last—for years to come—begin now to use

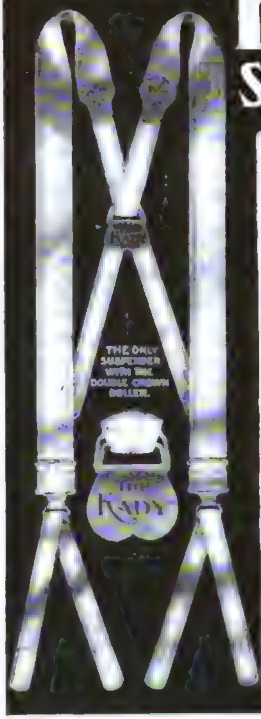
Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

¶ However perfect your teeth may naturally be, they still require, and will well repay a little daily care.

¶ The regular use of Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder ensures a complete antiseptic cleansing, helps the tooth brush to do its work easily, pleasantly, and thoroughly, and thus enables you to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.

At your dealer's, in tins, 15, 30 and 45 cents; glass jar (sprinkler top) 38 cents. By mail from us 10 cents extra. **Trial Sample and descriptive booklet on request.**
U.S.A. agents, Park & Tilford, 917 Broadway, New York.
Makers, F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot, 349 Dorchester Street, West, Montreal.

THE KADY SUSPENDER


KADY
THE ONLY SUSPENDER WITH THE DOUBLE CROWN ROLLER
THE KADY

Is the only kind having the patented

DOUBLE CROWN ROLLER

which not only prevents the web from wearing but allows the suspender to adjust itself to every movement of the body.

There are no complicated straps that twist, or cords that run off the pulleys.

The ease, comfort and satisfaction in a pair of

KADY SUSPENDERS

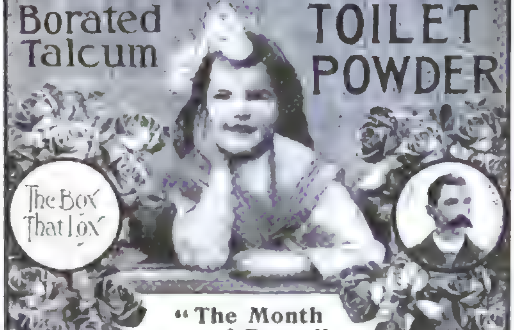
make it worth while to insist on getting the kind you ask for—50c. and 75c. a pair.

If your furnisher can't supply you, write us and we will send booklet with name of dealer who can.

The Ohio Suspender Co.
622 N. Park St., Mansfield, O.

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



"The Month of Roses"

calls for special complexion safeguards, to insure a summer of perfect skin condition and comfort.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

used after **bathing**, keeps the skin smooth and healthy, prevents **Prickly Heat, Chafing** and **Sunburn**, insuring the much coveted "browning" without burning. After shaving it is delightful.

For your protection the genuine is put up in **non-refillable boxes**—the "**Box that Lox**," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. **Sample free.**

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets. **Sample free.**

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental odor } No samples
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } No samples
Specially prepared for the nursery

WHEEL CHAIRS

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. **Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on**

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

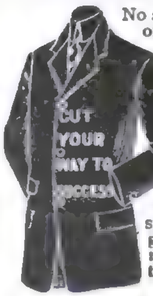
GORDON MFG. CO.
510 Madison Ave., TOLEDO O.

SIX PER CENT

Deposits with this bank on our Certificate plan draw interest at the rate of 6%. Capital, $100,000.00.
Please write for booklet "E."

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL $100,000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

Learn Merchant Tailor Cutting


CUT YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS

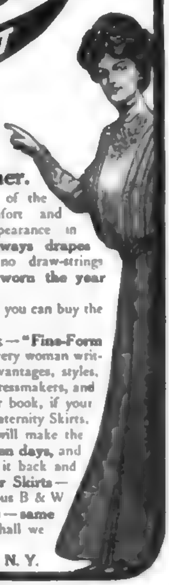
No art, no profession, no occupation, today offers greater reward and inducements than does the art of cutting men's clothes. Custom cutters are in demand everywhere. Ordinary cutters receive $1500 to $2000 per year; the best $3000 to $7000.

We are presenting, not only a new plan of instruction, but the only **simple system** of cutting clothes ever devised. We teach from life-size patterns, one lesson at a time, by mail, every detail and principle of a system so simple that any fairly intelligent man can quickly grasp it, become master of the art and readily find a lucrative field for his services.

Write for Booklet S.—Free.

Rochester Academy of Men's Clothes Cutting, Inc.
Beckley Bldg., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fine-Form
TRADE MARK
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office



of great interest to

Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting. — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — **same guarantee** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. L. Buffalo, N. Y.

Mated pair billing, or kissing — From eggs to squabs in FOUR weeks.

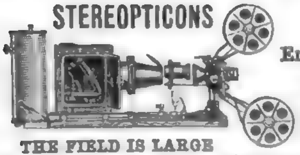
SQUAB BOOK FREE

Send for our handsome **1908 Free Book,** telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were **first**; our birds are largest and outsell all others. Our methods made a new business of squab raising and are widely followed. Read up on Plymouth Rock squabs, **the greatest success of the 20th century in feathers.**

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 308 Howard Street
Melrose, Mass.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS



You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. I CHICAGO

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059 word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours — yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
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—How to buy at rock-bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
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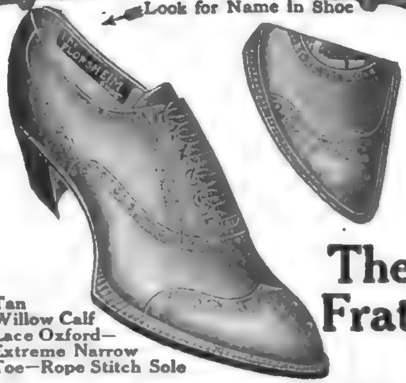
Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal — a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet. Send to

SYSTEM, D[illegible], 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Florsheim SHOE


Look for Name in Shoe
FLORSHEIM

The Frat

Tan Willow Calf Lace Oxford — Extreme Narrow Toe — Rope Stitch Sole

Russia Tans; they're *Coolest* — Because the color *deflects* heat — Then the high-grade leather *we* use is left naturally *porous* by special tanning — the feet can *breathe* —

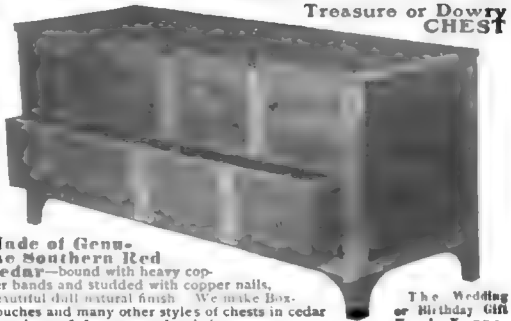
And they're *comfortable* — anatomical *foot-shape* lasts — they fit — no *drawing* or *pinching* or *cramping* to cause *smarting* or *burning* or *heating* of the foot. And they're *snug* at the *heel* — can't *slip* or *chafe*. And they *look* as good as they *feel*.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Most styles sell for $5.00.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

OLD FASHIONED

Treasure or Dowry CHEST



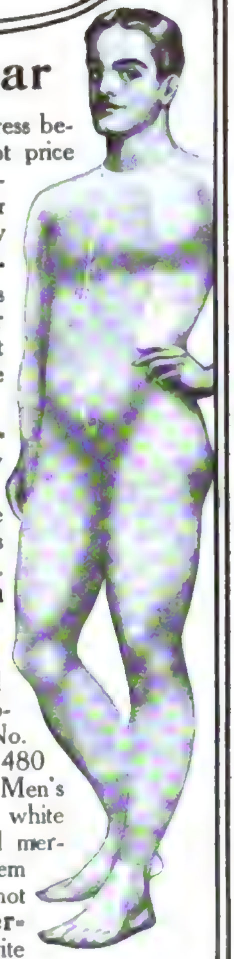
Made of Genuine Southern Red Cedar — bound with heavy copper bands and studded with copper nails, beautiful dull natural finish. We make Box-Couches and many other styles of chests in cedar — moth-proof, fragrant and artistic. *Freight prepaid from factory to home. We refund money and pay return freight if unsatisfactory.*

The Wedding or Birthday Gift Now in Vogue. Send for Booklet and Prices.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. B., STATESVILLE, N. C.

CARTER'S

Underwear



¶ To discriminate in dress bespeaks refinement. Not price but quality determines underwear economy. For permanent satisfaction buy **Carter's Underwear.**

¶ **Carter's** Union Suits fit without a wrinkle, wear well, wash to the best advantage, and have the most perfect flap made.

¶ **Carter's Underwear** combines luxury with a remarkable durability. The high grade cottons, wools and silks used make this possible. **"There's quality in every thread."**

¶ Ask your dealer to show you these special grades: Women's two-piece and Union Suits No. 475 white lisle, No. 480 Sea Island mercerized. Men's Union Suits, No. 575 white lisle, No. 580 Sea Island mercerized. You will like them very much. If you cannot get **Carter's Underwear** at the stores, write us and we will forward you samples.

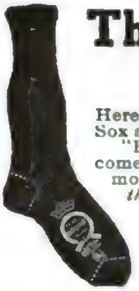
Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits for women and children. Union Suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands.

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Insist on the genuine. Refuse all substitutes. Send for sample fabrics.

THE WM. CARTER CO.
Dept. M
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS
(Highlandville)
MASSACHUSETTS

WCCO
Look for this Trade Mark

These Sox Are Insured



Here is the way we guarantee 'Holeproof" Sox and Stockings—

"Buy six pairs and if any or all of them come to holes, or need darning within 6 months from date of sale, *we will replace them* **FREE of all expense to you.**"

"Holeproof" Sox and Stockings free your feet from the discomforts of holes and darns.

"Holeproof" Sox and Stockings always fit—lay smoothly—and look stylish—because knit the natural shape of your feet. "Holeproof" Sox and Stockings do not shrink nor stretch. They do not "crock," "rust," nor fade, because dyed with natural colors that hold fast.

Holeproof Sox

come in black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue. Sizes are 9½ to 12, and weights are medium, light and *extra light* for midsummer wear. You get six pairs of "Holeproof" Sox, knit from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, for $2.00. One size only to a box, but assorted colors if desired. Sold only in boxes containing six pairs.

"Holeproof" Lustre-Sox (Silk-like finish) come only in light weight—price $3.00 for six pairs. "Holeproof" Stockings come in plain black, tan and black with white feet—sizes 8 to 11—only medium weight, and you get six pairs for $2.00. "Holeproof" Lustre-Hose (Silk-like finish) come only in plain black, light weight—price $3.00 for six pairs.

How to Order. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't *genuine* "Holeproof" Hosiery, bearing the "Holeproof" Trademark, order direct from us. State kind, size and weight desired, and remit in any convenient way ($2.00 per box for regular "Holeproof," and $3.00 for "Holeproof" Lustre-Sox or Lustre-Hose). We will fill your order promptly and *prepay express.*

Remember—all "Holeproof" Hose are *guaranteed for 6 months.* If they need darning in that time, you get **new hose FREE.** Send for book "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery Registered

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 124 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Perfect as a Rose

smooth and velvety—with the healthful coloring of youth is the complexion of every woman who uses Lablache, the modern beautifier. It prevents blemishes, caused by sun and wind, absorbs perspiration and overcomes that shiny and sallow appearance. It is the acme of purity—an everyday toilet necessity.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send* 10c. *for sample.*

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. S 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

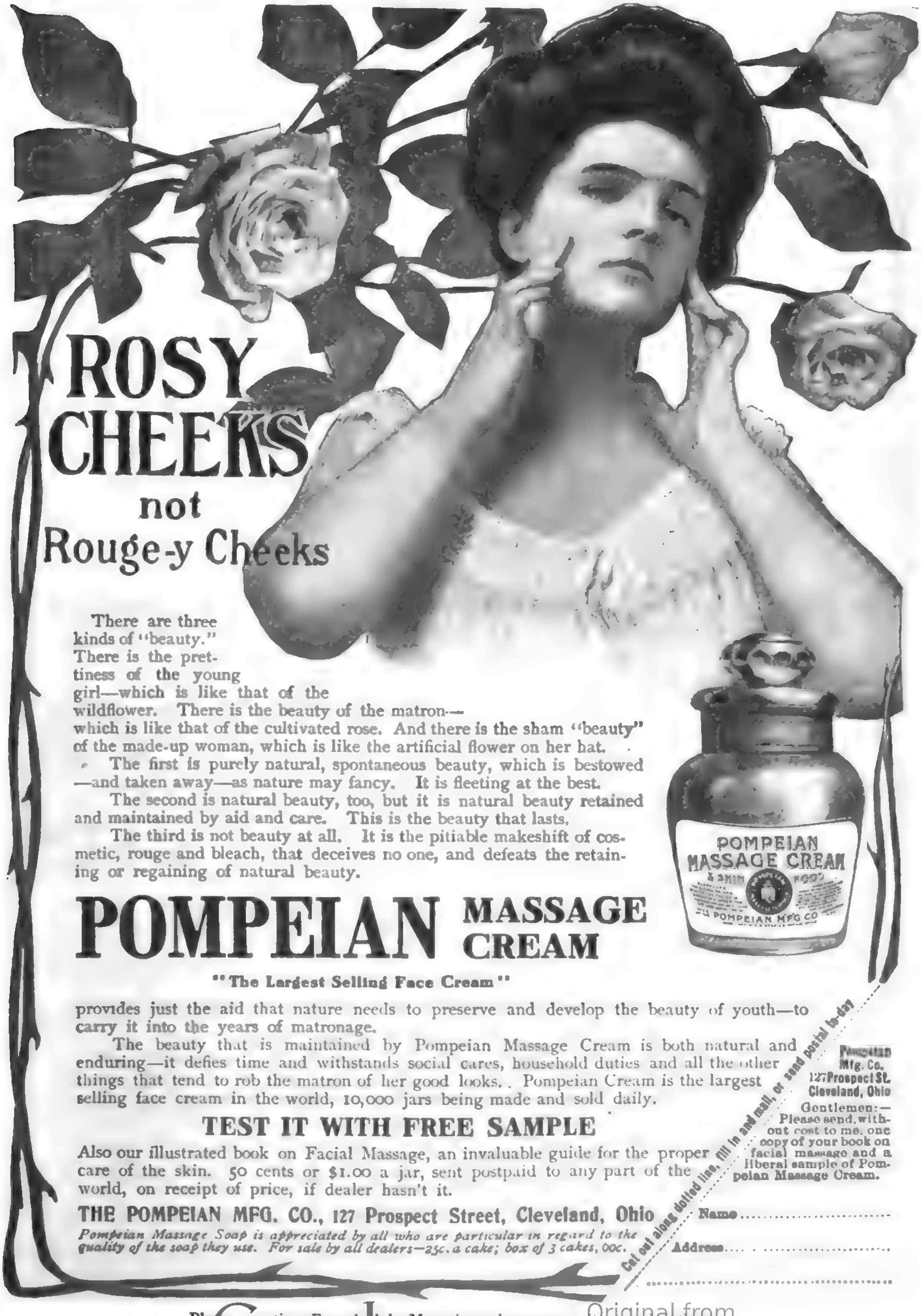
Allen's Foot—Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot—Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept any substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address,

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



ROSY CHEEKS not Rouge-y Cheeks

There are three kinds of "beauty." There is the prettiness of the young girl—which is like that of the wildflower. There is the beauty of the matron—which is like that of the cultivated rose. And there is the sham "beauty" of the made-up woman, which is like the artificial flower on her hat.

The first is purely natural, spontaneous beauty, which is bestowed—and taken away—as nature may fancy. It is fleeting at the best.

The second is natural beauty, too, but it is natural beauty retained and maintained by aid and care. This is the beauty that lasts.

The third is not beauty at all. It is the pitiable makeshift of cosmetic, rouge and bleach, that deceives no one, and defeats the retaining or regaining of natural beauty.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

"The Largest Selling Face Cream"

provides just the aid that nature needs to preserve and develop the beauty of youth—to carry it into the years of matronage.

The beauty that is maintained by Pompeian Massage Cream is both natural and enduring—it defies time and withstands social cares, household duties and all the other things that tend to rob the matron of her good looks. Pompeian Cream is the largest selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily.

TEST IT WITH FREE SAMPLE

Also our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. 50 cents or $1.00 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price, if dealer hasn't it.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 127 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—25c. a cake; box of 3 cakes, 60c.

Cut out along dotted line, fill in and mail, or send postal to-day

Pompeian
Mfg. Co.
127 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Loss of Sleep Drives Thousands Insane.

Undisturbed repose and peaceful sleep necessary for good health. Electricity the World's latest and greatest discovery for Insomnia.

The Davis Electric Medical Battery

the Newest Discovery for administering Electricity into run down Nervous System. You have never felt anything like it before. It causes rich red blood to go leaping, bounding and tingling through your entire system. Melancholy supplanted by bouyancy. You can almost feel disease and congestion leaving you. For Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Backache, Neuralgia, Headaches, Nervous Debility, Sluggish Circulation and all forms of Chronic invalidism

Electricity Has No Equal.

Relief almost instantaneous. Not a mechanical Vibrator, but a Therapeutical Instrument of the very highest merit, so pronounced by men highest up in the Medical profession. As a force in arousing circulation, purifying the blood, removing congestion, and strengthening the mind powers it stands alone. This wonderful instrument operates on ordinary incandescent light current. A child can operate it. Nothing to get out of order. Last a life time.

Write for booklet. Reliable Agents wanted.

The Davis Electric Co., Sole Manufacturers,
Main Office and Factory, Parkersburg, W. Va., U. S. A.

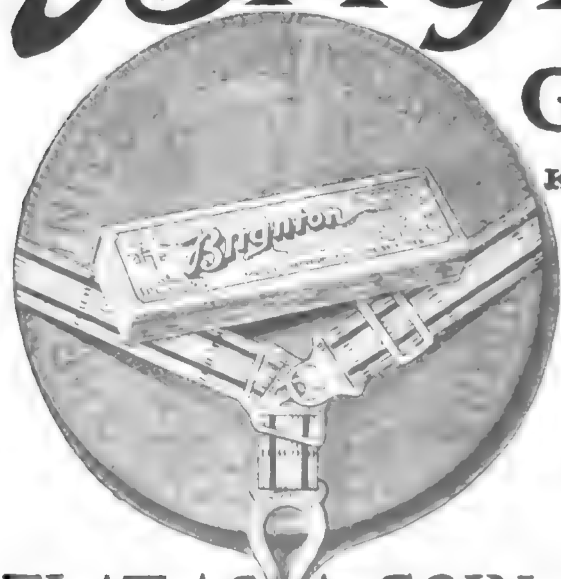
Brighton

FLAT CLASP

GARTERS

for

KNEE or FULL LENGTH DRAWERS



Best to wear with KNEE DRAWERS, because the pure silk webbing never binds, chafes or pinches the leg. The fabric is stretchy and soothing to the skin. All metal parts are brass nickel-plated, and absolutely rustless.

Best to wear with FULL LENGTH DRAWERS, because the *patented* Flat Clasp—flat as a coin—keeps the garter close to the leg and prevents accidental unfastening.

Best to wear with ALL DRAWERS, because they keep the sock trim and wrinkleless.

"Brighton" Flat Clasp Garters

are made of pure silk web in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects.

Price 25 Cents a Pair

at your dealer's or sent by mail on receipt of price

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street, Dept. E, PHILADELPHIA
Makers of "BRIGHTON" ELASTIC and LEATHER GARTERS and "PIONEER" SUSPENDERS

FLAT AS A COIN.

TO KEEP COOL! TO FEEL PERFECTLY AT EASE!
TO FIND RELIEF FROM SUMMER HEAT, WEAR

LOOSE FITTING B.V.D. GARMENTS.

They allow perfect freedom of motion, and permit fresh cooling air to reach the pores.

LOOSE FITTING

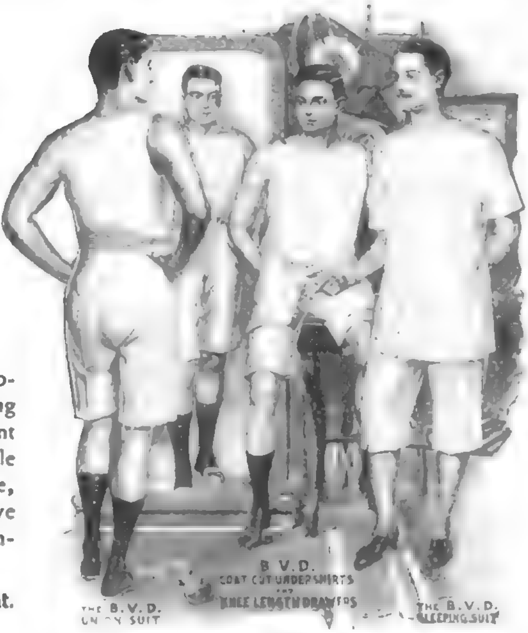
B.V.D.

Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers

are the coolest and most comfortable two-piece suit ever worn by man. No pulling of a perspiration soaked undergarment over your head. No disagreeable double thickness at the ankle to bind or irritate, and cut off air from the limbs. No glove fitting covering for the knee joints to interfere with muscular activity.

50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.



The Loose Fitting

B.V.D. Sleeping Suit

will keep you cool during the hottest night in summer. The coats are made with half sleeves; the pants reach just below the knee.

The B. V. D. Loose Fitting Sleeping Suit is cut on large, full, roomy patterns, therefore it does not bind in the crotch, or in the leg from the thigh to the knee where the strain is most. It gives absolute comfort to the wearer.

$1.00, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 a suit.

The Loose Fitting

B.V.D. Union Suit

Pat. April 30, 1907.

gives wearers of Union Suits loose fitting B. V. D. comfort.

An insertion of springy webbing *encircling the body just above the waist line*, and webbing insertions at the shoulders, make the garment conform to every bend and position of the body.

Devotees of Union Suits who have heretofore been forced to wear tight fitting undergarments, now have an opportunity of wearing a perfectly comfortable one piece garment.

$1.00, $2.00 and $3.00 a suit.

Every garment of B V D. manufacture is identified by the *B. V. D. red woven label* which insures you a correctly cut, well-made, perfect fitting garment.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

In workmanship, in cut, in finish, and in material, B. V. D. Loose Fitting garments are unsurpassed. Write for illustrated and descriptive booklet C.

All B. V. D. Garments are made of thoroughly tested woven materials, selected for their *cooling and wearing* qualities.

ERLANGER BROTHERS WORTH & CHURCH STS., NEW YORK

Summer Comfort

in half hose

Very fine, light weight half hose made of the finest Egyptian and handsomely mercerized Sea Island yarn, spun with the famous Iron Clad "extra twist" which guarantees long life to every Iron Clad,—**35c** a pair.

No. 490—Black. 490 M.—Mode. 490 D. G. Dark Gray. 490 D. B.—Dark Blue.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 35c for each pair wanted, mentioning size.

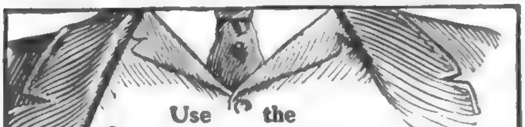
We have a mighty interesting little book on hosiery, illustrated in color; send for it—it's free. Write today.

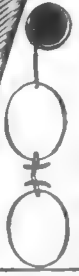
COOPER, WELLS & CO.

208 Vine Street **St. Joseph, Mich.**

"Iron Clad"

Not Iron but Lots of Hard Wear in Them





Use the

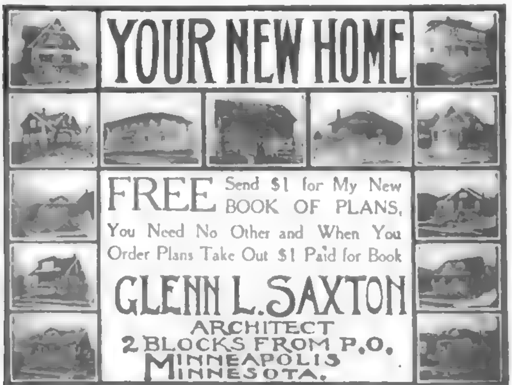
Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

It prevents dropping or mislaying your glasses. The chain never tangles, and winds up automatically, holding your glasses when not in use, in a safe, handy place. A dainty device that looks well on all occasions. Fully guaranteed.

50c. and up of jewelers, opticians, or postpaid direct from us.

Send for free illustrated booklet B

KETCHAM & McDOUGALL, 39 Maiden Lane, New York



YOUR NEW HOME

FREE Send $1 for My New BOOK OF PLANS, You Need No Other and When You Order Plans Take Out $1 Paid for Book

GLENN L. SAXTON
ARCHITECT
2 BLOCKS FROM P.O.
MINNEAPOLIS
MINNESOTA.

No 4711 WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP

A NUMBER of REASONS

HERE ARE A FEW of the many reasons why you should always say—"4711 White Rose" when you buy soap.

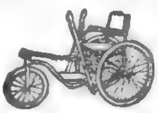
It is real, pure glycerine soap—not glycerine in name only—and you do not need to be told the soothing and beneficial effect of glycerine on the skin.

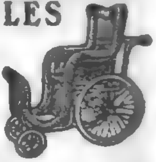
Its perfume has no equal and leaves behind a very delicate and refined odor.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany.
U. S. Branch,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
298 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send 15 cts. in stamps for full size sample cake.

TRICYCLES FOR CRIPPLES AND CHAIRS for INVALIDS

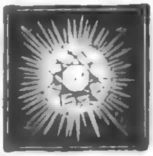




Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it today.

WORTHINGTON CO., 123 Cedar Street, ELYRIA, OHIO

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful Genuine Topaz, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, I guarantee these stones to be genuine. Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to 2 carats. Free booklet. Address, with remittance,

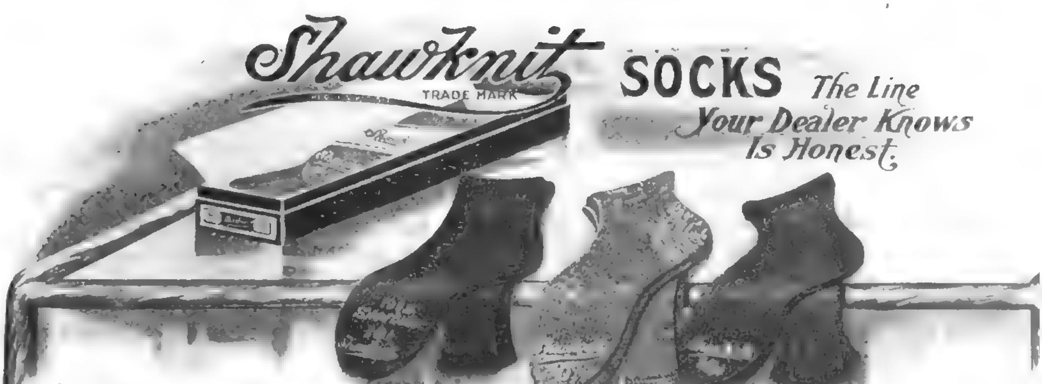
H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

Made to Measure Clothes

Made to Measure
$18
UP

We carry a complete line of imported and domestic suitings and make to measure men's up-to-date suits and overcoats at $18 up. Fit, workmanship and material guaranteed. Write to-day for free style book, self-measurement blank and samples. Liberal charge account privilege extended to honest men living anywhere.

Bell Tailoring Co.
133 E. Madison Street, Chicago


Shawknit
TRADE MARK
SOCKS
The Line Your Dealer Knows Is Honest

There Are No Forced Sale Methods

employed in selling ***Shawknit*** Socks. They have stood the test for more than 30 years. Each year, the sales rapidly increasing, the demand exceeding the supply.

Dealers realize more than ever to-day that when a man or woman asks for ***Shawknit*** Socks "some other kind" will *not* do. The reason why the public demand ***Shawknit*** Socks and hundreds of new dealers are taking on this line from their jobbers is due to merit alone.

Shawknit Socks are seamless — knitted to fit the feet — from standard, uniform quality yarns. They have always been famous for their unrivalled wearing qualities.

Shawknit Socks are not chemically finished—they are given a natural finish which preserves their strength. Pure, indelible, vegetable dyes only are used, which never crock, stain nor fade and are harmless to the most tender feet.

It is a pleasure for us to recommend you to your nearest dealer. When a dealer once puts in the ***Shawknit*** line he sticks to it, because when a man once wears the ***Shawknit*** Socks he will take no others.

We fill orders only when you are unable to procure them from your dealer. In such cases we will deliver goods at full retail price anywhere in the U. S. upon receipt of remittance. When ordering direct specify size. Our beautiful illustrated catalog will help you in your selection and will keep you posted.

Try the following assortments and give ***Shawknits*** a thorough test:

19S9 Famous Snowblack
5P1 Black and White mixture, pure white inside
3S8 A rich dressy navy blue

25c. per pair, 6 pairs in a dainty box $1.50. ***Thousands of dealers carry and sell Shawknit Socks. Accept no substitute.***

SHAW STOCKING CO.,
72 SHAW STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

Roosevelt—Taft—La Follette

Continued from page 736

and with that record of the vote we went out and—we called the roll. That showed the people of each district what 'their' representative represented. All the people had to do then was to vote, and they voted."

"So that is why you read the roll-calls of the Senate all over the country?"

"That's why," he answered. "I want the people to know whether their senators represent them or—something else. When they know that, the United States Senate will represent the people of the United States."

"Then, Senator, every measure you father has two purposes: one to achieve the end described in the bill; the other to put the senators on record."

"Exactly," he said. "And my first purpose is to put the senators on record, for, if we could get the Congress and our legislatures generally to be truly representative, the other things would come of themselves. Not one or two mangled bills a session, but all the legislation we need."

"But you said in your speech on the Aldrich bill that the special interests were combining into one mammoth trust?"

"Yes, and I meant just that. I meant this one great combination which, while yet not complete, already controls the finances and the industries and the transportation and the natural resources of the country, as it does the government of states and of the nation. And it is growing."

"What do you propose to do about that?"

"I propose to put it out of politics. We shall show it up, legislate against it, and, by putting legislators to the test, defeat its present representatives, and elect representatives of the men and women of this country."

"In other words you would regulate?"

"I would try to regulate," he answered.

"But do you think a government, made up as ours is, of the weak agents of powerful interests, can regulate such a combination of those interests as you describe?"

He smiled, and he answered tentatively:

"A truly representative government could." Then he added with a snap: "The state of Wisconsin can. We are regulating the railroads out there; really; justly; to the comfort and convenience of the people and, I believe, to the advantage of the stockholders."

"But not to the advantage of those in control of the roads?" I suggested.

"They still are fighting," he answered.

"Well, there you are," I said. "They still are fighting. Won't they fight till they control the railroad commission?"

"All right," said the senator quickly, and he leaned forward, his fist to the front. "Let them fight. I believe in democracy. I see the people watching the struggle. They want to be fair; we all want to be fair and—patient, too. And we may win. We may continue to govern even the railroads, for that is what regulation means. It means subjecting transportation to the laws and the common good of the state."

"But the railroads always have won finally, in the states, and the public utilities always have won, finally, in the cities. Won't they win in Wisconsin; won't they win the Interstate Commerce Commission in the United States, even if they have to 'get' the presidency, which they are after right now and which appoints the board?"

"They may," said the Senator. "They may. But if they win, they lose," he added, and he got up and stood over me. He knew the question that was coming.

"How so? What do you propose to do if regulation fails?"

"Own," he said.

He realized what it meant to say that, but he didn't modify, he went on and completed the thought:

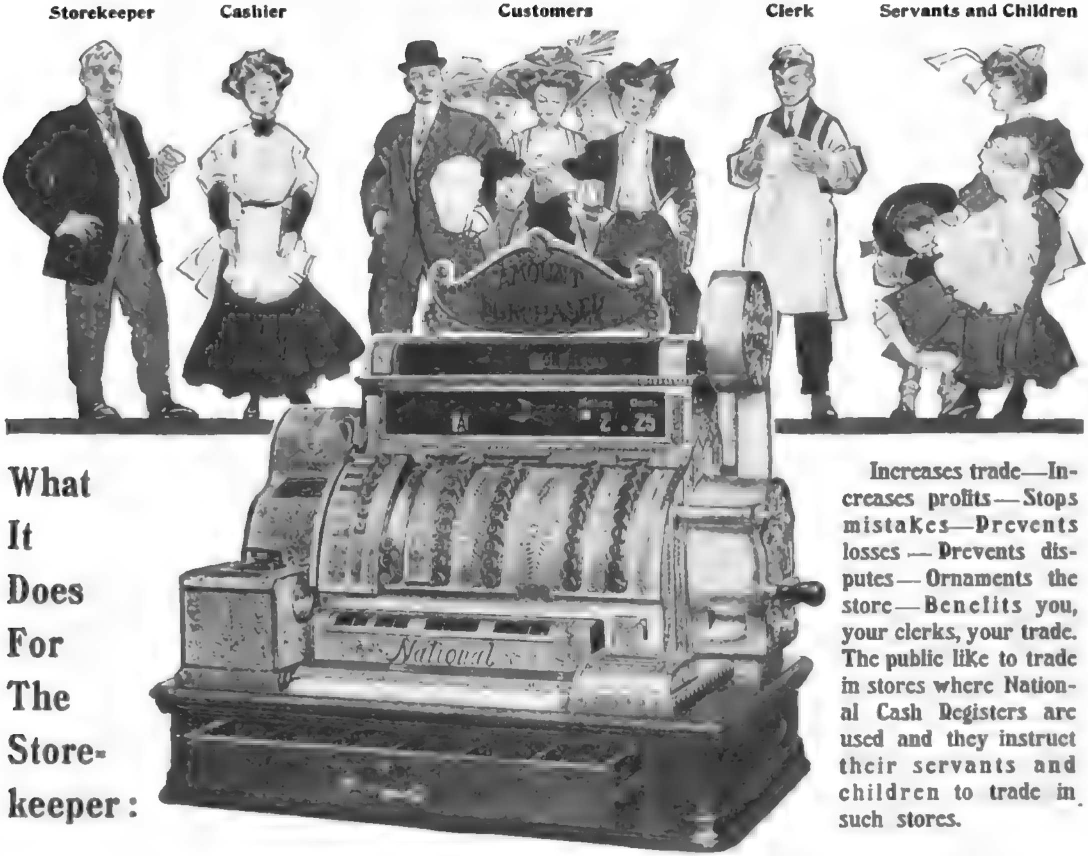
"When it comes to a choice," he said intensely, "between government ownership *by* the trusts or—*of* them, then I shall be for ownership *of* the trusts."

A moment, and I put another question:

"And what if that doesn't solve all our problems?"

"Oh, well," he laughed, "that's as far as we shall get in my time. But," he sobered and his eyes glinted, "with a government that has made and survived that test, we shall have the power and the intelligence and the character to solve any problems that arise; and we will solve them—all."

National Cash Registers Benefit Five Classes of People



What It Does For The Storekeeper:

Increases trade—Increases profits—Stops mistakes—Prevents losses—Prevents disputes—Ornaments the store—Benefits you, your clerks, your trade. The public like to trade in stores where National Cash Registers are used and they instruct their servants and children to trade in such stores.

All classes of people are benefitted by National Cash Registers because they insure quicker service, prevent over-charging, prevent mistakes in change, give greater accuracy, take care of details and eliminate disputes which result in bad feeling and loss of trade. They stamp the proprietor as being businesslike and up to date.

National Cash Registers are made in over 200 sizes and styles, suitable for any kind of a retail business of any size. Each machine is mechanically perfect and will last a business lifetime. No retail business is complete without one. **Prices $15** and up. You may buy on easy monthly payments if you wish.

Write Today Or Fill Out and Mail This Coupon ☛

and we will send you free booklets and information explaining how a National Cash Register pays for itself many times over. We can also show you why the buying public naturally trade in the stores where National Cash Registers are used.

Mr. Business Man—you know delays are dangerous—let us tell you how a National Cash Register will benefit you, your trade, and your particular business. Mail the coupon at once and get this information.

National Cash Register Company, Dept. 5
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Fill Out and Mail

E

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

I am interested in knowing more about National Cash Registers and wish you would send me further free information, booklets, etc.

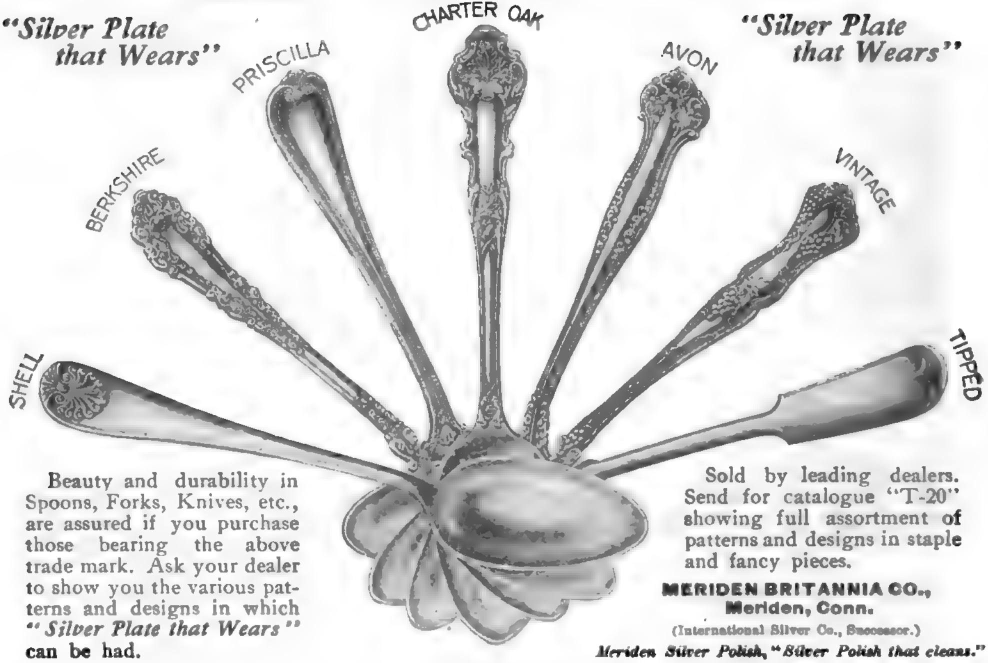
Name..................................
Business..................................
Street..................................
City..................................
State.................... *No. of Clerks*............
Remarks..................................

TRADE-MARK

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

"Silver Plate that Wears"

"Silver Plate that Wears"



Beauty and durability in Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., are assured if you purchase those bearing the above trade mark. Ask your dealer to show you the various patterns and designs in which *"Silver Plate that Wears"* can be had.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "T-20" showing full assortment of patterns and designs in staple and fancy pieces.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

Meriden Silver Polish, "Silver Polish that cleans."

If you are using one of the

Sanitol Tooth and Toilet Preparations you will be glad to **know that** there are fourteen other Sanitol Preparations of equal merit.

For the preservation of the teeth there is a Sanitol tooth preparation in any form you may prefer—powder, paste or liquid *and brush*—which not only preserves the teeth, but keeps them white and attractive.

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To obtain the best, all you need to remember is the name

SANITOL TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS

fifteen in the family, **all good**

Sanitol Tooth Powder	25c	Sanitol Bath Powder	25c	Sanitol Toilet Water	50c
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Sanitol Toilet Powder	25c	Sanitol Violet-Elite Soap	25c	Sanitol Shaving Creme	25c
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KNAPP-FELT style is artistic C&K handwork. No machinery, however ingenious, can put into a hat the superb elegance of style which characterizes Knapp-Felt hats.

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Knapp-Felt
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO NEW YORK
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Write for The Hatman

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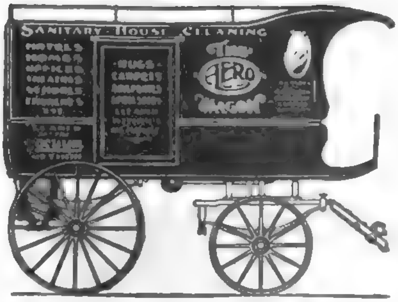

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The *"Ever-Ready"* blade is the *"Ever-Ready"* razor's overwhelming success. No other razor is as capable of as "velvety" a shave. There are 12 of these intensely sharp *"Ever-Ready"* blades in each dollar set, together with handsomely nickeled safety frame, handle and blade stropper all in a fine case. **WE REPEAT OUR GUARANTEE** that this little shaving marvel will shave you best of all razors—this means $5.00 ones and goes with lesser priced sorts without saying. Over a million shavers vouch for this fact. If you find an *"Ever-Ready"* otherwise—your money is returned. Reason enough for you to buy and try.

Extra "EVER-READY" Blades, 10 for 50 Cents
—or else you can strop back the keen edge or exchange 10 dull blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents.

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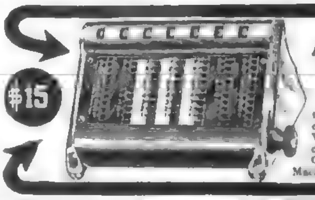

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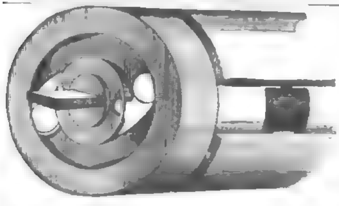

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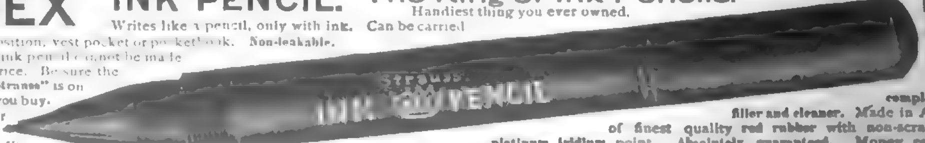

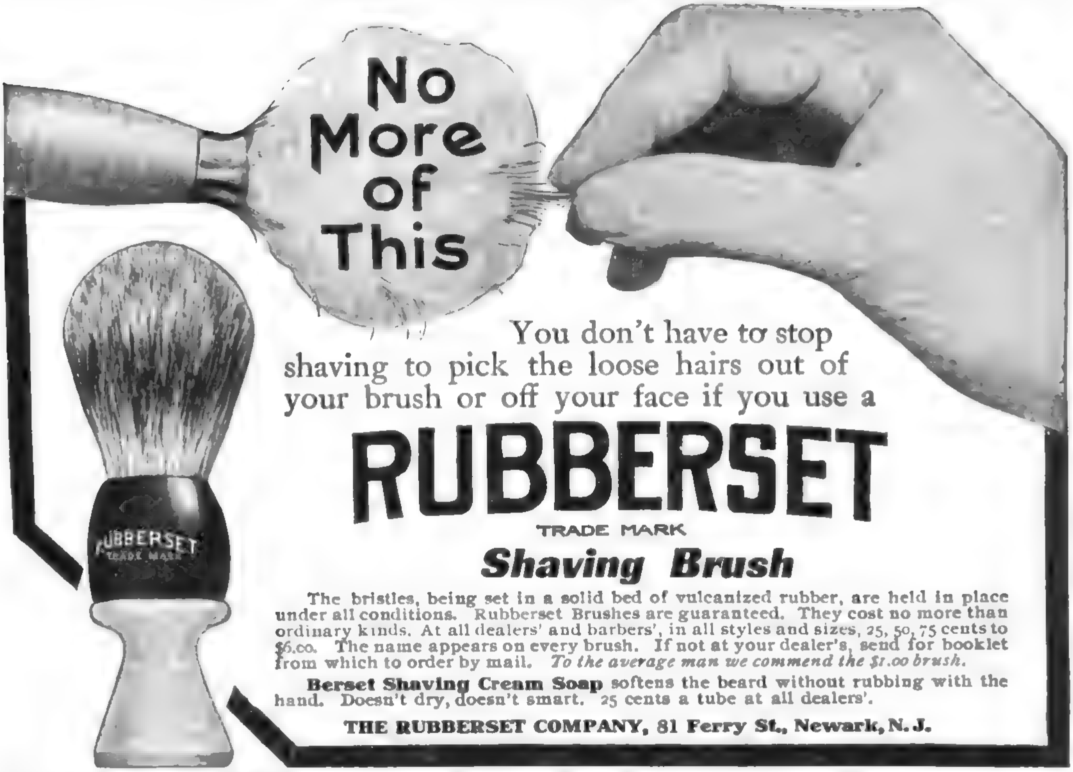

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The bristles, being set in a solid bed of vulcanized rubber, are held in place under all conditions. Rubberset Brushes are guaranteed. They cost no more than ordinary kinds. At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.co. The name appears on every brush. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which to order by mail. *To the average man we commend the $1.00 brush.*

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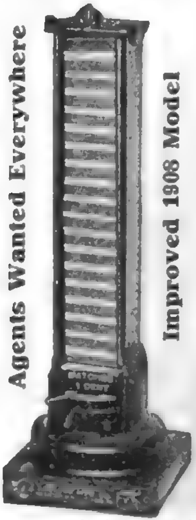

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It saves the giving away of matches.
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It looks well on your counter.
It occupies a very small space.
It works silently and constantly at a profit to you of 140 per cent. Try one on your counter. Agents wanted in every city.

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NEXT TIME ask for the kind that is

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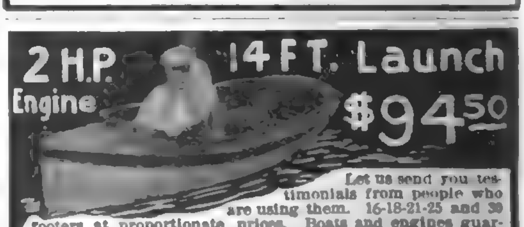

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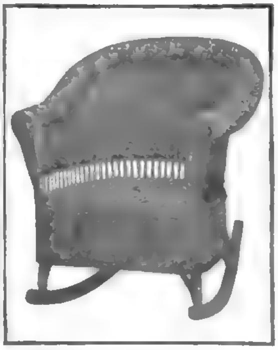

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Ford & Johnson's Fiber-Rush Furniture is made of an exceedingly tough, tenacious fiber treated by our own exclusive process. The fiber is rendered moisture-proof—heat-proof—cold-proof—capable of resisting the influence of any climate. Furniture made of Ford & Johnson Fiber-Rush is as strong and lasting as wooden furniture, and is far more artistic. It will not injure the most delicate fabric and will not sliver, break nor crumble. It is not only the furniture for the summer home—the lawn—the porch—yachts and boats—but the furniture for the home *all the year.*

Our book tells you how, at moderate cost, to make your home most inviting and attractive. It illustrates by photographs, artistic arrangements of Living, Dining and Bed Rooms, Reception Halls, Dens and Porches, all furnished in Fiber-Rush Furniture.

This light, durable material lends itself to so many graceful designs that it is preferred to heavy wooden pieces. The soft green shade *which is a part of the fiber itself* and which it retains as long as the furniture is used, harmonizes with any color scheme, and always gives the impression of refinement and elegance. It is so easily moved that it takes most of the labor out of sweeping, dusting and house-cleaning.

We make Chairs, Rockers, Conversation Chairs, Roman Seats, Dining Tables, Library Tables, Desks, Settees, Lawn Swings, Couches and Stools. Every piece is sold under our Guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Most leading dealers sell Fiber-Rush Furniture or they can get it for you from us. If you can not buy it in the stores write us and we will send you the name of a dealer who will supply you. Write our nearest office for Book 5.

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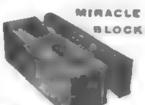

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are sold by dealers everywhere. Ask for them or send 10 cents for sample tube of Glue, Paste or Mucilage.

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Not every jeweler, or person choosing to call himself so, or who sells watches, is permitted to sell SOUTH BEND watches.

They are sold only by reliable, experienced jewelers, who can properly adjust and care for them. You can buy them nowhere except from our authorized representatives.

Every jeweler, before he can offer you a SOUTH BEND watch, before we will consent to sell him our watch movements *must* satisfy us that he is competent to assist you in selecting the watch exactly suited to your individual needs and adjust it, as every good watch must be adjusted by a jeweler in such a manner as to give you the greatest amount of timekeeping service for your money.

When you buy a *South Bend Watch*, you know that you have had the most skilled watch expert in your community to assist you in your choice and look after your perfect satisfaction.

No other maker in all the world is willing to spend the time and money necessary to *pick the jeweler.*

A SOUTH BEND WATCH.

We know it pays you and us, however, because we know, and every watch manufacturer and every good jeweler knows, that the watch that keeps perfect time in your pocket cannot be depended upon to keep time in another man's pocket.

The highest grade, most costly watch made will fail as a timekeeper unless it is adjusted to meet the individual requirements of the person carrying it.

You cannot adjust your watch yourself. Only a skilled watchmaker can adjust the delicate screws. A variation of one hundred thousandth part in the vibration of the balance wheel makes a difference of one second per day; a difference of one one-thousandth part in the vibration means a gain or loss of a minute and a half a day, and a watch which varies that much is useless as a good timekeeper.

All the skill that money and experience can command is put into SOUTH BEND watches and, grade for grade, they are superior to any other watch made, but even a *South Bend* watch must be adjusted to the individual who carries it if time-keeping service is to be obtained.

No extra charge is made for this service.

We gladly pay the jeweler for his assistance to you that we may know that every purchaser of a SOUTH BEND watch has a satisfactory timepiece.

SOUTH BEND watches cost no more than other watches of similar grade. Every SOUTH BEND watch, before it leaves the factory, must undergo tests that are twice as severe as the worst strain you will ever give it. It is baked in an oven and kept for hours in a refrigerator at freezing point, to demonstrate that it will keep perfect time without being influenced by the changes in temperature. It must keep perfect time in every position and not be affected by the jars and jolts of railway trains, horseback riding, automobiling, etc.

You might freeze it in a block of ice without injuring it in the slightest degree.

No watch, no matter how good it might be in itself, sold in the way other watches are usually sold, could possibly give the service that a SOUTH BEND watch does. Your jeweler will gladly show you this beautiful modern watch and tell you about it. He will explain to you why SOUTH BEND watches keep time better than any other watch. If your jeweler is not our representative, send us his name and we will take the matter up with him personally, and also send you, free, our handsome book, "How Good Watches are Made," and a little device showing how a SOUTH BEND watch adjusts itself in every temperature.

South Bend Watch Co., Dept. E. M. 6, South Bend, Ind.

"Keep Your Eye on Continentals"

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More Continentals sold than any other tire

Continentals have the largest sale of all the automobile tires manufactured.

This fact is significant because it indicates quality.

There are a good many concerns making tires. Competition is strong; until recently our prices have always been higher than the average; there has been plenty of time within the last few years for the most exhaustive and severe tests and comparisons of the various makes.

Under these circumstances, the fact that more automobilists want Continental Tires than want any other is the best proof possible that there is something about the Continental that is not found in other tires and that makes it the best kind to have on a car.

Continental leadership represents the verdict of the public—of that exceptionally intelligent part of the community which includes the automobilists.

All over the world Continental Tires are *the standard.*

Continentals are the great *racing tires.* They hold the world's record for long distance events, 300 miles in 233 minutes, 44 seconds (made at Ormond with a FIAT car) average speed more than 77 miles an hour.

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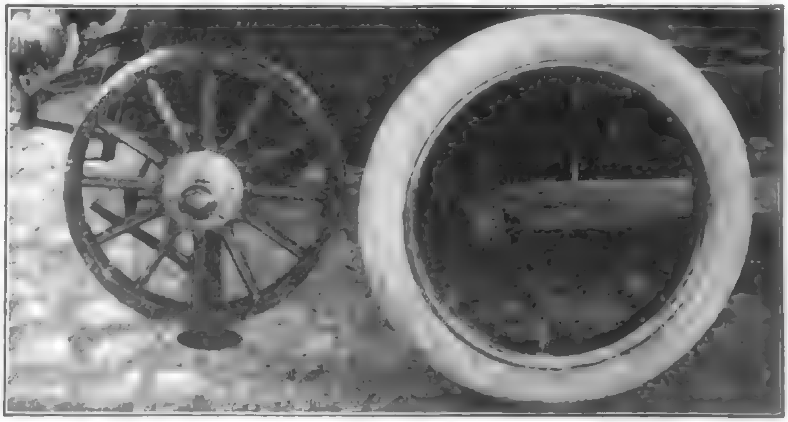
In the great Briarcliff Race, cars with Continental Ready-Flated Tires captured three out of four of the leading positions.

Only a tire *exceptionally* reliable is suited for racing purposes.

The Continental Company has always been a leader in introducing new features and devices. This year in America it has brought out the *Ready-Flated* Tire. *Ready-Flated* Tires can be obtained only from us or our Distributing Agents, but may be ordered by any automobile manufacturer or dealer or car owner in the United States.

Ready-Flated Tires can be removed in case of puncture and a spare tire put on immediately. Any one can do it. The delay is slight. The tires are carried *already inflated* and you do not have to pump them up after they are put in place. They give strength and security and are of the *standard clincher type.*



Wheel Fitted to Receive Continental Ready-Flated Demountable Tire

In changing to Continental Demountable Rims you can continue to use your clincher tires.

Our Tire Booklet telling all about them will be sent free. Write to us for it.

These Ready-Flated Tires have been the sensation of the year.

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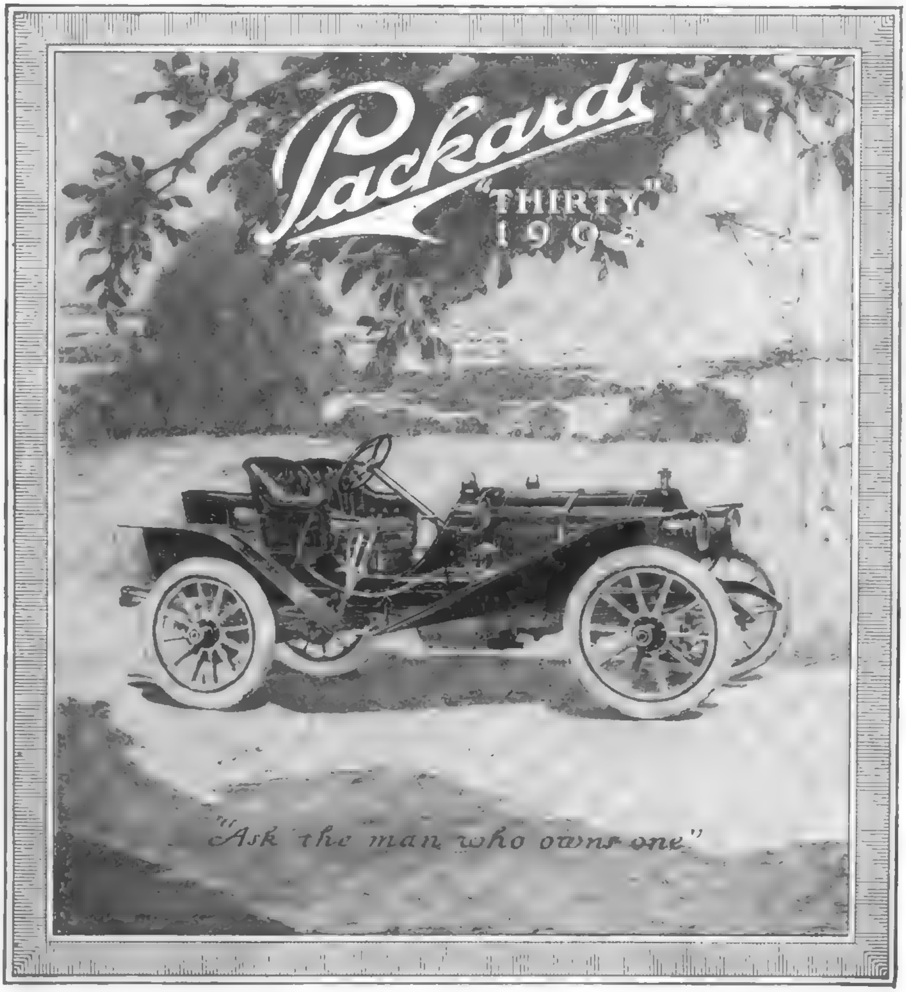
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"Ask the man who owns one"

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The Automobile with No Useless Weight

Great-grandfather's watch weighed about a pound. Some task for the old gentleman to carry it about.

But the *refinement of manufacturing*, eliminating the "unnecessary," made possible the light, trim, beautiful timepiece of today.

So, to a great extent, with automobiles.

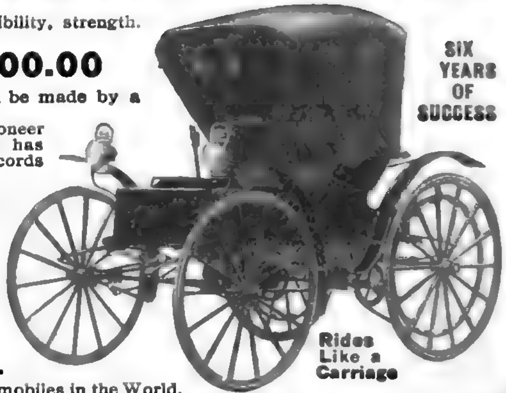
The earlier types were heavier cars—the heavier, the more locomotive-like the better—it was formerly thought.

This meant pounds of power squandered on *overcoming the car's own weight* before an inch of progress could be gained—a heavy tax on fuel and machinery.

And besides a complication of parts which punctuated every journey with—*pauses.*

Now-a-days the trend is the other way—toward lightness, low maintenance, good service.

Holsman Automobiles



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Rides Like a Carriage

The Holsman splendidly combines lightness, flexibility, strength. It is the automobile of greatest simplicity.

1907 Sales Over $600,000.00

Repairs Average Under $3.00 per Month and can be made by a blacksmith or wagonmaker.

The standard of high-wheeled automobiles and the pioneer of this type. The only high-wheeled automobile that has a record in a public reliability contest, and Holsman records date back to 1902.

The Holsman will take you practically anywhere an ordinary horse and buggy will take you—without coaxing. It is built to travel rough, rocky and rutty roads, through mud and snow—and takes stiff hills with ease.

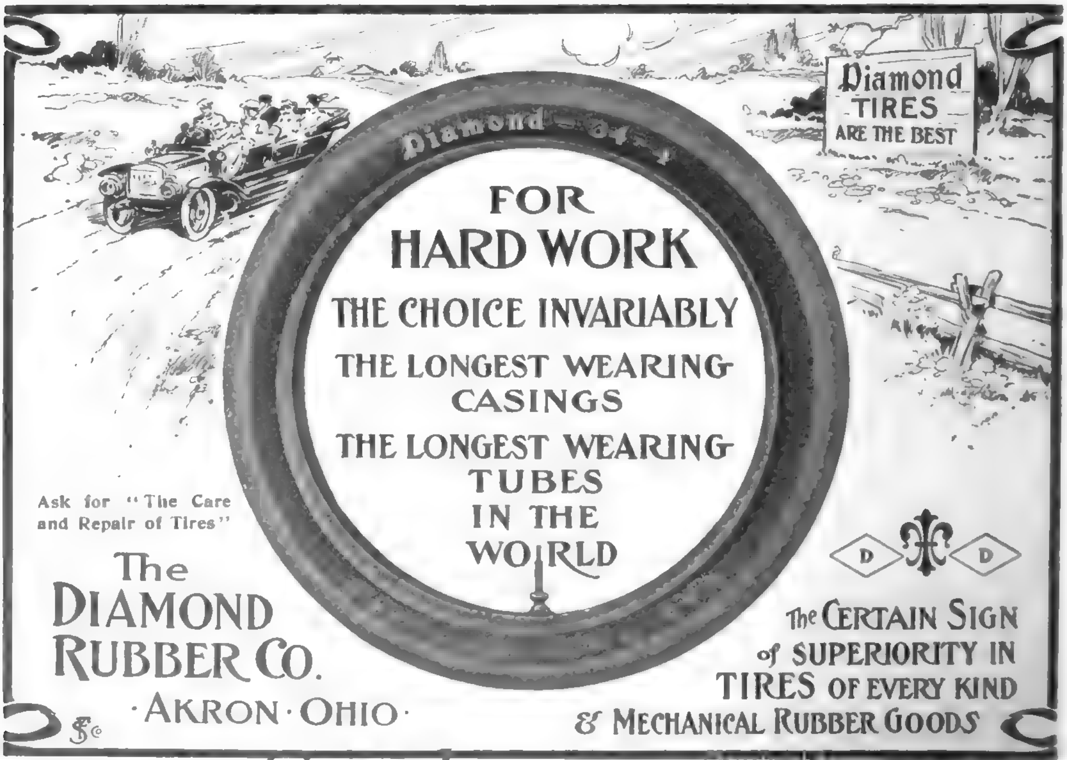
"Rides like a carriage" but *every inch an automobile.*

Solid rubber tires mean satisfaction, efficiency, economy. Air-cooled motor, no live axles, friction clutches or differential gears. *Send for the new Holsman Catalog. Mailed free on request.*

HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

Room 517, Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Carriage Automobiles in the World.


Diamond TIRES ARE THE BEST
Diamond

FOR HARD WORK

THE CHOICE INVARIABLY

THE LONGEST WEARING CASINGS

THE LONGEST WEARING TUBES IN THE WORLD

Ask for "The Care and Repair of Tires"

The DIAMOND RUBBER Co.
·AKRON·OHIO·

The CERTAIN SIGN of SUPERIORITY IN TIRES OF EVERY KIND & MECHANICAL RUBBER GOODS

DON'T WORRY

You will never have to think about tire troubles if you equip with

G & J TIRES

The photograph is an average example of their condition after standing the grind of the road and the heavy strains of a ponderous car for many thousands of miles. They are made right, of real rubber, cured by the only process—exclusively G & J—that combines resiliency with the most remarkable wearing qualities.

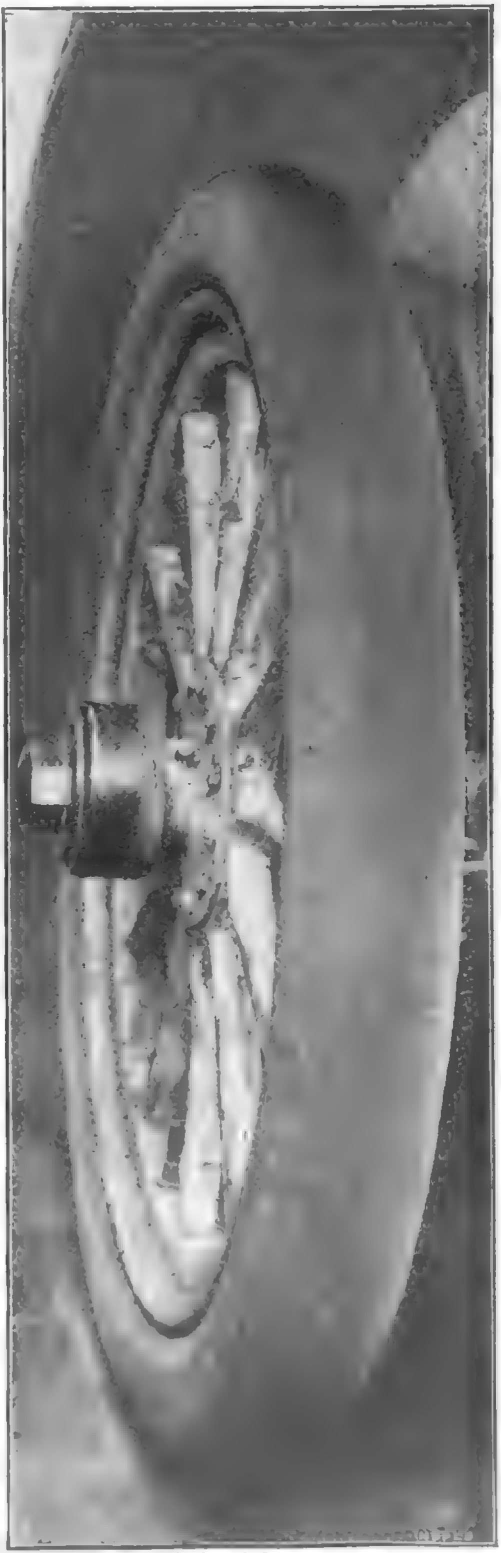
G & J TIRE Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

G & J

All genuine G & J Tires have this trade mark molded on the side
LOOK FOR IT

This Tire has run 4516 miles

Branches and Agencies everywhere.



ESTABLISHED IN 1886

BANKING BY MAIL
AT SIX PER CENT

If you are receiving less than six per cent. on your savings account, it will be to your advantage to send us your address so that we can mail you, without any obligation on your part to do business with us, our handsome booklets which give full information concerning our doubly secured Certificates of Deposit, yielding six per cent., payable monthly, quarterly or semi-annually, as desired by the depositor.

Please ask for our booklet "E."

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $300,000.00

SALT LAKE SECURITY AND TRUST CO.

F. E. MC GURRIN
PRESIDENT.

SALT LAKE CITY
- UTAH -

OLDSMOBILE

The Oldsmobile Touring Car is handsome—inside and out.

Inside, to those who appreciate good engineering, simplicity, strength and accessibility.

Outside, to those who appreciate grace, balance, stability and fine finish.

In appearance as well as in performance—"the logical car at the logical price."

Model M, fully equipped, $2,750

Member Association
Licensed Automobile
Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Lansing, Michigan, U. S. A.

The Oldsmobile Co.
Of Canada
80 King Street, East
Toronto, Ontario

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

FRANKLIN

Before you buy any automobile see it weighed and test its strength.

Look at the running-cost of a light-weight automobile compared with a heavy one.

You can carry seven passengers in the Franklin Type H automobile cheaper than you can run the ordinary 5-passenger machine. And Type H has six cylinders with all the smoothness and speed and perfect balance they give. Think of it!—a powerful roomy touring-car refined and strong and capable of 55 miles an hour; yet weighing only 2600 pounds, and actually costing less to own and run than the average 5-passenger 4-cylinder machine.

Other seven-passenger machines both 4 and 6 cylinders, weigh on the average, a thousand pounds more than Type H, and cost over 40 per cent more to run besides depreciating faster.

All the Franklin models are on the same principle—high power with strength and light weight.

The Franklin doesn't bump itself to pieces nor jolt its passengers. The laminated wood-frame and four full-elliptic springs absorb road-shocks. There are no water-cooling troubles. What water-cooled motor could run a solid week with the automobile standing still in a warm salesroom, as the air-cooled Franklin did at Chicago? What heavy automobile could run from Chicago to New York in less than 40 hours?

You can't drive a heavy, steel-frame, hard-riding automobile at speed safely and comfortably on American roads.

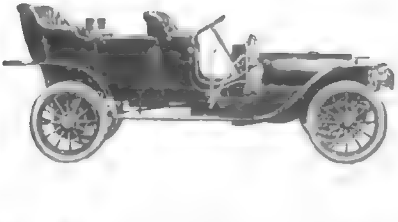
You're sure of comfort and safety in a light-weight Franklin.

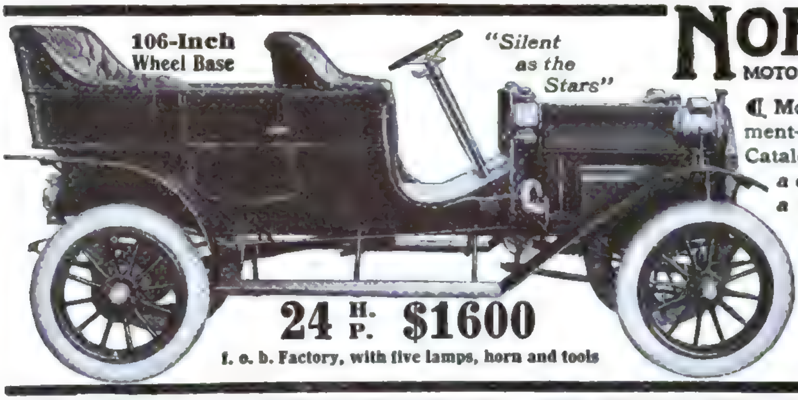
16 h. p. 4-cylinder Runabout	$1750
16 h. p. 4-cylinder Touring-car	1850
28 h. p. 4-cylinder Touring-car or Runabout	$2850
42 h. p. 6-cylinder Touring-car or Runabout	4000

Prices f.o.b. Syracuse

Write for catalogue describing the Franklin.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N Y





106-Inch Wheel Base

"Silent as the Stars"

24 H. P. $1600

f. o. b. Factory, with five lamps, horn and tools

NORTHERN

MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT

¶ More *power,* greater refinement—is the message of our new Catalog. *"It's a pleasure—not a crucifying luxury—to own a Northern"* because it has the simplest control and simplest mechanism of any car. You can drive and care for it yourself. Write for new Catalog—explains its exclusive advantages in detail.

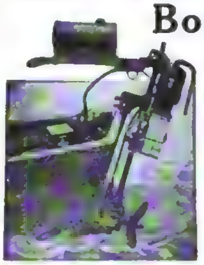
It's better to buy a
Truscott
than to wish you had

TRUSCOTT Improvements for 1908 have added 50 per cent. to efficiency. INVESTIGATE THEM. Complete stocks of Boats and Motors. Deliveries guaranteed. Send Five Stamps for Catalog B.

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., St. Joseph, Mich.

STORES: New York, 1675 Broadway; Chicago, 431 Wabash Ave., and Boston, 87 Haverhill Street

Make a Motor Boat of any Boat in 5 Minutes

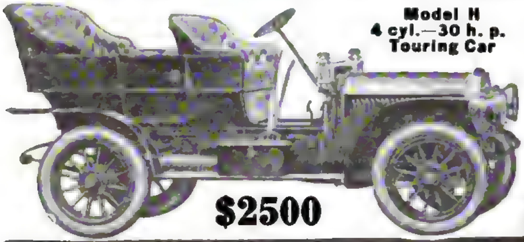


Here's a little 2 h. p. marine motor (40 lbs. complete). Attach to the stern post of your boat in 5 minutes, without any tools. Drives an ordinary row boat 7 miles per hour. Runs 8 hours on one gallon gasoline. Float Feed Carburetor. Simplest motor made—does not get out of order. Catalog C free.

We also make CANOE MOTORS in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders. 2 h. p. Weighs 32 lbs. Shipped ready for installation. Fully guaranteed. Send for Catalog K.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.

1503 Fort St., West, Detroit, Mich.



Model H
4 cyl.—30 h. p.
Touring Car

$2500

Touring Luxury at its Best in Model H

CADILLAC

Don't be blinded by mere surface considerations when buying an automobile. Forget the name; forget the price; get right into the heart of things and see what the car is worth mechanically, intrinsically—what it is, what it can do.

To be sure, every car won't stand the test, but it is under this searching scrutiny that Cadillac Model H most asserts its worth.

Luxury—it vies with the fancy-priced foreign cars at but a fraction the price. Perfect in appointment, comfortable in extreme.

Power—a continual source of surprise when hill climbing, speeding, or through sand, snow or mud. The engine is of advanced type—a piece of Cadillac engineering that has marked a new phase in latter-day motor construction.

Dependability—of the proverbial Cadillac kind; always responsive to the will of the driver—no hitch, no halt; always gets there—and mostly first.

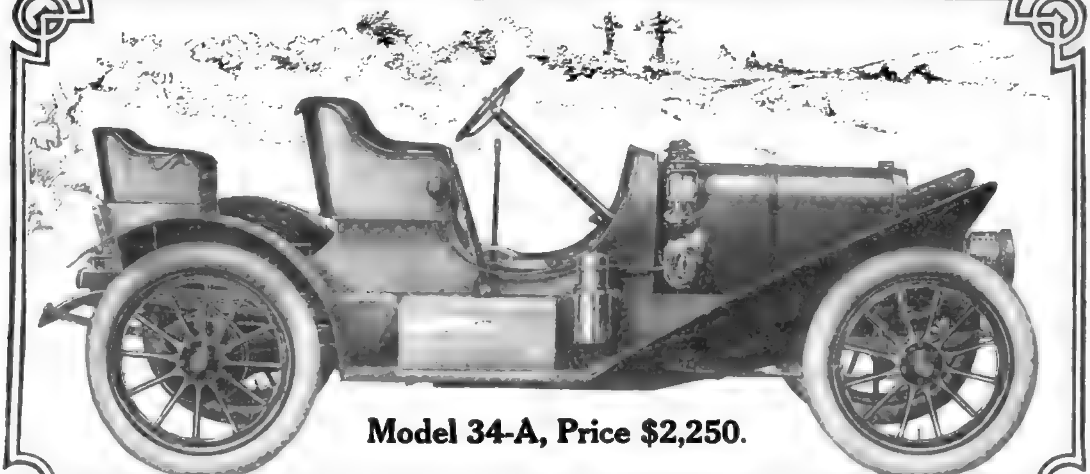
Economical to maintain, sensitive of control, with an even balance and smoothness of action that others seek to obtain through greater number of cylinders.

Let your nearest dealer show you—also read full description in free Catalog H 42.

Prices include pair dash oil lamps, tail lamp and horn.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member A. L. A. M.



Model 34-A, Price $2,250.

When you buy an automobile the degree of satisfaction derived is entirely dependent upon the design, material and construction of the car. In the

Rambler

the design embodies every modern feature that insures reliability, economy and service, such as offset crank shaft, straight line drive, roller bearing transmission and many smaller details of equal value.

The material is at every point the best for the purpose, and is selected after mechanical and chemical tests of the most rigid nature.

In construction only the most skilled labor and every modern device for standardization, accuracy and finish is employed.

Thus is built

The Car of Steady Service

of which Model 34-A is a leading exponent.

Write today for catalog describing this and two five-passenger touring cars or see our nearest representative.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Branches and Distributing Agencies: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

BLAZING THE WAY AS USUAL

EVER since we started our Classified Advertising Department, some two years ago, our aim has been to keep it clean and free from fakes.

In spite of the fact that we turn down between $400 and $500 worth of undesirable business of this character every month—which generally finds its way into the hands of our less scrupulous contemporaries—we carry, issue for issue, from 50 to 100 per cent. more than any other periodical at that.

In order to reduce to a minimum the possibility of any misleading ad creeping into our classified columns, we recently inaugurated the following set of rules indicating the lines of business we would not accept.

We need scarcely mention that these exceptions are distinctly in the interest of the high-grade advertiser, and of the reader as well. Here they are:

1. No mention of definite sums of money that agents make by day, month or year.
2. No use of the word "Guarantee."
3. No offers of "free sample outfits" where deposit is required.
4. No offers of exclusive territory.
5. No correspondence school that agrees to furnish employment or appoint students as representatives or makes extravagant claims in their follow-up matter.
6. No stocks of any kind.
7. No overstatements of articles offered free, and no free offers where work is required to obtain the present.
8. No cures.
9. No home-sewing, or home-copying, or other home-work.
10. No speculative commercial investment propositions.
11. No land offers outside of the United States and Canada.
12. No stock tipsters' announcements.
13. No offenses to good taste.
14. No "We start you in the mail order business" game.
15. No violators of the Pure Food law.
16. No song-writer's advertising.
17. No circular distributing, or sign tacking offers.

There may occasionally be an exception to one of these rules. We are endeavoring to exclude all advertising that will not be a distinct credit to the Department. We want every advertiser in EVERYBODY'S Classified pages to feel that he is in good company.

◆

The motto of our Classified Department is "Results"; for instance:

"We desire to express to you our complete satisfaction with the results obtained from our advertising in your Classified columns. More than two years ago we placed an advertisement in EVERYBODY'S Classified Department as an experiment. Results have been so gratifying that we have kept it there almost continuously since that time. We believe that this particular form of Classified Advertising brings larger returns than any other class of advertising whatsoever.—PEASE PIANO CO., Manufacturers of Grand and Upright Pianos, 120 West 42d Street, New York City."

Send advertisements for the July issue before May 31st—for the August issue before June 30th

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
31 EAST 17th ST., NEW YORK ________________190__

Insert in __________ lines space, in the Classified columns of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, the attached copy. If copy runs over, revise to fit space ordered.

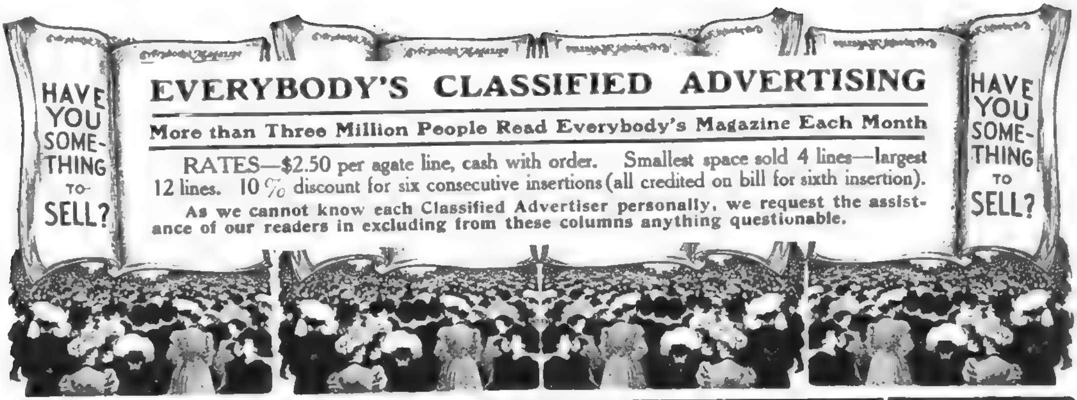
Enclosed find $__________ in full payment.

Very truly yours,

____

Address ______________________

Rate $2.50 a line. Allow about eight words to the line—most of last line for name and address.


HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?
HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?

EVERYBODY'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

More than Three Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

RATES—$2.50 per agate line, cash with order. Smallest space sold 4 lines—largest 12 lines. 10% discount for six consecutive insertions (all credited on bill for sixth insertion).

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable.

REAL ESTATE

CALIFORNIA

ORANGES AND GRAPES Bring big profits. Choice land $65 to $110 per acre. Easy terms. If coming West write for Literature. Address Edward D. Silent & Co., 231 W. 2d St., Los Angeles, California.

KINGS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA—Produces more diversified fruits and grains than any other county. Dairying facilities unequaled, green feed 365 days every year. Heart of famous raisin Grape district. Illus. booklet free. Write Sec'y Kings County Promotion Association, Hanford, California.

CALIFORNIA COUNTRY PROPERTIES—Bank Lands, etc. Large and small holdings. A few large Ranches up to 60,000 acres, $3 to $10 per acre—Timber to full value on same. Forty-acre irrigated farms $20 up. Some of these lands have gone from $30 to $400 an acre in 3 years. Rare opportunity for investment. Delvin B. Harris, Minturn, California.

RUSSELL City, Oakland's newest suburb. On main line So. Pac. R. R. Improvements free. 10% cash, $5 per Mo. Lots $200 to $450. Write East Shore & Sub. Realty Co., U. S. N. B. Bldg., San Francisco—also 1015 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

WOULD YOU PAY $5 PER MONTH FOR a beautiful ocean-view residence site in the suburbs of Sunny San Diego, (Southern California's most delightful home place and the Coast's most rapidly developing city) providing I could convince you that the investment is safe and remunerative? Write immediately for free illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, California.

CALIFORNIA IRRIGATED FRUIT, ALFALFA FARMS. Easy payments. Special offer. New Government aided canal. Catalog free. Wooster, 702 Market St., San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA LANDS. Land Investors I can show you over 100% profit in buying large California Ranches, subdividing and selling in small irrigated farms. Acreage $10 and up. I attend to the whole business and render monthly reports. Highest references. Free book, "California Farms." R. H. McKaig, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

SAN JOSE, "GARDEN CITY" OF CALIFORNIA. Heart of Famous Santa Clara Valley. Educational, horticultural, scenic and home center of California. Delightful all-year-round climate. Send for free illustrated booklet K. Address, Chamber of Commerce, San Jose, California.

COLORADO

A 40 ACRE IRRIGATED FARM FOR $150—First Payment—in Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colorado's Richest Empire. The Routt County Colonization Company, 808–17th St., Denver, Colorado.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. For information and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid, or Investor address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

IOWA

CORN BELT FARMS guaranteed to pay 6% on the Investment, increasing in value each year. Write for list. Also furnish investors Carefully Selected first mortgage farm loans. H. L. Craven & Co., Onawa, Iowa.

MISSISSIPPI

NEW GULF COAST LANDS Near Gulfport, between Mobile and New Orleans. True garden Spot of the Southland. Ten acre choice "truck" farms at prices and terms to suit men of moderate means. For illustrated proposition, address Geo. H. Heafford, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

NORTH CAROLINA

SUNBRIGHT, Near Pine Hurst, Town Lots and small Farms, cheap now. Easy terms. Fruits and Poultry pay largely. Sun shines in Winter. Write for particulars. Agents Wanted. Health & Home Community Co., Aberdeen, N. C.

OKLAHOMA

A NEW TOWN IN A NEW STATE—Council Hill, Oklahoma—offers excellent business opportunities—will have ten times present population in two years. Substantial town of real merit. Ground floor—advertising proposition, on $5 a month payments. Union Townsite Company, Muskogee, Okla.

OREGON

FREE LAND IN OREGON—IRRIGATED. Under Carey act, at low cost—Write to Land Commissioner, Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company, Bend, Crook County, Oregon.

PENNSYLVANIA

BUY A FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA, New Jersey, or Delaware. Best States for profitable farming. Farm lands my specialty—sold and bought; write for particulars. Raymond C. Frick, 1102 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUTH DAKOTA

NEW COUNTRY ATTRACTS SETTLERS—Merchants, farmers, fruit-growers, truck-gardners and others are moving to the Winning West, along the new trans-continental line in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Maps and descriptive books Free from F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

TEXAS

LAND IN THE RAYMONDVILLE DISTRICT—Heart of Texas Gulf Coast Country—Offers greater opportunities for profit than any other locality in America. Best climate. Soil and Water; Schools and Churches. Cash or monthly payments. Booklet Free. E. B. Fletcher, Monadnock Block, Chicago.

BARGAIN—TEXAS RANCH. 6600 Acres, 6 miles from railroad, 3 hours from Fort Worth, the Packing House Center of the South. All fenced and sub-divided into 5 pastures; watered by never failing Springs and 5 surface tanks. Good grass; plenty timber, 100 acres in cultivation. Fully equipped for farm and ranch purposes, houses, barns, stock pens, hay shed, dipping vat, wagons, harness, farming implements and tools, work horses, cow ponies, etc. Stocked with 700 head high grade cattle. Entire outfit goes complete—Immediate possession. No healthier place anywhere. Bituminous coal underlying entire tract will pay for property in few years. Address: J. D. Collett, (Owner) Fort Worth, Texas.

280 ACRES 4 MILES 3 RAILROADS, 12 miles Fort Worth. Ideal farm—ideal climate. No richer land. Completely stocked. $20,000 worth $30,000. R. Haddaway, Owner, North Fort Worth, Texas.

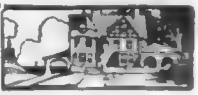
$10.00 PER MONTH BUYS A PARADISE FARM, Texarkana, Tex., Ark. The garden of the South Land. Most famous fruit and garden belt in the United States. It will give you an income of $2,500 per year for life if properly cultivated. Chicago our market. Highly recommended by the U. S. agricultural report. Terms $25 down $10 per month. Write British American Land Co., St. Paul, Minn.

VIRGINIA

OWNER GOING ABROAD SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH 227 acre blue grass farm; Washington 2 hours. Stone house, barn, etc.; good condition; stock, farm machinery & household goods complete. C.G. Stephenson, Attorney, Herndon, Virginia.

$5.00 PER ACRE AND UP. Choice Old Virginia farms along the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway; full improvements, rich soil, fine climate and good markets. Handsome booklet free and low rates. Address G. B. Wall, Real Estate Agt., Dept. "A", C. & O. Railway, Richmond, Va.

REAL ESTATE—Continued



WASHINGTON

IRRIGATED LANDS IN WASHINGTON. VALUABLE information mailed free with beautiful booklet, "A Home and Independence." The Palouse Irrigation & Power Co., Dept. E., Seattle, Washington.

YOUR TIMBER RIGHT WORTH THOUSANDS. Every man and woman, single or married, entitled to 160 acres. We can get valuable tract for you. The I. W. Terry Company, Jamieson Bldg., Spokane, Washington.

FREE TRIP TO TACOMA, WASHINGTON. Ask for full particulars and booklet illustrating the "New York of the Pacific." National Land Company, 400 California Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.

WISCONSIN

TIMBER LANDS, BEST INVESTMENT TO-DAY. Virgin hardwood timber lands, N. Wis. & N. Mich. Large or small tracts, $8 acre & up. Cut-over lands $3 up. Correspondence solicited. Bank references. Box 285, Wausau, Wis.

CANADA

COME to Sunny Southern Alberta, Brightest and Best of all; Last Great West. Buy a Wheat Farm or Stock Ranch on easy payments and become independent. Write for literature. Weeks-Brownrigg Land Company, Cardston, Alta., Can.

YOU CAN SECURE A SELF-SUPPORTING HOME in the glorious Kootenay fruit district British Columbia, for $10 cash and $10 per month for ten acres. (Discount for larger payments), annual profits $500 to $1000 per acre when orchard matures. Orchard, garden, poultry, grand scenery, hunting, fishing, abundant pure water, healthy climate, warm winters, cool summers, churches, schools, post offices, stores, daily express trains within few minutes' walk, fine neighbors, comforts of civilization. Will send maps, photos, plans, proofs free. Refer to banks and commercial bodies, also hundreds purchasers. Write today. Address Land Dept., Kootenay Orchard Association, 431 Ward St., Nelson, B. C.

CANADA

BUY residential lots for investment in Moose Jaw, the terminus of the Soo Line and gateway of the American invasion, leading Railway City in Saskatchewan, good farming district. Values advancing. Lots $10.00 per month. Write for information to J. H. Grayson, Moose Jaw, Canada.

MISCELLANEOUS

6,000 MONEY-MAKING FARMS FOR SALE in 14 States. "Strout's List 20"—216 page illustrated catalog of bargains, with reliable information of farming localities. State maps and bond good for R. R. Fare sent Free. Dept. 80, E. A. Strout Co., Boston, New York, Philadelphia.

WANT TO SELL YOUR FARM OR CITY PROPERTY? Write me to-day for my free booklet which fully explains how I can find a buyer for you. L. G. Byerley, 425 Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

TIMBER TRACTS OFFER THE BEST INVESTMENT in the world today. The timber famine is already here! I have the best bargains in this country and Canada, fee and stumpage for quick sale. Pay 25 to 100% per year. A few to exchange for other property. Valid Titles. State location, area, kind of timber wanted. J. F. Weathers, 1326 Broadway, New York.

SUMMER COTTAGES AND APARTMENTS TO LET

COAST OF MAINE—Furnished cottages, camps, farms, on coast, islands and hills all localities and prices. Country and seashore properties. For investment or recreation. Send for list. F. S. & E. G. Vaill, Portland, Maine.

PARIS APARTMENT.—A Parisian lady offers her well-appointed, furnished apartment, with three chambers, bath room, etc., for rental of 700 francs monthly, summer or winter. Well situated, near the Bois de Boulogne. Address Madame P——, 43 rue des Belles Feuilles, corner Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris, France.

AUTOMOBILES—MACHINERY—BOATS—MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

WE WANT for manufacturing, dies, stamping, spinning, casting, plating, have special facilities for manufacturing patent articles; Special machinery, tools. Do metal work in all its branches. Get our estimate. We make anything in metal. National Stamping & Elec. Works, 163 Jefferson St., Chicago.

BARGAINS—NEW AND SECOND HAND AUTOMOBILES at 30% to 75% reduction. We have all makes constantly on hand, American and Foreign, and every automobile we sell we absolutely guarantee. We are the largest dealers in the world in new and second-hand automobiles, and receive first call from manufacturers and individuals wishing to realize quickly. We save you money on tires, apparel and supplies. Send for latest price list of new and second hand automobiles and new supply catalog number 131. Times Square Automobile Company, 1599 Broadway, New York; 1332 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE FACTORY BEHIND OUR CARS. Seven years' experience buying and selling second hand automobiles enables us to give you more and do better for you than any one else. Nothing but high grade cars in guaranteed condition. Send for illus. catalog and investigate our standing and methods. Nyberg Automobile Works, 2433 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

100 LATE MODELS—White Steamers and other standard automobiles for quick sale. Some choice bargains in list D. Write for it. $200 and up. Automobile Clearing House, 240 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

THREE NEW 40-H. P., 4-CYL., strictly high-grade Touring Cars, carrying regular warranty, now on manufacturers' floor, became my property through business deal. Will name specially low price. Take smaller autos in part payment allowing full purchase price if in good condition. Address Box 514, Detroit, Mich.

"SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILE $250. At last, after ten years' labor a perfect steel tired Auto buggy, runs 25 miles an hour, good hill climber. Write for particulars. "Success" Auto-Buggy Mfg. Co., Inc., 532 DeBalliviere Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES of every description. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Coils, Batteries and, in fact, everything for a Motor Car at prices that no other house Can compete with. Catalogue Free on request. Reference any Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank. Centaur Motor Co., 57 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T BE ROBBED ANY LONGER. Automobile supplies and Tires at prices never dreamed of. Catalogue and cash prices mailed Free. E. J. Willis Co., 8 Park Place, New York.

RIFE AUTOMATIC HYDRAULIC RAM, pumps water by water power—no attention—no expense—2 feet fall elevates water 50 feet, etc. Guaranteed. Catalog free. Rife Ram Co., 2116 Trinity Building, New York City.

GOOD AUTOMOBILES AT REDUCED PRICES—As the Largest dealers in the world, always carrying over 250 slightly used automobiles, we offer exceptional bargains. Our mammoth garage occupies 30,000 feet of floor space. Runabouts, $150 to $600; Tonneaus, $350 to $5,000. With no charge for storage and but 5 per cent. commission for selling, we have the pick of all desirable cars. If we haven't the car you want, we can get it for you, and at a price much less than you would pay elsewhere. Frequently we have at one time a dozen or more autos on which owners eager to sell ask bids. If you cannot call, send for list. Manhattan Storage Co., 334–336–338–340 West 44th St., New York City.

ELECTRIC Supplies and Novelties. Catalog of 200 free. If it's Electric we have it, and we undersell all. Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O., the world's headquarters for electric toys, books, Fan Motors, dynamos, batteries. Fortune for Agents.

MOTOR BOATS AND YACHTS OUTFITTED—My new catalog No. 21 showing flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for yachtsmen, with mail order discount sheet, sent free. Hopkins, 119 Chambers St., New York.

MOTORCYCLES

THE M. M. MOTOR CYCLE FOR 1908 offers more advantages to the agent, more splendid new features to the rider at a smaller cost, than any other machine built. Am. Cycle Co., 723 Center St., Brockton, Mass.

MOTORCYCLES AND SUPPLIES. Motorcycles $60.00 and up. Complete Motorcycle and Supply catalogue and cash prices mailed Free. E. J. Willis Co., 8 Park Place, New York.

TRAVELING—TRANSPORTATION RECREATION AND HEALTH RESORTS

JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO. REDUCED rates on household goods to and from all points of the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

OCEAN VOYAGES; via South Atlantic and Gulf Ports to Texas, Alabama, Mexico, California, Colorado, etc. All-Ocean-Trips to South Florida; Miami-Palm Beach-Tampa-St. Petersburg, via Key West. Thomasville, Ga., via Brunswick. Booklet "Steamship Travel" on application to Pass'gr. Dept. Mallory Steamship Co., 80 South St., New York.

CLARK'S CRUISES of the "Arabic" 16,000 tons. Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, Cruise round the World. Fall Tours '08, Round the World, Tours to Europe. F. C. Clark, Times Building, New York.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

LAWYERS, PATENTS AND CHEMISTS

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS AND COPY RIGHTS. Information freely furnished on request. Langdon Moore (formerly Examiner U. S. Patent Office), Washington Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

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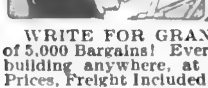

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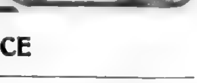

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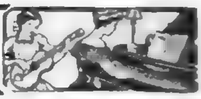

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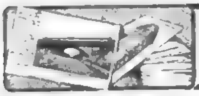

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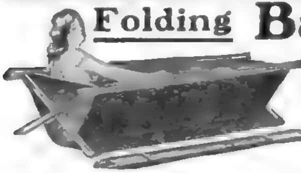

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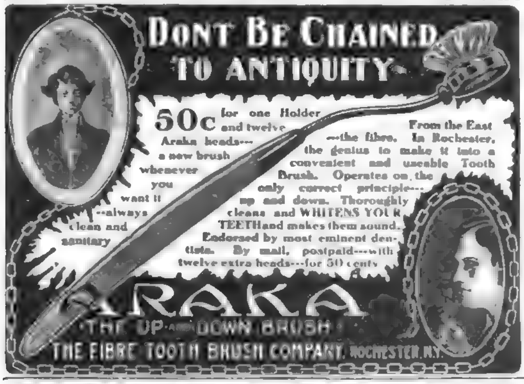

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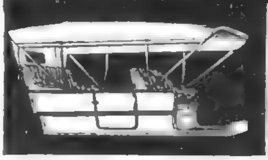

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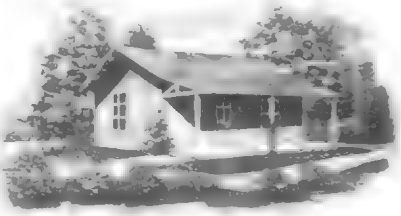

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WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO. Dept. E. M. ITHACA, N. Y.

INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORDS

Indestructible and Invincible

¶ INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORDS, charged with the best selections, volley forth music which conquers the world. Every one within range is captivated by the soft charms of their musical sound. They are a strong Defense against the Blues. Any INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORD anywhere in the U. S., 35 cents each.

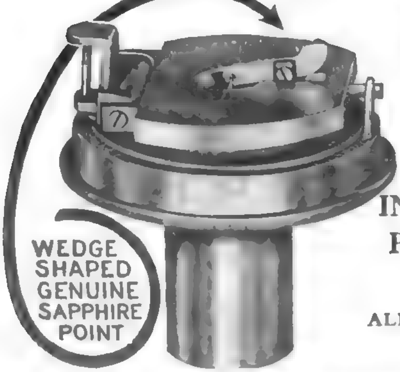
A NEW REPRODUCER

The Wedge-Shaped Genuine Sapphire Point

especially designed for the INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORDS, has just been perfected. It emphasizes all the excellent characteristics of our RECORDS.

¶ OUR REPRODUCER INCREASES the Purity of Tone, the Full, Round Volume of Sound, the Details of Execution and the Truthfulness of Reproduction.

¶ THE WEDGE-SHAPED GENUINE SAPPHIRE POINT is acutely sensitive to the impressions of the record and brings out every detail of the music. This REPRODUCER cannot be used on Wax Records.



¶ That you may immediately benefit by this wonderful development in Sound Reproduction, the dealers are, ***for the present,*** selling Reproducers for only $3.00 each, and will refund your money, if after a week's trial you are not satisfied with your purchase.

Your dealer ought to have them. **If he has not—write us.**

Address Department E

INDESTRUCTIBLE
PHONOGRAPHIC
RECORD CO.
ALBANY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

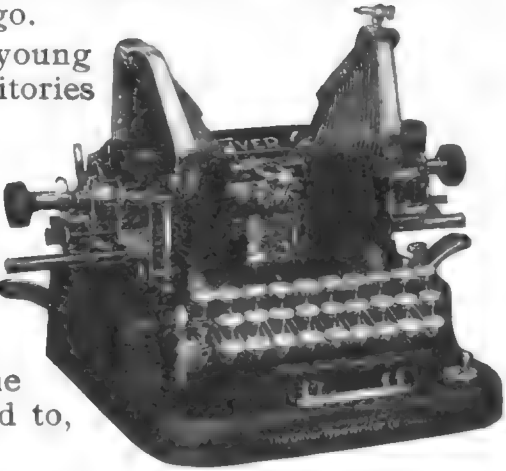
INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORDS

35c TRADE MARK **Each**

Young Man—Are You on the "Anxious Seat"?

Are you out of work and sitting on the "Anxious Seat" in somebody's outer office?

If so, it will pay you to drop a line to the Sales Manager of the Oliver Typewriter Company, Chicago.



He is looking for several capable young men to fill good positions in new territories now being opened up.

If you are willing and anxious to work—***tell him so!*** That in itself is a splendid recommendation.

Tell him who you are—what you have done—what you can do if you have the chance.

It makes no difference what line of work you have been accustomed to, so long as you are a ***climber.***

The vital thing is not ***experience,*** but ***energy—ambition—spirit.***

Climb the Ladder of Salesmanship!

The work cut out for Oliver men is ***salesmanship,*** pure and simple.

If you are accepted as a Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter, we train you, ***at our expense,*** in the ***Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.***

No books to buy. No tuition to pay. No cut-and-dried lessons. No long "probation." You can begin work ***at once*** and earn money ***right from the start,*** if you succeed.

And all the time, the advice and help and inspiration of experts will assist you to ***climb.***

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The New Model Oliver Typewriter No. 5 has created this great opportunity. It has taken the business world by storm with its many ***Short-Cuts to Results.*** Its success and sales call for ***more men on the factory pay-roll and more men in the field.*** Requests for demonstrations of its time-saving features are pouring into the General Offices by every mail. We must have extra men ***on the ground—everywhere.***

Technical training is not necessary, because the Oliver is ***simplicity personified.*** Its advantages are self-evident. They appeal to every man who has use for typewriters. It is the greatest time-saver, money-saver and result-getter ever offered to the public. It speeds the work to the limit, increasing the daily output of typewritten letters at least 25 per cent. It raises the standard of ***quality.*** Its new device and exclusive features place it on the pedestal of ***pre-eminence.***

Backed by the merits of this machine and the aid of our ***Sales Organization,*** your success is ***assured*** if you throw your own energy and enthusiasm into the work.

Take prompt advantage of this opportunity to become a ***Salesman*** and let the other fellows sit on the "Anxious Seat."

The Oliver Typewriter Company, 66 Oliver Building, Chicago

REGALS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Summer Styles in Oxfords

Sign of Ye REGAL

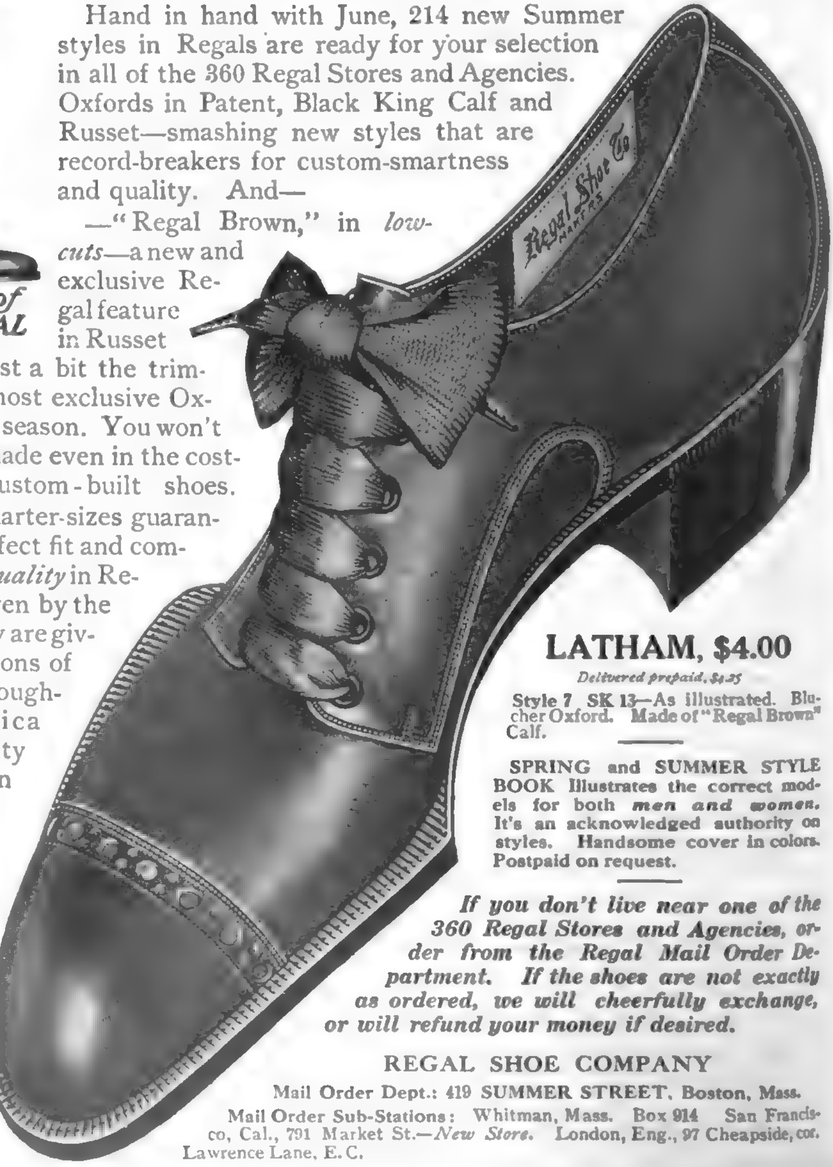
Hand in hand with June, 214 new Summer styles in Regals are ready for your selection in all of the 360 Regal Stores and Agencies. Oxfords in Patent, Black King Calf and Russet—smashing new styles that are record-breakers for custom-smartness and quality. And—

—"Regal Brown," in *low-cuts*—a new and exclusive Regal feature in Russet leather—just a bit the trimmest and most exclusive Oxfords of the season. You won't find this shade even in the costliest of custom-built shoes.

Regal quarter-sizes guarantee you perfect fit and comfort. The *quality* in Regals is proven by the service they are giving to millions of wearers throughout America and in twenty foreign countries.

$3.50
and
$4.00

Custom Specials, $5.00



LATHAM, $4.00

Delivered prepaid, $4.25

Style 7 SK 13—As illustrated. Blucher Oxford. Made of "Regal Brown" Calf.

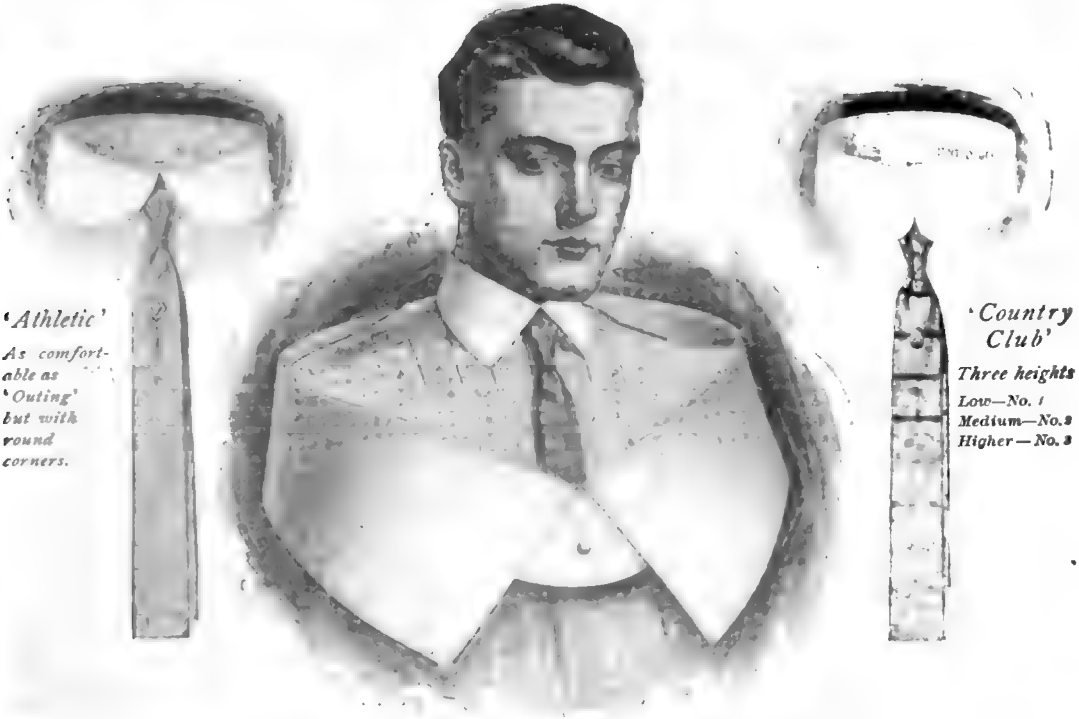
SPRING and SUMMER STYLE BOOK Illustrates the correct models for both *men and women.* It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

If you don't live near one of the 360 Regal Stores and Agencies, order from the Regal Mail Order Department. If the shoes are not exactly as ordered, we will cheerfully exchange, or will refund your money if desired.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

Mail Order Dept.: 419 SUMMER STREET, Boston, Mass.

Mail Order Sub-Stations: Whitman, Mass. Box 914 San Francisco, Cal., 791 Market St.—*New Store.* London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane, E. C.



'Athletic'

As comfortable as 'Outing' but with round corners.

'Country Club'

Three heights

Low—No. 1
Medium—No. 2
Higher—No. 3

"Outing"

Three Heights
"Yachting" Low | *"Outing" Medium* | *"Touring" Higher*

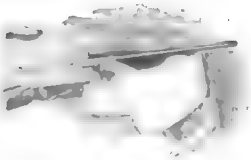
No Spring & Summer Collar ever designed has ever equaled, for style, the "Outing" collar, originated by us.

Corliss-Coon Collars

Hand Made—Two for a quarter

Don't just ask for a collar.

If you want Better Collars—with style, individuality and long wear; Better Collars than the ordinary machine-made two-for-a-quarter collar—you must be sure that you get *Corliss-Coon Collars.*



"How many trips to the Laundry?"

How to get them.—

Your furnisher will supply you. Or we will send you our Style Book on request and you can order by mail.

Corliss, Coon & Company,
Department B — Troy, N. Y.

CREX
GRASS CARPETS & RUGS
TRADE MARK

JOIN
THE PROCESSION

¶ If you are one of the few who have adhered to the old fashion, woolen carpets, which collect dust and retain germs,

"Don't be Different any Longer"

¶ Join the vast procession and cover your floors with CREX Carpets and Rugs, the ONLY

Sanitary Floor Covering

¶ Suitable for all rooms or on porches—at all seasons. Especially adapted for summer use.

¶ CREX can always be relied upon for wear, cleanliness and lasting attractiveness. Every dealer takes pride in showing you CREX.

¶ Carpets in all widths—Rugs in a large variety of sizes and exclusive designs.

Avoid imitations: Look for the CREX *trade mark*

For Sale at all up-to-date Department, Furniture and Carpet Stores

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DON'T
PAY
RENT

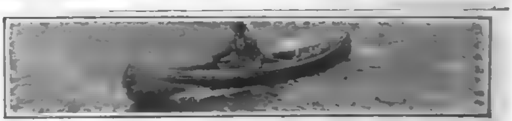
OWN A HOME!

Men: It should be the ambition of every MAN to OWN A HOME.

We place the opportunity within your reach through an EASY, CHEAP and SAFE business plan, conducted by business men on business principles.

Our free booklet explains our plan fully—send for one.

SECURITY BUILDING COMPANY
Insurance Building, Rochester, N. Y.

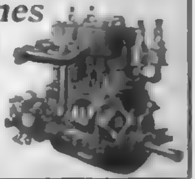


"The Smartest Thing Afloat" Our Peerless Motor Canoe is fast, safe, durable, light, portable, seaworthy. Air chambers. Can't upset. Strongly built of cedar and water-proofed canvas. Best construction for 3 H.P. Motor. Length 1[illegible] ft. Complete, piano spruce finish, $165; mahogany, $175. Write for booklet.
J. R. Strawbridge Motor Company, 1316 Continental Building, Baltimore, Md.

Regal Marine Engines

Guaranteed steady and reliable under all weather conditions. *Start with one turn of crank.* 3 H. P. Single Cylinder to 20 H. P. 4 Cylinder Motor Boat Engines.
Built to run and they do it. 4 cycle. Jump spark ignition. Auto type. Smallest number of parts consistent with perfect operation. Send for Catalogue 12—free.

REGAL GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
53 West Pearl St. - Coldwater, Mich.



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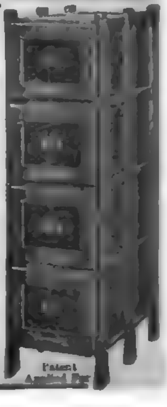
Four-Drawer Vertical
LETTER FILE
Holds 20,000 Letters

$12 SOLID OAK (Golden or Weathered) DUST PROOF Roller Bearings Patent Follower. Legal and Bill sizes proportionately low priced. Send for Catalog of Card Indexes, Clips, Postal Scales and other Office Devices.

2 Drawer $6.75; 3 Drawer $9.75. All f.o.b. Factory.

The Weis Mfg. Co. 10 Union Street Monroe, Mich.



If this name is on the ACTION you can depend upon the Piano

Strauch Bros.

The making of Piano Actions is a business requiring special skill, special facilities and an infinite capacity for taking pains.

In an action there are thousands of small parts, and upon the harmonious working of these parts depend the touch of the piano, its powers of repetition, its durability and to a large extent, the tone.

The Strauch Bros. Piano Actions

have been made for nearly half a century and used in the best instruments on the market. We have the skill, the facilities and the willingness to turn out perfect work. A Strauch Bros. Action in an instrument guarantees quality and durability. Look for it in the piano you buy. You can tell it by the name.

We send free to anyone interested in pianos a handsome book giving the history of piano action making and the part that Strauch Bros. Actions have played in the industry.

Strauch Bros., 20 to 30 Tenth Ave.
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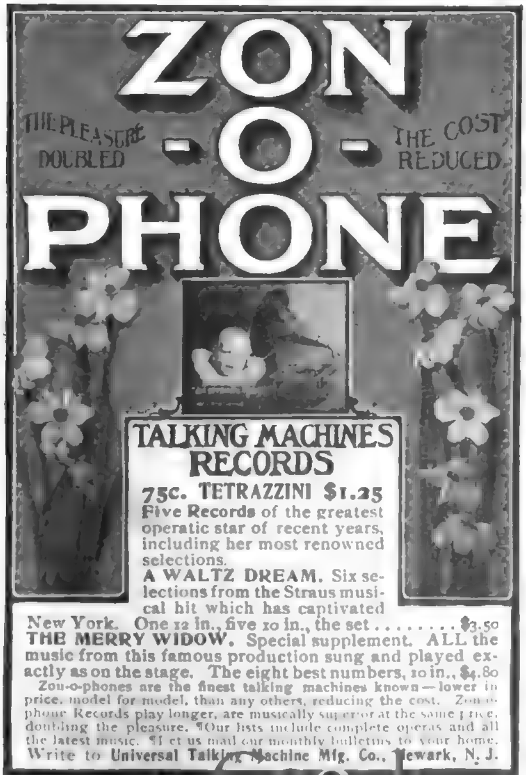

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75c. TETRAZZINI $1.25

Five Records of the greatest operatic star of recent years, including her most renowned selections.

A WALTZ DREAM. Six selections from the Straus musical hit which has captivated New York. One 12 in., five 10 in., the set $3.50

THE MERRY WIDOW. Special supplement. ALL the music from this famous production sung and played exactly as on the stage. The eight best numbers, 10 in., $4.80

Zon-o-phones are the finest talking machines known—lower in price, model for model, than any others, reducing the cost. Zon-o-phone Records play longer, are musically superior at the same price, doubling the pleasure. ¶Our lists include complete operas and all the latest music. ¶Let us mail our monthly bulletins to your home. Write to **Universal Talking Machine Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J.**

The Fashionable Shoe-leather

This leather is the ideal material for men's or women's shoes. It is flexible as glove leather and therefore most comfortable. It wears like iron and looks bright and fresh as long as the shoes last.

Sold by all the better grade shoe stores.

Golden Brown Kid Color No. 21

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

A soft pleasing color that is in perfect harmony with every color combination of your various costumes.

Paris, London and New York have made it the fashion to wear this material and this color. Refuse substitutes. Ask for it by the full name.

THE FASHION PUBLICITY CO.
193 William St., New York

Sample Free upon Request

RIB-LATH for HOMES

Build Stucco Houses—artistic, fire-proof, inexpensive. **Specify Rib-Lath** for exterior walls and interior partitions, and **Hy-rib Sheathing** for light fire-proof cement roofs, wall siding and solid partitions without studs. Sample and Illustrated Booklet on request.

Reinforced Concrete as applied to any form of construction work is described in "Trussed Concrete Illustrated"—write for copy.

Trussed Concrete Steel Co.
511 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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EXTENDED
& FOLDED

Carry small package anywhere. Excels all other boats in model, safety, lightness and durability. **Highest Award at St. Louis World's Fair.** Adopted by governments of United States, Canada and England. We supplied every U. S. Alaskan boundary survey in last ten years. Hundreds of testimonials from government officials, navy commanders, army officers, prospectors, explorers and others; the best ever published. 25 models to select from. Catalog free. Write to-day.

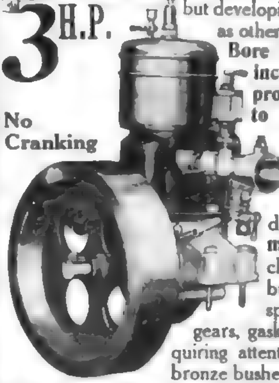
ACME FOLDING BOAT CO. - MIAMISBURG, O.

Rowboat $20.00

20 different Designs

Can ship immediately in any quantity. Need No Boat House. Never Leak, Rust, Check, Crack or Rot. Every boat has water tight compartment, so cannot sink. Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog and Special Prices.

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 114 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.



The Refined Motor

3 H.P. but developing as much power as other motors rated 4 H.P.

No Cranking

Bore 3½ inch; stroke 3½ inch; turning a 12-inch propeller, 17 pitch, 200 to 800 revolutions a minute. Weight 50 pounds. Reliability, strength, simplicity, power and durability. **Only four movable parts.** Exclusive float feed carburettor. No valves, springs, triggers, cams, gears, gaskets, nor packing requiring attention. All bearings bronze bushed. Crank shaft hardened and ground. Cylinder, piston and rings ground. Spun copper water jacket. Pumps from bilge and seacock. The one sure-to-be satisfactory Motor for Launches, Canoes, Rowboats, Dories and Dingheys. We devote all our skill and thought on this one Motor. It is a little whirlwind for power; the biggest motor value and satisfaction in the world. Every one fully tested and guaranteed for two years. It's the motor you want. Price of motor complete for installation, $50. Immediate delivery. Write for catalog and address of nearest agent.

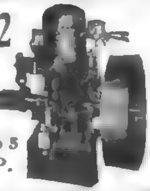
Thrall-Fishback Motor Co.
61 Fort Street East, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

Best grade of Cedar Canoe for $20.00. We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened.

We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with retailers' profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 114 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

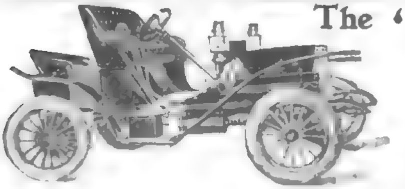


$52

3 to 5 H.P.

Little Giant
GASOLINE MOTORS

**Reliable, Reversible, Two Cycle.
Guaranteed for one year.
Simple and easy to operate.**
Free Catalog L 7 is worth your having.
Send **10c.** in stamps for our book entitled "Ignition, Vaporization, Installation and Operation of a Gasoline Motor."
UNITED MFG. CO., Detroit, Mich.



The "SIMPLO" Automobile, $600

SOLID OR PNEUMATIC TIRES

The car that ***always*** gives satisfaction. Runs through bottomless mud and climbs all hills. Has 12 real horse power that is always ready for work. ***Low price, high quality.*** will outlast any other car. If you want, the ***best*** Automobile value, write for our illustrated booklet today.

COOK MOTOR VEHICLE CO. - 1028 N. Broadway, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

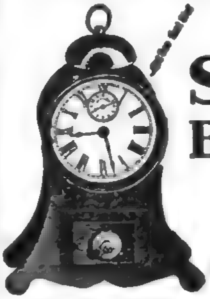
Mullins Steel Boats ***Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats***

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. They can't sink. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc. Boats shipped the same day orders are received.

***The W. H. MULLINS COMPANY
104 Franklin Street, Salem, O.***

Write for Catalogue

It Makes You Save a Coin a Day or the Clock Stops



PAT. NO. 775058

Flitcraft's Savings Bank Clock

This is a novel combination of an alarm clock and savings bank, provided with a coin chute, also automatic locking and unlocking mechanism. The clock in its normal condition is locked, and cannot be wound until a coin is deposited into the slot. Within a brief period after it is wound, the clock is automatically locked again and cannot be wound until another coin is deposited. It takes nickels, dimes and pennies, and holds over eighty dollars in dimes.

START NOW saving your dimes, nickels and pennies and have ready money for your vacation, Christmas presents, clothing, life insurance, etc.

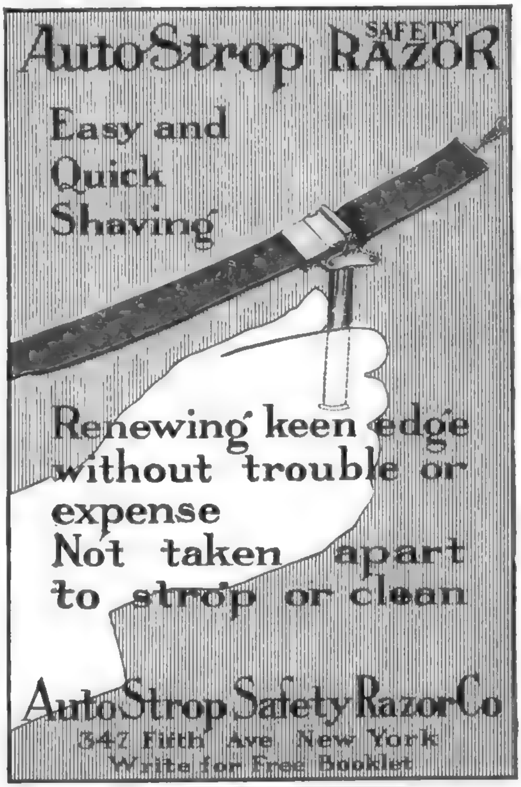
BANKS.—This bank clock is now being used successfully by hundreds of banks as a savings account stimulator and business getter—its compulsory savings feature and general usefulness make it much more valuable than the ordinary metal bank.

As a Trade, Newspaper Subscription, Insurance and Bank Premium it is without equal. If you own a store or are a circulation manager or an insurance solicitor or a bank cashier, we can show you plans—of proven success—for using the **Flitcraft Bank Clock** in securing **new** business.

General Agents. As a sales proposition to banks, stores, newspapers and all premium users it offers exceptional opportunities to high-grade salesmen as general agents. Many excellent territories open to salesmen of ability.

Price $2.00 each—postage stamps accepted—a substantial reduction in price in quantities. **Write today.**

R. B. FLITCRAFT
1306 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.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Easy and Quick Shaving
Renewing keen edge without trouble or expense
Not taken apart to strop or clean
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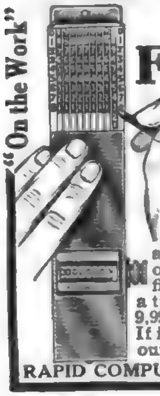


Try It Yourself Five Days Free

This simple, practical, accurate computer **costs only a fraction** of **the price of key machines** and does everything they do except print. The

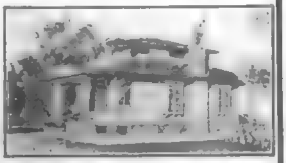
Rapid Computer Adding Machine

does its work perfectly in any position—at any angle. You can rest it on any desk or on book page alongside column of figures you wish to add. It's a wonder as a time-saver and result-getter. Capacity, 9,999,999.99. Let us send you one on trial. If it doesn't do all we claim, ship it back at our expense. Write us for **Free Catalog.**

RAPID COMPUTER CO., 1803 Tribune Bldg., Chicago

Homes and Bungalows

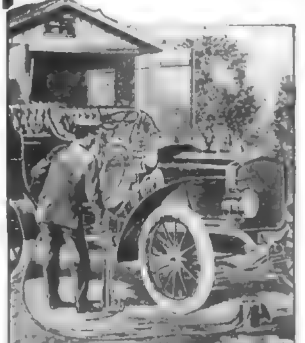
At Guaranteed Prices

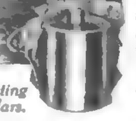


¶ Send us 25 cents for the "Home-Seeker," containing 50 designs of suburban homes and bungalows ranging in price from $500 to $10,000, and articles pertaining to home building. Absolutely reliable.

HOME-SEEKER ARCHITECTURAL CO., 45 John St., N.Y. City

THE Air-tight Steel Tank System for the Storage of two or three Barrels of Gasolene





We have a special proposition for live agents. Write for interesting booklet of particulars.

Don't keep gasolene in barrels; it evaporates and leaks—always wasteful and dangerous.

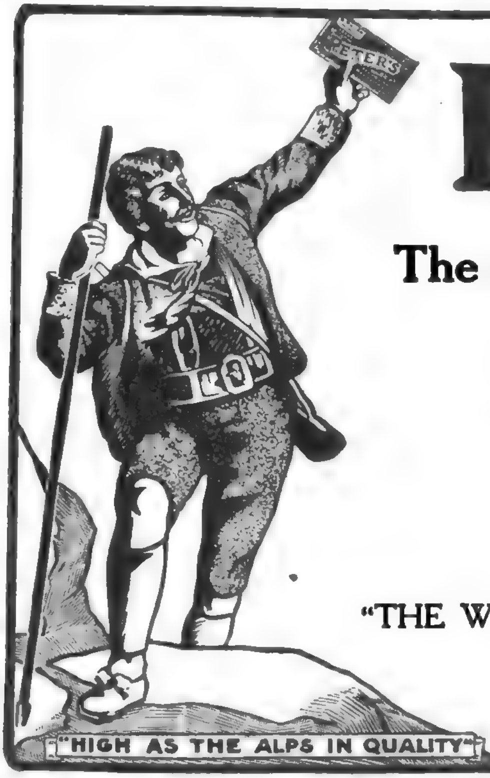
Install the *Air-tight Steel Tank System.* You bury the tank on the outside of the building (preferably) just as shown in the illustration.

Gasolene can't leak or evaporate and you save a third in cost by purchasing by the barrel instead of in small lots.

Easy to pump gasolene from tank to car or boat. A single stroke starts the flow, and an occasional stroke keeps it going.

Air-tight Steel Tank Co.

PITTSBURG, PA.


PETER'S
"HIGH AS THE ALPS IN QUALITY"

PETER'S

The Original Milk Chocolate

Always maintains the highest
standard of purity and quality,
and you never grow tired of

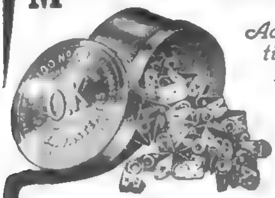
GALA PETER

"THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHOCOLATE"

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers
78 Hudson Street, New York

MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION



Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL, or HOME by Using Only
Washburne's Patent

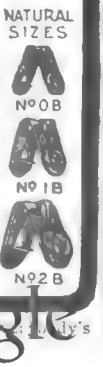
"O.K" Paper Fasteners

There is Genuine Pleasure in Their Use as Well as PERFECT SECURITY. These Fasteners are in a class by themselves. There are no others like them, therefore they can not be compared with the ordinary paper clips which depend on friction for their holding power.

The *"O K." Paper Fasteners* have the advantage of an *indestructible paper-piercing point* which goes through every sheet co-acting with a small PROTECTING SLEEVE which prevents any liability of injury.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG

NO SLIPPING, **NEVER!**



Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of Brass, 3 sizes. Put up in Brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each. *All Enterprising Stationers.*

Send **10c** for sample box of **50**, assorted. Illustrated descriptive booklet free.

Liberal Discount to the Trade.

THE O. K. MFG. CO. Dept. C **Syracuse, N.Y.**
MANUFACTURERS

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12 Golden Lane, London, Eng.
Sole Agents for Europe, India, Australia, New Zealand and British Provinces.

THE DEAF HEAR–

PROOF BEFORE YOU PURCHASE.

The Acousticon is a scientifically perfect hearing device which magnifies sound 400% and at the same time clarifies articulation so that every word is distinct to the deafest person unless the auditory nerve is entirely destroyed (it seldom is).

It is now used with perfect success in hundreds of churches, theatres and the Public Buildings at Washington (list on application).

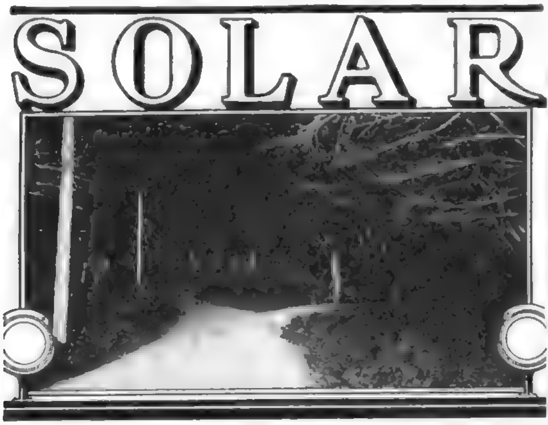
Most hearing devices are inefficient or entirely useless; we invite every deaf person and their friends, to

Test It At Our Expense

If, after it has been tried, you find that you cannot hear with it, we would prefer that it be returned and the trial cost you nothing. Three-quarters of our patronage comes from satisfied customers who refer their friends to us, and we cannot afford to have the Acousticon in the hands of anyone who does not hear with it.

If it is convenient, call at one of our offices in the principle cities and test it in person. If not, write us and information will be sent how you may test it thoroughly at our expense—also booklet and other interesting information.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.,
820 Browning Bldg.
B'way & 32d St., New York

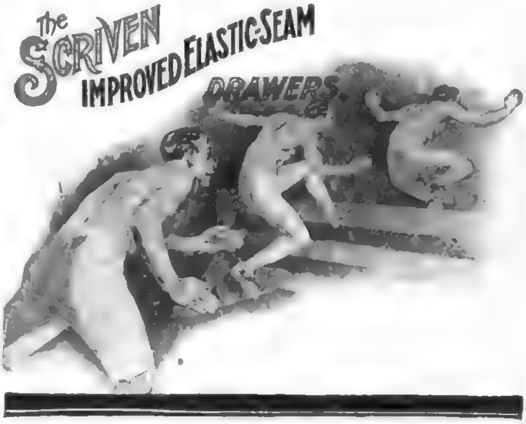


Automobile Owners—See that your car has complete Solar lighting equipment. Specify your Lamps as you would your Tires, or Speed Indicator.

Solar Lamps are heavy, but have fewer parts and less solder than any other make. Solar weight is in the brass. All Solars are assembled by internal rivets. This leaves a smooth exterior, permitting ease of cleaning. Special Bausch & Lomb Solar short focus Mangin Mirrors used, assuring increased illumination.

Write for 1908 Catalog

Badger Brass Manufacturing Co.
TWO FACTORIES
Kenosha, Wis. 439 Eleventh Ave., New York



ARE THE BEST PRODUCT MADE

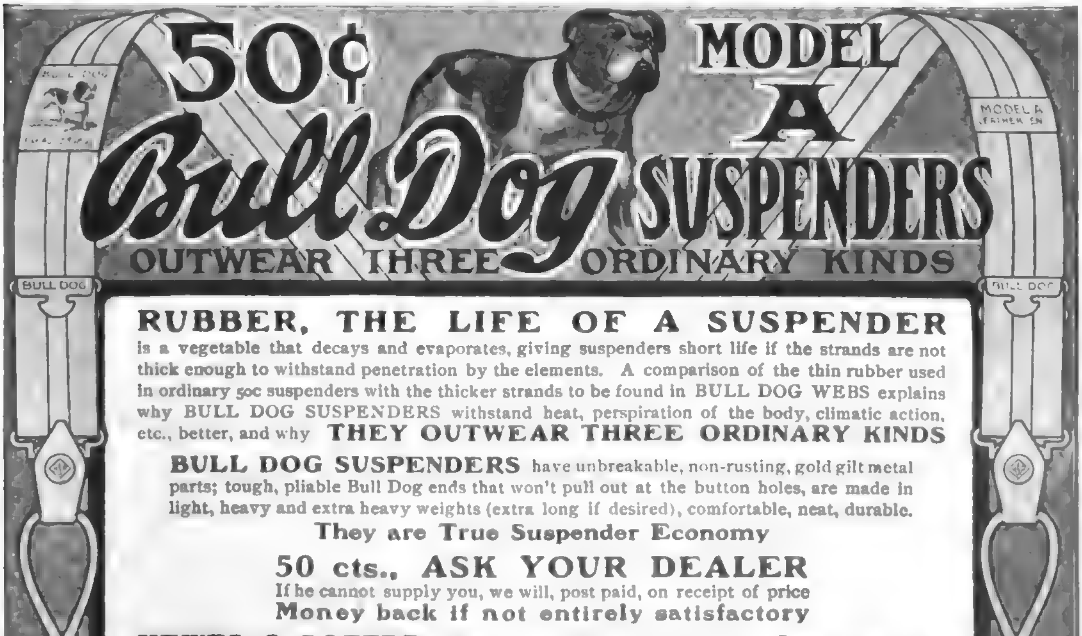
The materials the best, workmanship and fit superior. Largest range of sizes, greatest variety of fabrics in all underwear weights.

You don't know the real comfort of underwear until you wear **SCRIVEN'S.** Made in knee lengths and full lengths with undershirts to match.

Get them from your haberdasher, or ask him to procure them for you.

Our booklet, a treatise on physical culture for the busy business man, **IS FREE.**

J. A. SCRIVEN CO., Sole Manufacturers
16 AND 18 EAST 15th STREET, NEW YORK



RUBBER, THE LIFE OF A SUSPENDER is a vegetable that decays and evaporates, giving suspenders short life if the strands are not thick enough to withstand penetration by the elements. A comparison of the thin rubber used in ordinary 50c suspenders with the thicker strands to be found in BULL DOG WEBS explains why BULL DOG SUSPENDERS withstand heat, perspiration of the body, climatic action, etc., better, and why **THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS**

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS have unbreakable, non-rusting, gold gilt metal parts; tough, pliable Bull Dog ends that won't pull out at the button holes, are made in light, heavy and extra heavy weights (extra long if desired), comfortable, neat, durable.

They are True Suspender Economy

50 cts., ASK YOUR DEALER

If he cannot supply you, we will, post paid, on receipt of price

Money back if not entirely satisfactory

HEWES & POTTER, Dept. 11, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

EVERYBODY'S DIRECTORY OF SPRING NOVELS

A new Oppenheim Novel

The Avenger

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM $1.50

In "The Avenger" Mr. Oppenheim has exercised all the powers of his fertile imagination, and with exceeding skill has unravelled an intricate tangle of political intrigue and private revenges, the result being a novel of the most absorbing dramatic interest.

Published May 16, "The Avenger" is pronounced "even better than Oppenheim's 'The Great Secret.'"

Little, Brown & Co., Boston

The Belle Islers

By RICHARD BRINSLEY NEWMAN. $1.50

Profusely illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith, of the Staff of "Boston Herald."

As an impartial, fearless, even reckless exposure of the infernal hypocrisies inevitable in church, society, politics and business, it deserves a high rank, and as a laughter-compelling, blistering satire it is matchless. It is long since we read a book so keenly enjoyable.—*Chicago Christian Socialist.*

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston

The Breaking In of a Yachtsman's Wife

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Any one who is fond of a boat, be it a knockabout, cat, or sloop, and any one who is fond of the sea and a good time, will thoroughly enjoy this fresh, breezy and amusing yarn, which describes the experiences of a clever woman afloat and ashore with her nautical husband. Illustrated. $1.50

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

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By ROBERT LEE DURHAM $1.00

The New York Times will not review the book, saying that it reflects upon the President's honor and puts a gross indignity on a young girl it practically names.

Dr. Harding, Pastor Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago, says: "The force of the book is tremendous. In dramatic power it equals Tolstoi's 'Resurrection.' Senator Rutledge's speech is the most powerful thing on the race question I have ever seen."

Six illustrations. Third edition.

L. C. Page & Co. Boston

Almost any reader of this fine number can order with confidence

Dr. Ellen

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

It has the same clean virile note that this magazine has, and it is in its fourth American and second Australian edition, because it is all good.

A vivid and dramatic story of life and love in the California Sierras.

At all book stores

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York

Fate's a Fiddler

By EDWIN GEORGE PINKHAM $1.50

With illustrations by Lester Ralph

At last we have a distinctly American novel with the charm of the old masters of English fiction.

Every page is a delight, the characters are lovable friends, the situations vividly infused with American optimism and humor—a novel to keep and read again, captivating romance and charming realism.

The author paints a broad canvas and tells his story with the genius of a born story-teller.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston

Into the Primitive

By ROBERT AMES BENNET $1.50

It was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on a savage stretch of the Mozambique coast. And above all what a situation it was for a millionaire's daughter, with her only companions a drunken American engineer and a helpless scion of nobility.

Even the most experienced novel reader can hardly anticipate the working out of this taking and original story.

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By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ $1.50

A refreshing romance, fragrant of lavender and rosemary, yet thrilling with heart experiences, touched with humor, and shadowed by tragedy. Time, 1830.

"One of the most lovable heroines that ever lived her life in the pages of a romance."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Colored frontispiece and six illustrations. Second edition.

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By JOHN REED SCOTT $1.50

A sequel to "*The Colonel of the Red Huzzars,*" 1906's most dashing novel. This romance has the same light touch, swift action, quick art and repartee, sharp and unexpected climaxes, intrigue, sword-play and danger, that have stood out so noticeably in the author's two former "best-selling" books, the "*Colonel*" and "*Beatrix of Clare.*" Four colored illustrations by Underwood.

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Author of "He that Eateth Bread with Me," etc.

How great a sacrifice should a devoted wife make for her ideals?

Richarda Homfrey's vision on *her* "road to Damascus" was that at all costs she must keep intact the beauty of her ideal of the relation between husband and wife.

"A fascinating handling of a difficult problem," says *Ida M. Tarbell,*—"a successful handling, too."

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston

The Silver Blade

By CHARLES E. WALK $1.50

When Lynden opened the door and saw Doctor Westbrook standing over the body of Alberto de Sanchez, with the knife that killed him in his hand, what could he think—what would anyone have thought? This is the situation at the beginning of "The Silver Blade," and lovers of a good detective story are offered one that is *different*—one in which the mystery really remains a mystery till the end.

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The Tyranny of the Dark

A Novel

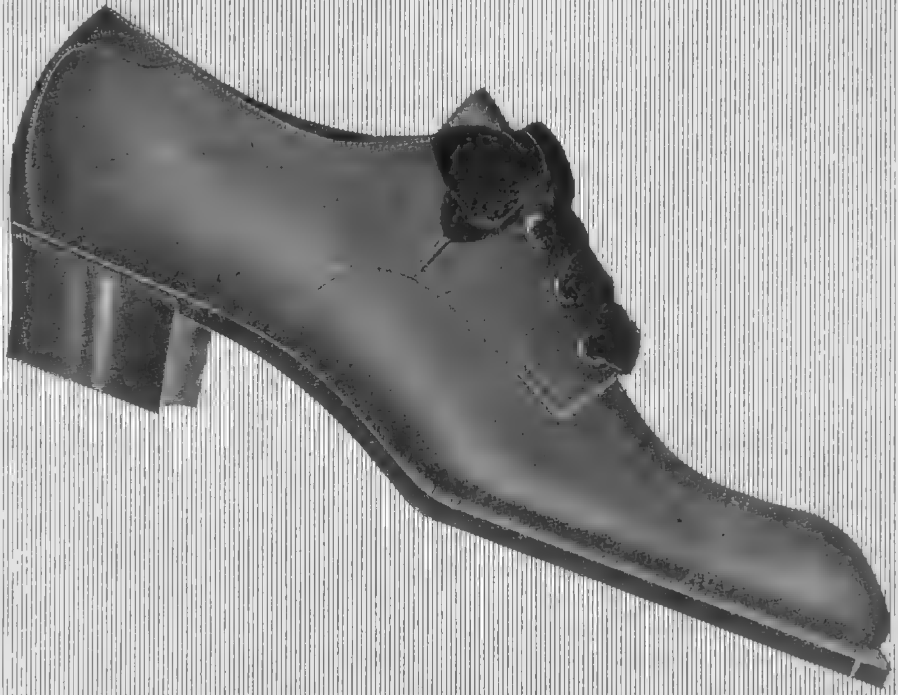
By HAMLIN GARLAND $1.50

A thrilling story reaching into the unknown spirit world—a journey for love into this misty borderland where story-tellers do not often dare to venture.

Mr. Garland's singular knowledge of the subject—as shown by his splendid story in another part of this magazine—makes him the one man alive today who could write such a novel as "The Tyranny of the Dark." *Illustrated.*

Harper & Brothers, New York

These novels at all book-sellers, or mailed by their publishers, postpaid, on receipt of price



Stetson Summer Russets.

Any desired effect in shoes invariably results from care in detail.

That unmistakable impression of "good form" surrounding the new Stetson russets is due to a keen study of fine brown leathers and infinite care in design and workmanship.

Stetson russets are for men who exercise their right to be critical in the matter of footwear.

The shoe shown is one of many in the new Stetson Style Book, sent free.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.
So. Weymouth, Mass.

THE STETSON SHOE

THIS TRADE MARK IN
RED
ALWAYS APPEARS ON
EVERY GENUINE
Stetson SHOE

The Stetson Shoe

$5.50 to $9.00

"THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW"

is a valuable guide to people interested in the purchase of high class investment securities.

It is published by the New York banking house of J. S. Bache & Company.

Unprejudiced and conservative in character, it presents a clear discussion of the changing conditions which affect the stock and bond market.

It analyzes the conditions of money and currency, of politics and commerce, as they bear upon the prices of industrial and railroad securities.

IF YOU are interested in the unusual opportunities in the best stocks and bonds at this time, and wish to know *each week* our views of investments, the *Weekly Review* will be sent to you without charge, upon application.

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by MAIL

Send Your Valuable Papers to

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Safe Deposit by Mail puts the new vaults of the Carnegie Safe Deposit Company—**the largest and strongest in the world**—within easy reach of every man and woman in the United States.

These great vaults are built of nickel steel armor plate and are proof against every force that could be brought against them.

They are an absolutely safe storehouse—**and the United States Government's Registered Mail Service** puts them next door to every nook and corner of the country.

Have you

A Deed, a Mortgage, Insurance Policies, Bonds, Private Letters, Your Will

or valuable papers of any kind lying about the house or office?

They're not safe—you are in danger of losing them every minute—you can't afford to take the risk.

Safe Deposit by Mail is perfectly simple and practical. It is absolutely safe and secret. It is as convenient as though these great vaults were in your own town—and it is **very inexpensive.**

Write for the booklet telling the whole plan and giving valuable information as to the safeguarding of property.

Write today. Delays are dangerous.

·CARNEGIE·SAFE· ·DEPOSIT·VAULTS·

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Greatest Event in History of Household Economy Since the Sewing Machine.

Also Needed in Every Office, Store, Hotel, Factory — Everywhere There is Dirt.

THE WONDERS OF VACUUM CLEANING BROUGHT WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

BY THE

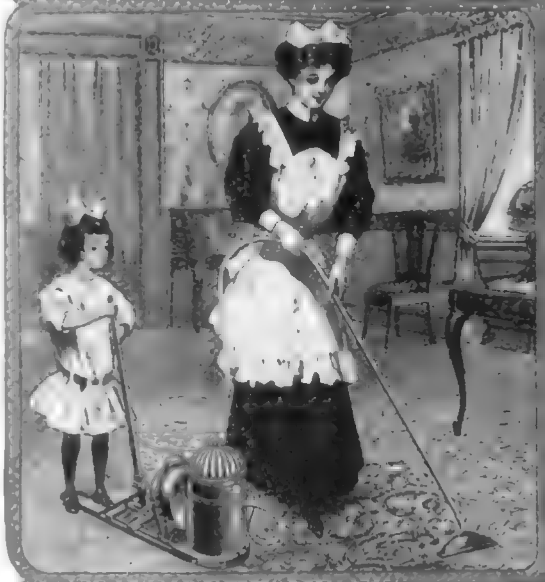
IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER

(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

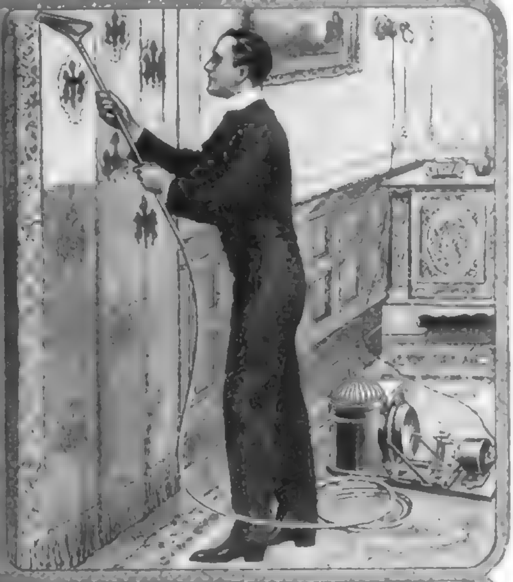
Operated By Hand

"It Eats Up The Dirt."

Or Electric Motor



OPERATED BY HAND, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER puts absolutely no tax on the strength. A delicate woman weakened by fever would find it child's play; a child might well scorn the task as too easy.



OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY, the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER has a little motor which is readily attached to any electric light fixture. Utilizes any kind of current. Cost of service less than two cents an hour.

DRUDGERY AND INEFFICIENCY OF BROOM AND BRUSH NOW BANISHED FOREVER!

Broom and brush remove only **surface** dirt, and work with them is drudgery. The carpet sweeper is the least thorough of any cleaning implement.

Vacuum Cleaning is Sanitary Science's solution of the cleaning problem. Hitherto its splendid advantages could be had only by installing a costly power plant or the even more costly method of hiring men who operate wagon engines.

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is the answer to the demand for a machine that would make Vacuum Cleaning thoroughly practical and possible for all. **It is the first really scientific application of the Vacuum Cleaning principle.**

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER contains within itself all the parts of a thoroughly efficient Vacuum Cleaning system. **Weighs only 20 pounds,** and is readily carried about. No skill of any kind needed to operate it. It always works easily and always is reliable.

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is of the strongest metal construction throughout. Neat, compact, and firm, **it is built for hard and lasting service.**

HOW THE IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER WORKS.

With the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER, you simply place the nozzle of the hose against whatever object you want to clean, and instantly every particle of dirt, dust and grit **on** the object, **in** the object and **under** the object, is sucked in the hose. And along with the dirt go germs, moths, vermin—nothing can escape that suction force. It is the only really dustless system. **It is the only system by which old dirt is not handled again and again.**

NO MORE RIPPING UP OR TEARING DOWN.

With the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER, all the terrors of special housecleaning times are abolished. The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER **thoroughly renovates every time it cleans.** It cleans and renovates carpets, rugs and matting **without their being taken from the floor.** It cleans and renovates draperies, etc., **without their being taken down.** It cleans and renovates upholstered furniture **without its being taken apart.**

GET A MACHINE NOW.

The price of the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER completely equipped for hand operation is $20; equipped with electric motor, $50. Both prices include 15 feet of hose and one nozzle for carpet or rug cleaning. Special nozzles for special purposes at $1.

The machine quickly pays for itself many times over. In the wear and tear on your furnishings, it will save you; in time, labor, strength and health it will save you. You can't afford not to have it.

YOUR PROTECTION.

Every machine is guaranteed to be just as here represented and to give absolutely satisfactory service. Give it a thorough trial for a week; then, if for any reason you are not thoroughly satisfied with it, let us know, and your money will be refunded at once.

We ask merely that you give us a chance to prove that our perfect little machine gives, in general, more satisfactory service, month in and month out, than any other means or system of utilizing the great Vacuum Cleaning principle.

Send $20 for hand machine or $50 for electric machine, and we will ship direct to you all charges prepaid east of Mississippi river—proportionate reduction West. If you order electric machine, state whether your lighting current is direct or alternating and also give the voltage.

Send money today by Postal or Express Money Order, Draft or Registered Mail. Illustrated booklet free.

THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER CO., - 25 West 33rd Street, New York City.

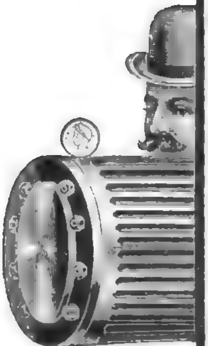
Drive a Dynamo

Uneven light is annoying. Due to imperfect regulation of the engine. Why are so many hotels and office buildings using

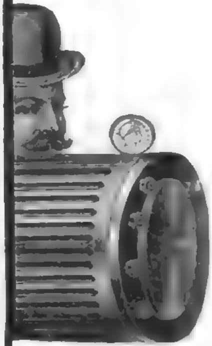
IDEAL ENGINES

to drive their dynamos? Not merely because they eat less fuel, but largely because they run so smooth and steady. Ideal Steam Engines run in oil, using their lubricants over and over and almost without vibration. Fact is, a dollar will stand balanced upon the cylinder under test. Write us for a list of users. You will know many of them. Catalog just off the press.

IDEAL ENGINE WORKS, A. L. Ide & Sons, Proprietors. 868 Lincoln Ave., Springfield, Ill.



"Balance a dollar on the cylinder." Friction and fuel go hand in hand.



This Trade Mark speaks eleven languages. It tells why Ideal Engines eat so little fuel.

Biggest Engine Bargain

3 H.P.

See Who Offers Them, Then Consider the Prices

Here is the biggest real bargain in Gasoline Marine Engines you ever saw. A new Three-Horse-Power Engine for ***$44!*** Or a new Six-Horse-Power Engine for ***$80!*** Only a limited number. The stock won't last long at these prices. It's the chance of a lifetime. Write today for full information.

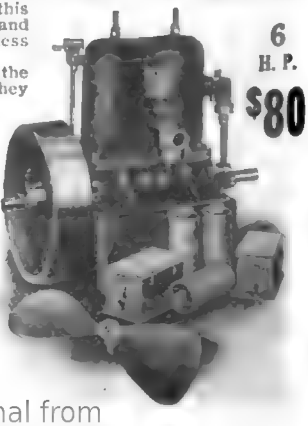
The Special Reasons for These Low Prices

A little over a year ago The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company purchased the entire interests of the Detroit Auto Marine Co. The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company immediately utilized their entire manufacturing facilities for turning out FERRO Motors, and the result was that a quantity of partially finished Detroit Auto Marine parts were left on hand.

These parts were principally of the three and six-horse-power sizes. As these parts of Detroit Auto Marine Motors were of no use to The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company nor to anyone else in this partially completed state, it was recently decided to finish and assemble these parts and place these three-horse-power and six-horse-power engines thus built on the market at less than cost, so as to clear up this extra stock at once.

These parts were crank shafts, connecting rods, carburetors, commutators, and the balance of the motors including all castings have been just recently manufactured. They are made of the best material throughout and finished perfectly. It's the biggest bargain ever offered to the boat builder or the boat owner who wants to put an engine in his boat or replace his old engine.

6 H.P.



Read What Users Say:

Detroit Auto Marine Co.: Your engines are the talk of the town. They run so steadily and propel the boats so fast. I have 4 boats to put engines into. I will have 10 or 15 more sold before the coming season. C. H. SABIN, St. Albans, Vt.

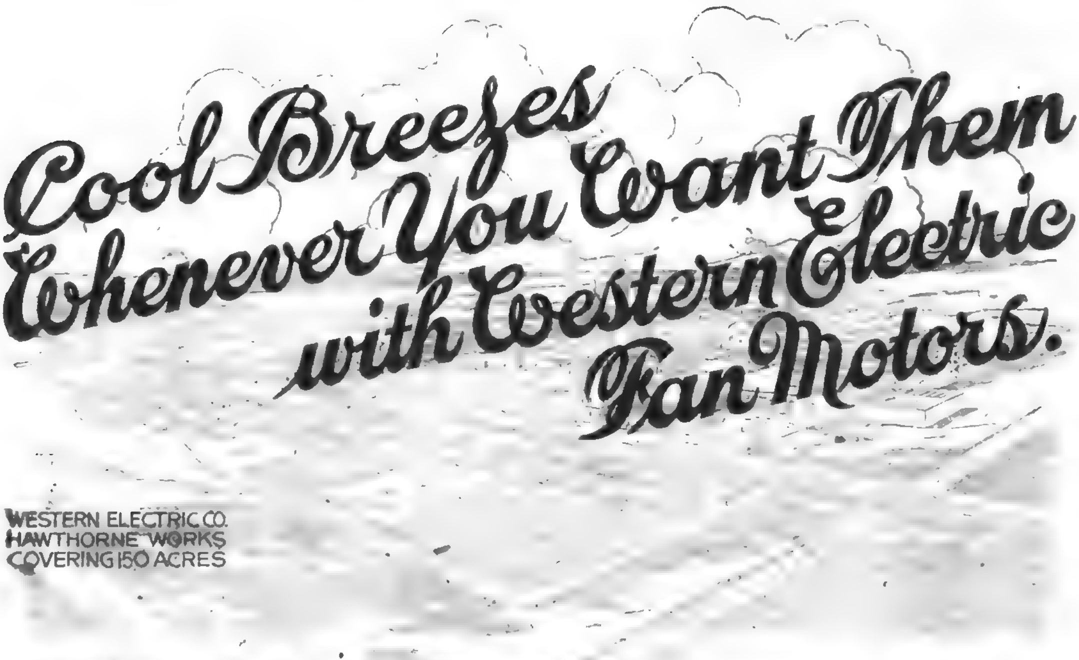
Detroit Auto Marine Engine Co.: After a run of over 800 miles (60 miles on ocean) with 3 h.p. engine in my 30-ft. house boat, at an average of 1½ miles per hour, I want to say the little "Auto Marine" is as good and reliable as ever built at any price. W. M. SMITH, Miami, Fla.

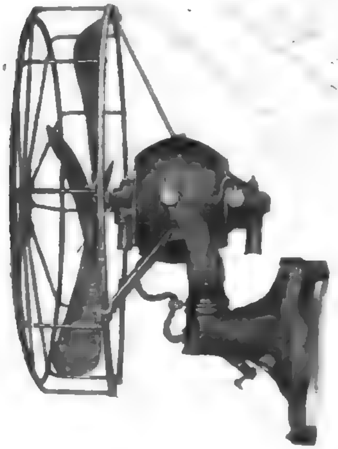
Remember, these engines are tested at the factory to develop their full rated horse-power. We will always have all parts on hand for repairs.

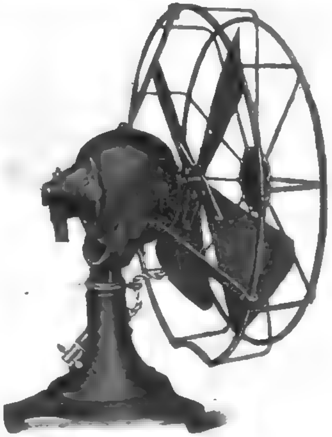
We will furnish you with price list so you can get any part of these engines any time promptly and at low price direct from our factory.

Write today—NOW—and we will send you full illustration and description of these engines and the various outfits that go with them.

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Eastern Branch: Dept. A, 44 Cortlandt St., 2d Floor, New York


Cool Breezes
Whenever You Want Them
with Western Electric
Fan Motors.
WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.
HAWTHORNE WORKS
COVERING 150 ACRES





THE
HAWTHORN UNIVERSAL
FAN MOTOR
can be changed from Bracket to Desk Type in a few seconds, no tools but the hands being needed.

Don't fret and complain when the weather is hot; just order a Western Electric Fan (either ceiling or desk type) and you can then have cool breezes when and where you want them.

We make these fans in various styles, sizes and finishes for either direct or alternating current circuits. They are absolutely quiet in operation, can be run at three speeds and give the

GREATEST BREEZE
WITH THE
LEAST CURRENT CONSUMPTION

We have a beautifully illustrated Fan Motor Catalogue, which we will gladly send to you if you are interested. Don't put this matter off—write TO-DAY.

WESTERN ELECTRIC
COMPANY

264 S. Clinton Street
***Dept. 504,* Chicago**

468 West Street
***Dept. 504,* New York**

President Suspenders

*Two Factors Are Necessary to the Perfect Suspender — **Comfort and Wear** — and Neither Must be Sacrificed for the Other.*

In non-elastic suspenders, *comfort* is sacrificed. In the *ordinary* elastic suspenders, *wear* is sacrificed.

Frictionless "give and take" action combined with highest quality of elastic webbing insures perfect comfort and longest wear in President Suspenders. That's

100% Value

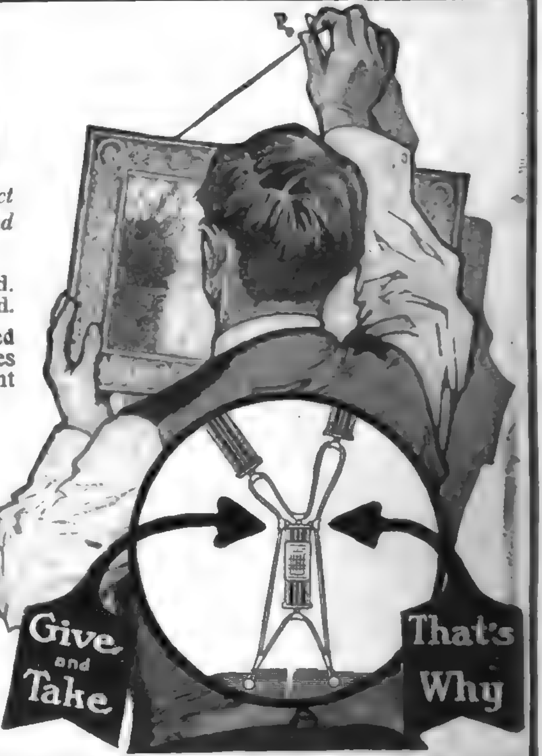
The maker's guarantee is behind it on every pair. "Satisfaction—New Pair—or ***Money Back.***"

Presidents in Special Light Weight Lisle Webbing Are the Coolest Thing in Suspenders for Summer—Discriminating Business Men Will Wear Them.

Begin today to get your full allowance of suspender comfort—buy President Suspenders now. Various weights and lengths.

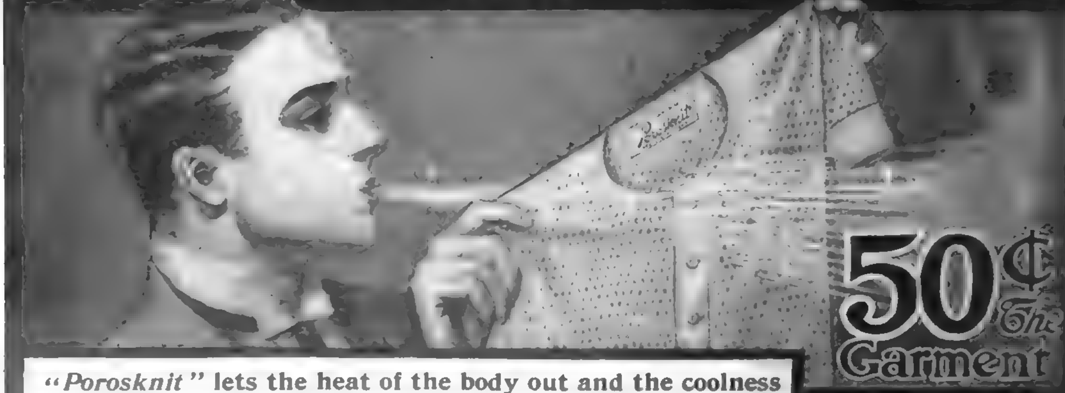
If your dealer can't supply you, we will, postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
703 Main St., SHIRLEY, MASS.



Poroknit Summer Underwear

TRADE MARK REG.U.S. PAT.OFF.



"*Poroknit*" lets the heat of the body out and the coolness of fresh air in. It keeps up a free circulation, helping to keep the body cool on the hottest days of summer. Note the test of the open knit texture illustrated above.

It is pricelessly good underwear—made to fit and to give long service. "*Poroknit*" label sewed on every garment. Insist on the label—it's there for your protection against counterfeits.

If you can't find "*Poroknit*" at your dealer's—write for our booklet, "Inside Information."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 9 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Straightens Round Shoulders

PROFESSOR CHARLES MUNTER'S

TRADE NULIFE MARK

(PATENTED)

Corrects deep and proper breathing

Is the Dividing Line Between

Sickness and Health

NULIFE

Transforms Men, Women and Children Into Strong, Healthy People

MILLIONS of people have been transformed from round-shouldered, hollow-chested and exhausted wrecks into ideal specimens of health, and have become the admiration of their relatives and associates through this transformation and speedy physical improvement. You will gain the benefits of a complete course of physical culture without tiring effort or loss of time—WEARING NULIFE.

If you are tall and slim NULIFE will expand your chest and bring your body to correct physical proportions. If you are short and stout NULIFE secures you an erect and upright postion, thereby reducing the unsymmetrical and protruding abdomen. You cannot droop or sag down or feel mentally depressed—wearing NULIFE.

NULIFE gives to man a commanding appearance, creates in women, with or without a corset, the grace, symmetry and poise which no corset can give. For children it is worth its weight in gold, for it makes them stand, sit and grow erect, and be healthy.

NULIFE Compels Deep Breathing and Straightens Round Shoulders Instantly

Therefore it has been recommended by physicians, physical and vocal instructors, military officials, and all teachers of respiratory exercises, as the most wonderful invention of the age to assist Nature in its natural work of retaining health in the human body without resorting to artificial means or medicine. To inspire confidence in the public we guarantee all this and more, or refund the money without hesitation. This guarantee has stood for four years with five million satisfied people, and the army of NULIFE wearers increases daily.

NULIFE formerly sold for $5.00—now sent direct to you for $3.00, by sending us your height, weight, and chest measure (not bust measure), and whether for male or female, distinctly written to receive prompt attention. Beautiful illustrated booklet "What NULIFE will do for you," FREE by addressing

Professor CHAS. MUNTER
Dept. 94 Nulife Palaces
13-15 West 34th St., near Fifth Ave.
NEW YORK CITY

The Patterson Hammock-Couch

THE ORIGINAL HAMMOCK-COUCH

is not only perfectly comfortable but is **safe** for even the little folks. It never sags or tilts; never twists or turns over. You can occupy it alone or with two or three others without disturbing its comfort and balance. It can be made as soft and yielding as a feather bed, or it can be drawn firm and springy as you please in a minute. And it's a hammock that you will find useful all the year 'round. In summer on the porch or lawn—in camp or bungalow; in winter in the cozy corner or den; or in that spare room where space is so limited. **The Patterson Hammock-Couch** is delightfully comfortable for indoor or outdoor sleeping.

Put up in an instant, no knots to tie; just run the rope through the Patterson-patent Suspension Ring and there you are—the more weight the more securely it holds. Yet you can take it down, raise it or lower it almost as easily as you raise or lower a window shade.

Write for our book **"Hammock Comfort"**—it is illustrated in colors and tells all about **The Patterson Hammock-Couch**—its uses and advantages. Also tells about a new Navajo Rug that is just right for porch or den.

IF IT'S MADE BY PATTERSON—YOU TAKE NO CHANCES

Patterson Manufacturing Company

Makers of guaranteed hammocks since 1887.

**831 Dauphin St.
Philadelphia**

NEPONSET
SHEATHING PAPER
Keeps Houses Warm

USED ON THE WHITE HOUSE

NEPONSET is no better for being on the White House, but NEPONSET is there because it is better.

¶ What it does for the White House it will do for *your* house. It will keep it warm in winter because cold cannot pass it—cool in summer because heat can't get through—and free from dampness at every season of the year.

¶ Common sheathing materials such as rosin-sized papers and tarred felts are a poor investment—they crack and tear open and do little good. Neponset waterproof sheathing lasts as long as the house on which it is used.

**Ask your architect. NEPONSET—the smallest building item—saves a third of your heating cost each year.
IT PAYS TO BE COMFORTABLE, WHEN COMFORT PAYS.**

Send for samples and ask for advice on any building problem. We've a special Building Counsel Department for just that service and our advice is free.

F. W. BIRD & SON. *Established 1817.* **East Walpole, Mass., and Hamilton, Ont.**

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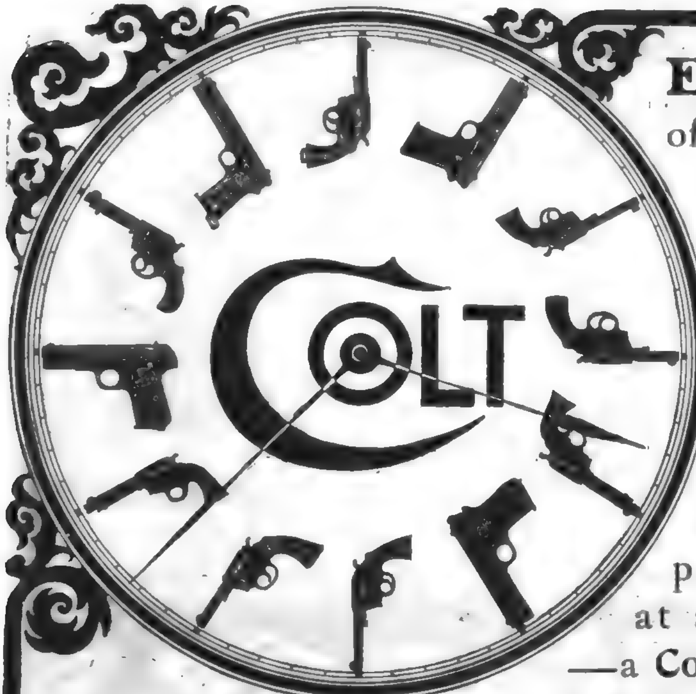


Each Minute

of the day and night can be safeguarded if you are equipped with a **Colt** Revolver. If you are without an arm why not secure one that will afford absolute protection at all times —a **Colt.**

COLT
The Standard of the Firearms World

Catalogue No. 20 fully describes and illustrates all the models. Send for it.

Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co.
15a Pall Mall, London, S. W. HARTFORD, CONN.

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT Build Your Own Furniture BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM

I can sell you a boat for ¼ of what a factory would charge, and furniture for ⅓ of what a dealer would charge. I can sell you 100 cents' worth of actual value and results for 25 to 35 cents. Is it worth considering? Give me a chance—today.

You Can Save Two-Thirds to Three-Fourths

I have revolutionized the boat-building business. Seven years ago I originated the pattern system of boat-building. Over 50,000 boats have been built by my system, mostly by inexperienced men and boys.

My Guarantee

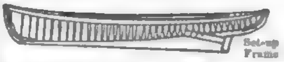
Whether you buy boats, engines or furniture of me, I absolutely guarantee that you will be satisfied. I will instantly refund your money if you are not. I stand back of every statement in this advertisement. I have made them as strong and convincing as I know how. The goods warrant it. C. C. BROOKS.

BOAT PATTERNS $1.50 and up

Anyone can build a boat by using my exact size printed paper patterns and illustrated instruction sheets, telling how to do every little detail. You **cannot fail** to build as good a boat as the professional boat builder. My boat catalogue shows all kinds of boats and tells how anyone can build a boat from my patterns. Write for it today.

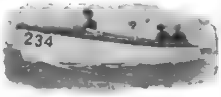
KNOCK-DOWN Boat Frames

Owing to my immense factory facilities, I can, in many cases, supply knock-down frames, all ready to put together, **at a lower price than you would pay for suitable raw material.**



All parts of my knock-down frames are accurately shaped and machined, ready to put together.

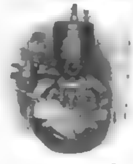
I also send free, with each frame, the patterns and complete illustrated instructions needed to finish the boat. I can save you (1) boat-builders profit, (2) labor expense, (3) big selling expense, (4) seven-eighths freight. You can figure this out yourself.



No. 234. Length 22 feet, beam 56½ in. Price of knock-down frame and patterns, $24.00.

Our 6 H. P. single cylinder Type D motor with complete marine and electrical equipment, **$95.00.** Both frame and motor **$108.** Price of completed boat, motor installed, ready to run, **$230.**

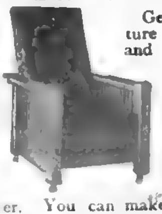
SPECIAL ENGINE OFFER



3 h.p. Type E Motor

The "Brooks Special" has copper water jacket, complete marine and electrical equipment, ready to install—3 H. P. Weighs 53 lbs. This engine together with special 15½ foot K. D. launch frame (No. 233) **$70.00.** Price of complete boat, motor installed, ready to run, **$125.00.** Send for my engine catalogue—it's free. Save money by getting our special low combination prices on all sizes of engines and frames when purchased together.

Knock-Down Furniture



Get our furniture catalogue and save money.

All pieces are solid oak and machined, smoothed, fitted, all ready so anybody can put them together. You can make a beautiful heavy Mission or Arts and Crafts Chair, Davenport, Table or Bookshelf in a few minutes. Apply the stain (only one coat—no rubbing) and you have a solid and handsome piece of furniture. Every piece and every result is guaranteed to be satisfactory in every way or money refunded.

Write me personally for my Boat, Engine or Furniture Catalogue. SENT FREE. C. C. BROOKS, President

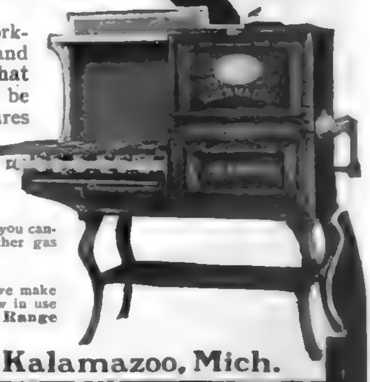
BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

1706 SHIP STREET
SAGINAW, MICH.

BROOKS MFG. CO.
Originators of Knock-Down System of Home Furnishing

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Our Patent Oven Thermometer Makes Baking Easy



Let us send you our **New Kalamazoo Gas Range Catalog.**

Shows many styles of exclusive, special arrangements and convenient features on our Gas Stoves and Ranges, which, after all were designed, were submitted to a number of well known housewives for their criticisms.

Find out what has been accomplished with all the facilities and skilled workmanship available at the Kalamazoo Stove Company's large Factory and Foundry, with the help of these good women who **"know how and know what women want."** Every man and woman who reads this new catalog will be surprised and interested to read about our practical Gas Range features —often thought of but never before embodied in any Gas Range.

Remember we sell

On 360 Days Approval Test and We Pay Freight

Every Kalamazoo Gas Stove and Range is of the **Very Highest Quality**—you could not get higher quality—even by paying many times our price direct-to-you. And you cannot get our many **exclusive,** convenient, practical features in gas ranges or any other gas range than a Kalamazoo.

Write a Postal for Gas Range Catalog No. 811

Remember that our reputation for **Quality** is behind every gas stove or range we make just as it is with over 100,000 coal and wood Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges now in use all over America. As we have a catalog for coal and wood stoves, ask for **Gas Range Catalog No. 811.**

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gas Ranges

A Really SAFE Refrigerator

THE HEALTH of yourself and family is in danger if you use most other refrigerators than The Monroe.

Because The Monroe is the *only* solid porcelain refrigerator. It can be kept thoroughly, spotlessly, *germlessly* clean.

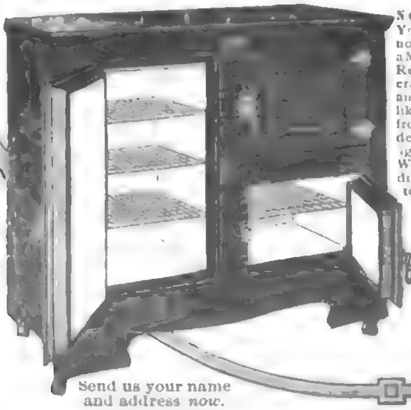
Most other refrigerators have cracks and corners which cannot be cleaned. Here particles of food collect and *breed germs by the million.* These germs get into your food and make it *poison,* and the family suffers—from no traceable cause.

The Monroe Refrigerator has no cracks or sharp corners. The interior is made of *one piece of seamless porcelain ware* an inch thick (construction *patented*) with every corner *rounded.*

The Monroe can be sterilized and rendered *germlessly* clean in *every part* in *an instant* by simply wiping it out with a cloth wrung from hot water. This is not true of most refrigerators—no matter what is claimed by the makers.

This is why The Monroe is installed in the best flats and apartments, occupied by people who *care*—and why the Monroe is found today in a large majority of the very best homes in the United States.

And it's why *you* should have The Monroe in *your* home—for the sake of knowing your food is *clean,* and to protect the family's health at the same time. So, in your *own interest,* read carefully *our liberal offer* below:



Send us your name and address *now.*

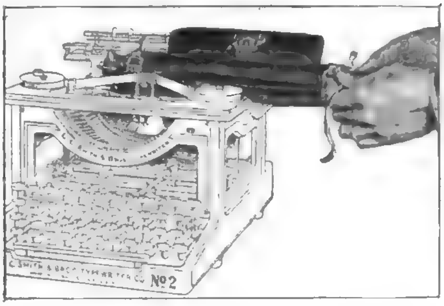
NOTE You cannot buy a Monroe Refrigerator or anything like it from any dealer or agent. We sell direct to you, and to you we are directly responsible.

The "Monroe"
Is Sent to You, Anywhere, on
60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
Lowest Factory Prices. *We Pay the Freight.*

Write *today* for The Monroe Catalog. Pick out the size and style refrigerator you wish to try, at the same time convince us in your own way that you are entitled to enjoy our trust and confidence and we'll send it to you at once, all freight prepaid. You'll not be under any obligation to keep it unless you *want to.* When the refrigerator comes, use it and test it in your *own home* in your own way for 60 days. Then decide whether you wish to keep it or not. Remember all the risk and expense are *ours,* not yours. We could not afford to make this liberal offer unless we *knew* positively that you'd find every claim *true* and would keep The Monroe after the trial was over.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO., Station B, Cincinnati, Ohio

Prove it for Yourself!



—the reason for the snappy, responsive action of the NEW MODEL

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

With the carriage at extreme length, test it for lost motion—up, down, sidewise.

—Firm as a rock, yet easy-running on Ball Bearings which travel on flat steel surfaces—there's the secret.

Perfect Freedom coupled with Absolute Rigidity.

"A loose carriage makes slovenly writing."

Write to-day for the Free Book.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.,
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Branches in all Large Cities.

ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

I AM THE MOVING PICTURE MAN

I Will Start You in the Moving Picture Business

At nominal cost—sell you the machine and outfit from $155 upward, and give you every assistance in my power to make the business prosperous. It is one of the best money-making opportunities of the age, for I have already started scores of people in all parts of America, and every one has been successful. It is a business that will not wear out or lose its drawing power. You may open a small theatre or hall of your own or entertain churches, clubs, societies and large or small public or private gatherings in city or country. I made $15,000 in one year at my moving picture hall on Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, and that was only a side issue of my business. Men who have a little money lying idle; business men who want a profitable side issue or young men and women who want a quick-paying business of their own should write to me **immediately** for prices, plans and details. It is a golden opportunity, the biggest paying business for the amount invested in the world. The moving picture business is now at the height of its popularity, and so simple and easily started and maintained that any one may embark in it with my aid.

WRITE ME AT ONCE for my free book "How to Start a Moving Picture Business." No other concern can compete with me in quality, price or variety of stirring, exciting and beautiful motion pictures. Write today.

My machines and film service are in many of America's greatest theatres and vaudeville houses. I am recognized nationally as leader in my line. Write direct to

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CARL LAEMMLE, President
Address all Correspondence to
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Branch Houses in all the Principal Cities
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No. 1 Buckwheat coal produces as much heat as Egg or Stove (costing double) when used in a

SPENCER Steam or Hot Water **HEATER**

MAGAZINE FEED
Water-jacketed. Coal can't burn nor gases distill. Holds enough coal for 24 hours in ordinary weather, or 12 in severe. Your wife needn't shovel coal.

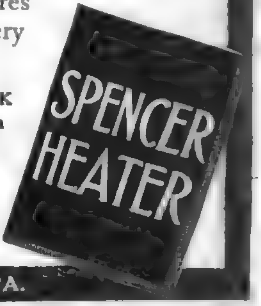
AUTOMATIC REGULATION
Ensuring a comfortably-heated house, at any desired temperature, day and night. No rising in a cold house to build fire.

20 YEARS' SUCCESS
The "Spencer" principle of construction and operation is no experiment, but proven *scientifically* correct, by 20 years' use. A long list of enthusiastic users.

GREATEST ECONOMIZER
Burns *smaller* and *cheaper* coal than any other Heater, and usually a *less* quantity of this variety—never more.

QUICKEST STEAMER
Combination of water-tube and return-tubular boiler. Secures maximum heat from every fuel unit.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK
If you are interested in heating *economy* and *efficiency*, you ought to have this book. Free on request. Send a postcard *to-day*.



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The Decorative Value of Properly Finished Wood Work

DO YOU realize the beautiful and artistic finishes that can be *economically obtained* on all kinds of woods? The interior finish of your home has much to do with its harmony and general attractiveness.

Wood finishing has become such an art, that there is no excuse for any wood being finished in an unattractive manner. All that is necessary to get good results is to be posted on the subject and to remember that

"Bridgeport Standard" Wood Finishing Products

give the best finishes: as is shown by their continued specification by architects for over 30 years.

It is easy to be well acquainted on this subject. Our book, "MODERN WOOD FINISHING," contains 32 accurate illustrations in colors of finishes on woods, and is yours for the asking. Write—or simply tear out this ad., giving your name and address on the margin, and send it to us.

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THE BRIDGEPORT WOOD FINISHING CO.
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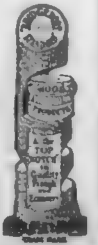
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. PHILADELPHIA. BOSTON.



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Your money is earning 6% safely for someone.—Are you getting it?

Faith Are you sure to be paid in full if your money is intrusted to others ON FAITH?

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Your money can earn YOU 6% interest and be secured by first mortgages. And it is immediately available.

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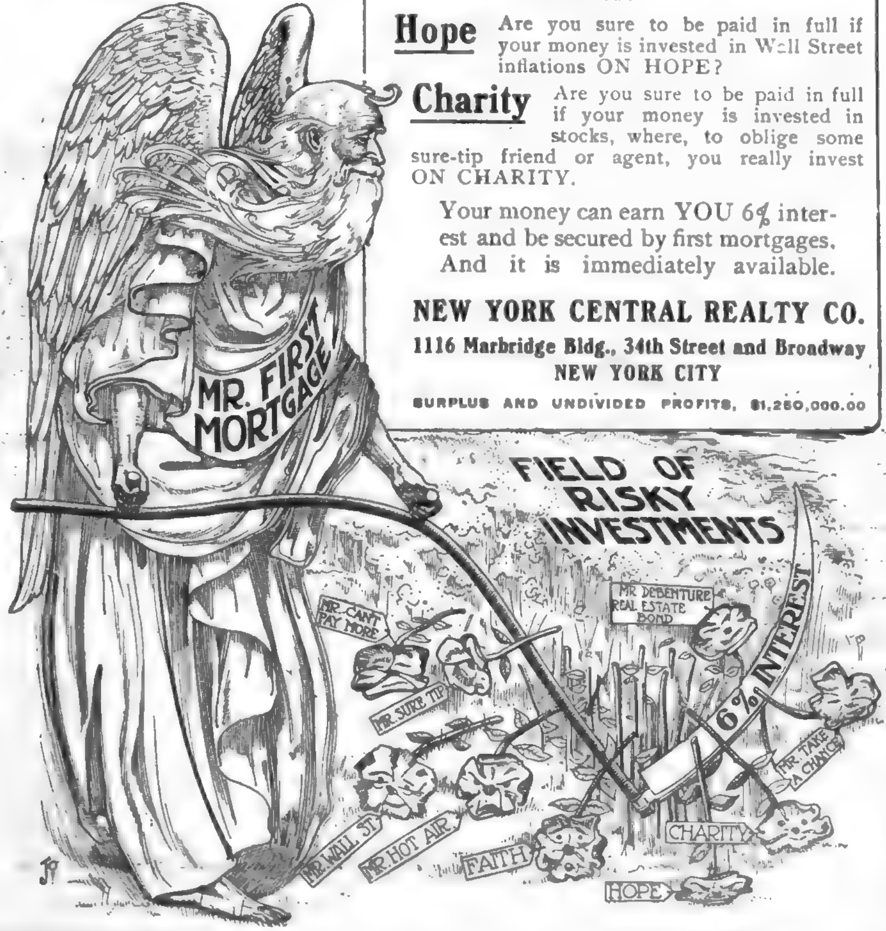
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $1,250,000.00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Kindly inform me as to plan which insures me 6% on a first mortgage security investment, with privilege of withdrawal at any time.

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House in New Jersey. J. T. Tubby, Jr., Architect, N. Y. Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains.

From Sea to Sea

there has been a rising chorus of approval of

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for over twenty-five years. They have proved their worth and beauty in all climates, and we have hundreds of enthusiastic, unsolicited letters of commendation, from every State, proclaiming their

Artistic and harmonious colors.
Low cost.
Ease and quickness of application.
Wonderful durability.
Thorough wood preservation. (*Creosote is the best wood preservative known.*)

You can get these results in no other way.

Send for samples, circulars and full information

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc.
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AGENTS AT ALL CENTRAL POINTS

All Saints', Montecito, Cal. L. S. Moore, Architect, Los Angeles. Stained with Cabot's Shingle Stains.

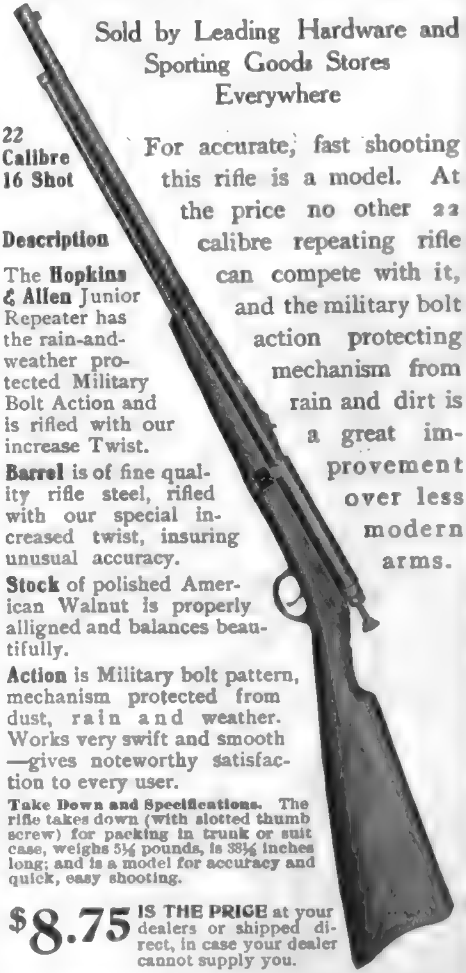
$8.75 is the Price

Of this Superior Quality 22 Calibre, 16 Shot

Hopkins & Allen

REPEATING RIFLE

Sold by Leading Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores Everywhere



22 Calibre 16 Shot

For accurate, fast shooting this rifle is a model. At the price no other 22 calibre repeating rifle can compete with it, and the military bolt action protecting mechanism from rain and dirt is a great improvement over less modern arms.

Description

The **Hopkins & Allen** Junior Repeater has the rain-and-weather protected Military Bolt Action and is rifled with our increase Twist.

Barrel is of fine quality rifle steel, rifled with our special increased twist, insuring unusual accuracy.

Stock of polished American Walnut is properly alligned and balances beautifully.

Action is Military bolt pattern, mechanism protected from dust, rain and weather. Works very swift and smooth —gives noteworthy satisfaction to every user.

Take Down and Specifications. The rifle takes down (with slotted thumb screw) for packing in trunk or suit case, weighs 5¼ pounds, is 38¼ inches long; and is a model for accuracy and quick, easy shooting.

$8.75 IS THE PRICE at your dealers or shipped direct, in case your dealer cannot supply you.

SAFE DELIVERY AND SATISFACTION ASSURED

OUR GUN GUIDE AND CATALOG FOR 1908 SENT FREE

Send for this book today. It is full of interesting firearm lore; and gives prices and full descriptions of our entire line of high-grade, popular priced firearms.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.
13 Chestnut St., Norwich, Conn., U. S. A.
Largest Mfrs. High Grade Popular Priced Firearms

Manhattan Beach

(New York)

The most beautiful and desirable location on the North Atlantic coast now

Opened to Builders of Summer Homes

For years this beautifully located and finely developed property, less than sixty minutes from the heart of New York, has been regarded as the best location in America for seashore homes. Its splendid hotels, two and a half miles of unsurpassed water front, fine bathing and magnificent board walk are world-famous. Every condition has now become ideal for the establishing of an exclusive residential colony and the property has finally been divided into building plots as a culmination of elaborate, long-laid plans.

Manhattan Beach is just far enough from New York to be entirely removed from the city environment and yet within easy reach. It lies between the Atlantic Ocean and picturesque Sheepshead Bay, absolutely assuring a delightful temperature. Its broad boulevards and streets are macadamized and lined with granolithic walks. It has a complete sewerage system, water and gas, electric light, telephone and telegraph service. All wires and mains are located in neutral zones at the rear of the building plots.

Send for our book, which is beautifully illustrated and gives complete information. It explains the careful but sensible restrictions which make this such a genuinely high class property—its seclusion, but proximity to other resorts, ***and the unquestioned financial opportunity this property represents.***

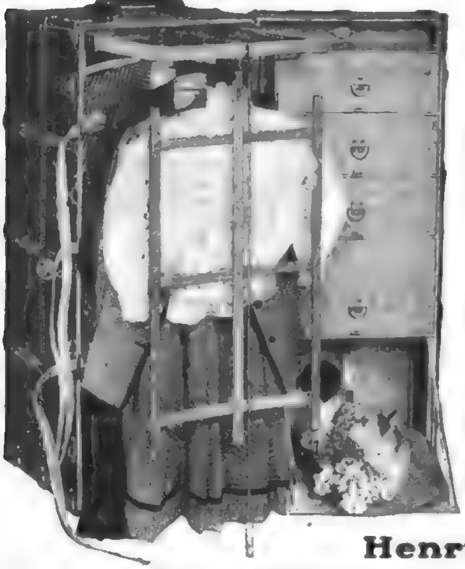
MANHATTAN BEACH ESTATES
192 BROADWAY (Room 2)
NEW YORK

"Swept by Ocean Breezes"

The New Wardrobe

Likly Trunk

QUALITY DE LUXE



will carry any number of suits or gowns, from one to fifteen, and keep them all in perfect condition.

Everything in both wardrobe and drawer sections is instantly accessible—no hauling over and crumpling the entire contents of the trunk to find a desired article. Convenient hangers for suits and gowns and drawers for accessories make packing in the new "Likly Wardrobe" a pleasure.

Sixty-four years experience and splendid manufacturing facilities (we make more parts of a trunk than any other factory in the world) insure a product superior in appearance and construction.

Catalogues showing trunks and bags in all styles free on request.

Henry Likly & Co.,

354 Lyell Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

The Sox That Stand The Grind

Everwear Sox stand the grind of the hardest kind of every-day wear. If they did not, we could not afford to guarantee them for six months.

We make them so good that in ordinary cases we could well afford to guarantee them a year. But what might wear you a year would not wear some men more than half that length of time. But we do know Everwear Sox will last six months, no matter how hard the usage.

It's simply impossible to make sox better than Everwear. We use Egyptian Cotton only—the best the world affords. They are non-shrinkable, because the cotton is shrunk, before being made up. The colors are absolutely fast, pure, and will not injure the feet. And they are knit to fit and feel comfortable, no seams—no wrinkles—no bumps anywhere to irritate the feet.

Try six pair of Everwear Sox and forget your sock troubles. If holes or tears appear in any of them within that time, send them back and get a new pair. That's our absolute guarantee, and a coupon for each pair is in every box for your protection.

Men's sox are made in light and medium weight, in black, black and white feet, blue, steel gray, and light and dark tan. Women's hosiery in black, black with white feet, and tan. In boxes of six pairs $2.00, one size to a box—assorted colors if desired.

We also make men's light weight, Silk Lisle in black, blue, light and dark gray, tan and champagne, $3.00 per box of six pairs, covered by same positive guarantee.

Ask your dealer, and don't accept anything but genuine Everwear. If he hasn't them, order direct from us. Simply fill out the coupon, enclose amount of order, and we will send them to you, express prepaid. Send for free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

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send me [illegible] box Everwear Hosiery
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Address

Next time you are thirsty and feel all hot and tired out, ask at any soda fountain for

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"From the Land of the Vine"

It is the fresh, unfermented juice of well ripened, selected grapes. Delicious, refreshing, a tonic and food for the whole system. Ask for it by its full name and *insist on getting the genuine.*

At druggists, grocers, etc., and at soda fountains. Ask for Vineland. If your dealer will not supply you, we will ship direct, paying delivery charges, 1 doz. quarts, $5.50; 1 doz. pints, $3 00.

Interesting Booklet, "The Bounty of the Arbor," Mailed Free

A GRAPE-VINE FREE Mail us tinfoil cap from a Vineland Grape Juice bottle (any size) and we will send free a cutting of the famous Ives grape, with instructions for planting. They are grown in our own vineyards, which are conducted on the most scientific methods. Here on our own property the U. S. Government has established its Experimental Vineyard of the Middle Atlantic States, which is in charge of government experts.

VINEYARD GRAPE JUICE COMPANY
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EDUCATOR
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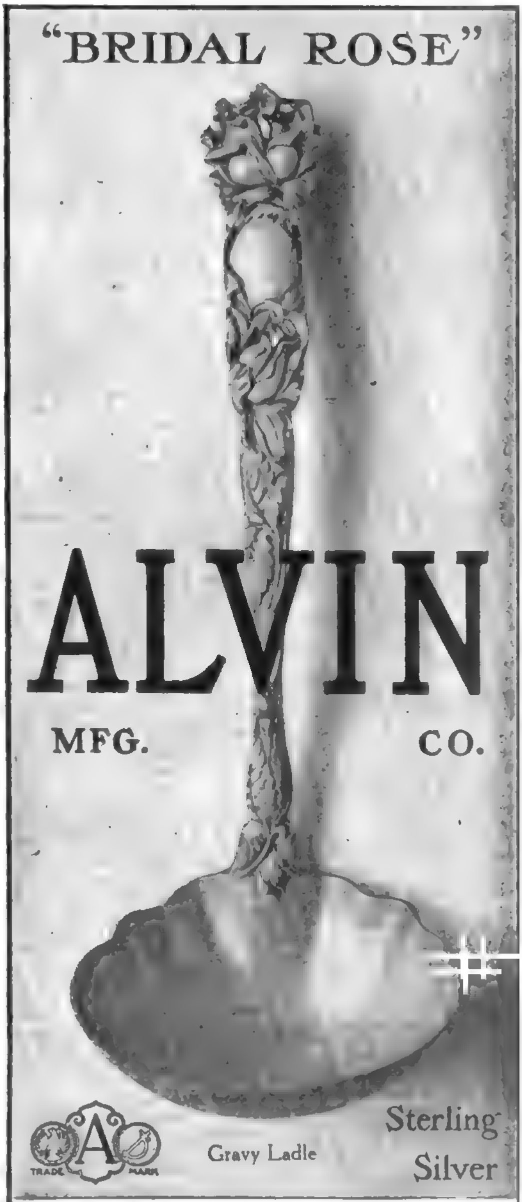
We will send you FREE a box of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Educator Crackers are made in many varieties, all from freshly milled entire grain. They preserve the full food value of the cereal, and in addition have a crispness and fascination that is a revelation. Samples and booklet sent free on postal request. Please send name of your grocer.

Johnson Educator Food Co., 212 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
Sold by most good dealers.



"BRIDAL ROSE"

ALVIN

MFG. CO.

Gravy Ladle

Sterling Silver

The best efforts of our designers and artisans have produced the Bridal Rose design shown above, a pattern that has already attracted much favorable attention.

This design is made in Sterling Silver in over one hundred different articles and is especially suited for Wedding Gifts. The goods are stamped with the above trade mark, and can be obtained from your jeweler in sets or single pieces to meet the requirements of complete service. *Send for Pamphlets.*

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.
Also 52 Maiden Lane
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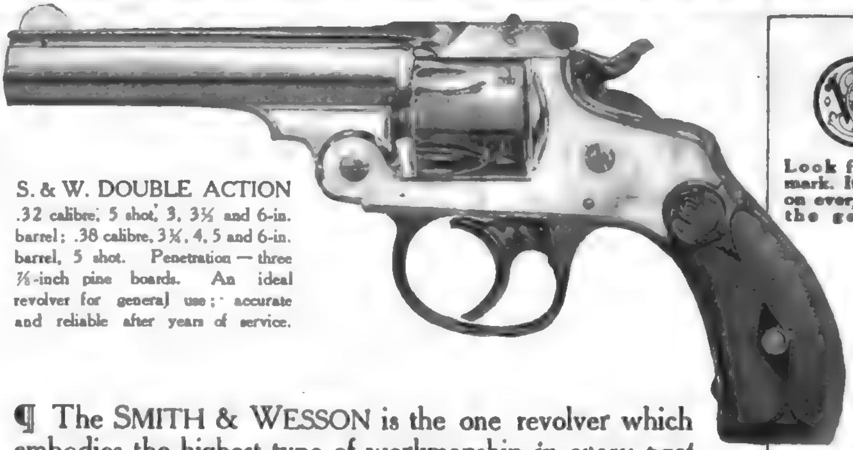
SMITH & WESSON

THE THOROUGHBRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD



S. & W. DOUBLE ACTION
.32 calibre, 5 shot, 3, 3½ and 6-in. barrel; .38 calibre, 3¼, 4, 5 and 6-in. barrel, 5 shot. Penetration — three ⅞-inch pine boards. An ideal revolver for general use; accurate and reliable after years of service.

¶ The SMITH & WESSON is the one revolver which embodies the highest type of workmanship *in every part and in every adjustment*—inside and outside—all the way through.

¶ It costs more to make and sells for more than other revolvers, but as safety is the paramount quality sought for in purchasing a revolver, the SMITH & WESSON offers more value at its price than any other revolver manufactured.

¶ SMITH & WESSONS are not made merely "to sell well." They are designed to protect and defend their users, not for the time being, but *for a lifetime.*

SMITH & WESSON
7 STOCKBRIDGE STREET SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Pacific Coast Branch: 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Look for this mark. It appears on every one of the genuine.

OUR BOOK
"The Revolver"
will be sent to anyone interested in revolver matters. This book is beautifully illustrated and most interesting. It gives the history and evolution of the revolver from the bow pistol of the 12th Century to the most perfect weapon of modern times. Write for it to-day.
IT'S FREE

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That's what you secure when you decorate the walls of your home with Alabastine. It's inexpensive and easy to apply—anyone can do the work.

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Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

comes in many soft, velvety tints and brilliant white and is for sale everywhere. Send a 2-cent U. S. postage stamp for our very interesting book, full of useful information, and showing actual samples of the dainty Alabastine tints.

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You secure from the use of such good business stationery as Strathmore Parchment not only personal satisfaction, but also adequate expression of the dignity and standing of your business.

Strathmore Parchment

is not merely a good writing paper; it is unquestionably the best of all good papers for business correspondence. Its crispness, strength, durability, beautiful finishes, really wonderful texture and exceptionally firm writing surface long ago gave it first place. Your printer, lithographer or engraver will show you samples, including three distinct finishes, two Fabric and a Glazed, with envelopes to match, or we shall be glad to send you the sample book.

"STRATHMORE QUALITY" COVER PAPERS for MOUNTS and FOLDERS. The same qualities—beautiful colors, rich textures and finishes combined with toughness and strength—which have created so wide a demand for Strathmore Covers in the printing of business literature, make them particularly desirable for fine mounts and folders. We make also special mounts in which Strathmore Papers are mounted on heavy cardboard. Samples on request.

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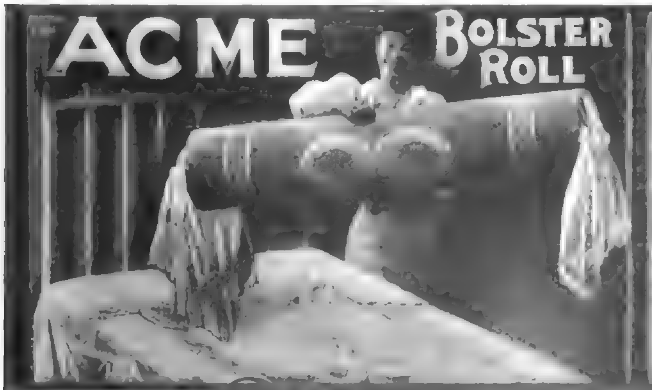

An article for bed adornment—made of strong corrugated jute board—weighs only four pounds—there are various kinds—the "Acme" is the best—most dealers carry them in stock—we will ship one to you express paid for $2.00 east of the Mississippi River. Send for beautiful 88 page free book giving valuable hints on home furnishing—it contains a description of the "Acme Bolster Roll" also of lace bed sets of various designs.

THE HINDE & DAUCH PAPER CO.
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VERSATILITY is that rare quality in a lens which enables *you* to produce artistic results *equally well* in the studio, at home, or afield. *The* Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss NEW TESSAR is the most versatile of all lenses.

Send for Booklet, "Anastigmatics"

ZEISS TESSAR Series

PRISM IS A LITTLE MAGAZINE OF LENS INFORMATION. SEND FOR COPY.

¶ OUR NAME ON A PHOTOGRAPHIC LENS, FIELD GLASS, MICROSCOPE, LABORATORY APPARATUS, SCIENTIFIC OR ENGINEERING INSTRUMENT IS A MARK OF QUALITY.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.

Carl Zeiss, Jena
George N. Saegmuller
Offices:
New York
Boston
Chicago
San Francisco
Washington
London
Frankfort.
ROCHESTER N. Y.

Get into Direct Touch

with Consumers

—But sell your goods through dealers and jobbers, if you wish.

The average dealer and his clerks haven't time to exploit an article to the consumer.

It keeps them busy handing out what is called for—what the manufacturer, through judicious advertising, induces the consumer to specify by brand name.

You know how this condition operates against your own unadvertised line.

You are constantly confronted with the fact that modern advertising is pre-empting the better class of consumers, the better class of dealers and the larger profits; you, the non-advertiser, take what the persistent advertiser leaves.

Real, live, sound, sensible, PERSISTENT advertising in the best magazines on your line will win consumers and dealers—both.

We plan, prepare and place magazine advertising on the high-class service basis. We do promotive work on the trade; secure the co-operation of dealers and jobbers; co-ordinate the advertising and distributing. Our booklet, "THE UPBUILDING OF A MANUFACTURING BUSINESS," describes our service. Sent only to principals or managers who write on business stationery.

For the manufacturer whose goods or appliances are not used by the general public

We have a special proposition. We work up selling and advertising plans; we compile, arrange and print all kinds of attractive literature: monthly bulletins, house organs, catalogs, pamphlets, folders, cards and letters in a series, etc., etc.

EDMUND BARTLETT CO.
29-31 East 22nd Street, New York
Magazine and General Advertising

STEVENS

The Center of Interest in any Camp is the Rifle—

whether it is used for game or to develop a keen eye, steady nerve and quick judgment in target practice. The rifle illustrated is our .25 calibre No. 80 Repeating Gallery. Fine for small game and target shooting.

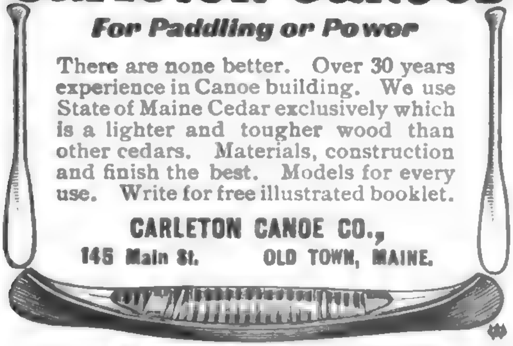
Every boy should read Dan Beard's "Guns and Gunning"

It is now ready. Tells all about woodcraft, habits of game birds, camping hints on equipment, cooking, etc. Beautifully illustrated by Belmore H. Browne. Sent postpaid on receipt of price; 20 cents paper covered; 30 cents cardboard covered.

160 Page Catalogue Free

Send 5c. to pay postage. Full of valuable information on choice and care of firearms, etc. If you cannot obtain genuine Stevens firearms from your dealer, we ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of catalogue price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
700 Front Street
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

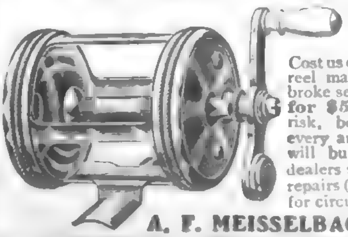


Carleton Canoes

For Paddling or Power

There are none better. Over 30 years experience in Canoe building. We use State of Maine Cedar exclusively which is a lighter and tougher wood than other cedars. Materials, construction and finish the best. Models for every use. Write for free illustrated booklet.

CARLETON CANOE CO.,
145 Main St. OLD TOWN, MAINE.



$10,000 for one REEL
To produce the first perfect
"TAKAPART" REEL

Cost us over $10,000. Other reel makers say we'll go broke selling a **$10 reel for $5.** We'll take the risk, because we know every angler who sees it will buy it. Up-to-date dealers sell it. We make repairs (if any) free. Send for circular of our reels.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.
63 PROSPECT STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

MENU

A Delicious White Mountain Dessert For Every Day in the Week

[illegible]

SUNDAY [illegible]
MONDAY [illegible]
TUESDAY [illegible]
WEDNESDAY [illegible]
THURSDAY [illegible]
FRIDAY [illegible]
SATURDAY [illegible]

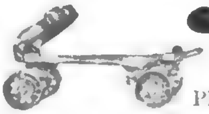
[illegible]

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy.
Please state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St., New York. 8 Long Lane, E. C., London.



The first real improvement in Prism Glasses is found in the

PERPLEX PRISM Binocular

"The Masterpiece of Optical Mechanism"

The 18-power in this glass gives a field of view 607 feet in diameter at distance of a mile, with the whole field as brightly illuminated as an old-style opera glass. Sharp, plastic definition never possible heretofore. Light weight and well proportioned, hence steady in the hand.

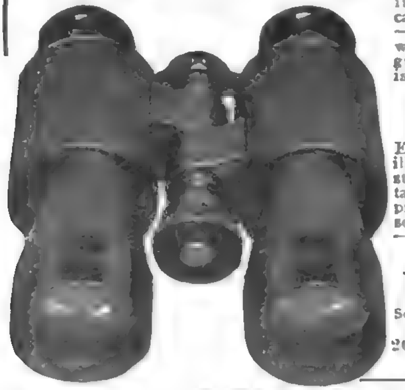
Mechanically perfect, and impossible to misalign. Prisms easily removable for cleaning, totally reflecting, not silvered and therefore non-tarnishable.

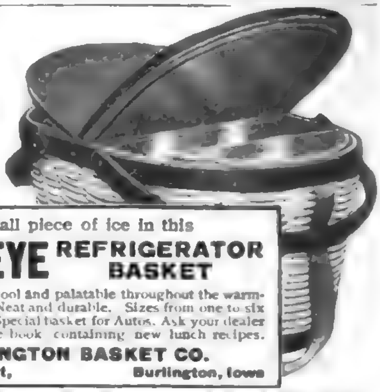
Your local dealer in optical and sporting goods and nautical instruments can supply you—if he won't, we will, and guarantee satisfaction.

Catalog Free

Explains and illustrates construction in detail, and gives prices of the several powers—write for it.

AMERICAN THERMO WARE COMPANY
Sole American Distributors
20 Warren Street
New York





Keeps Contents Ice Cold for 24 Hours

A small piece of ice in this

HAWKEYE REFRIGERATOR BASKET

keeps your lunch cool and palatable throughout the warmest summer day. Neat and durable. Sizes from one to six or more persons. Special basket for Autos. Ask your dealer and write for free book containing new lunch recipes.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
218 Main Street, Burlington, Iowa

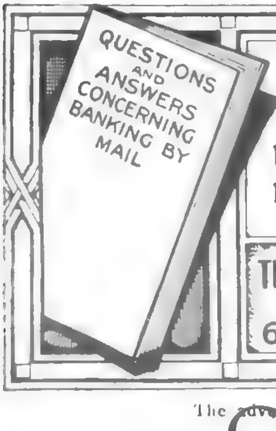
PROF. I. HUBERT'S

MALVINA CREAM

"The one Reliable Beautifier"

Positively removes Freckles, Sun-burn and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not *merely cover up* but *eradicates* them. **Malvina Lotion** and **Ichthyol Soap** should be used in connection with **Malvina Cream.** At all druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Cream, 50c., postpaid; Lotion, 50c., express collect; Soap, 25c., postpaid. Send for testimonials.

PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio



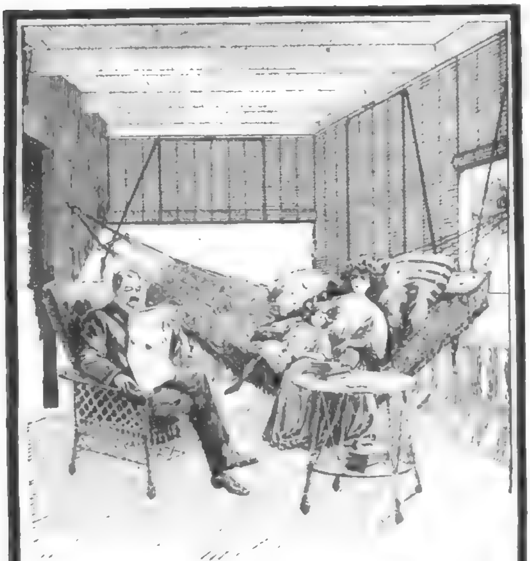
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS CONCERNING BANKING BY MAIL

This little book, which is a most complete treatise on the entire subject of Banking by Mail, will be mailed free to any address on receipt of request by letter or postal card. Ask for Booklet "E."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND OHIO

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS

4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS



A Cool, Shady, Secluded Porch with

Vudor Porch Shades

TRADE MARK

They are made of thin strips of Linden wood, closely bound with strong seine twine in a lock-stitch weave. Artistically stained in soft, pleasing colors to harmonize with color-scheme of house and environment; these colors are weatherproof and will not crack off or fade. They keep out the sun, but let in the breeze and sufficient light to read or sew by. They can be seen through from the inside, but not from the outside, giving privacy and seclusion. They are inexpensive—average equipment costing only from $2 to $10, according to size of porch. The shades come in various widths.

Vudor Porch Shades last for years and should not be confused with the flimsy, carelessly made bamboo or imported screens which do not last and always look cheap.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

handsomely illustrated in colors, and fully describing Vudor Porch Shades and also

Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks

the hammocks that last—made with a unique patented re-enfored bed and extra strong cords. Though costing no more, one will outlast two ordinary hammocks, as well as being handsomer and more comfortable.

With the booklet we will send you name of the Vudor dealer in your town. Address

Hough Shade Corporation
226 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

In buying, be sure that an aluminum name-plate bearing the word Vudor is on the Porch Shade and a linen tag bearing the word Vudor on the Hammock.

Hot water all day all night all the time

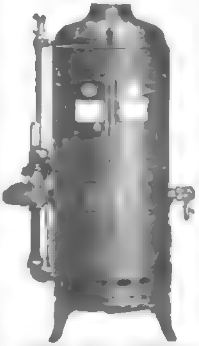
No matter what time of day or night you want clean, *hot* water without having to start the kitchen range it is always "on tap" if you have a Ruud Water Heater. *The only start it needs is the turning of any hot water faucet in the house.* No matches to strike, no extra heat, no dirt, no trouble, no kitchen boiler to worry with, no inconvenience of any kind. The

RUUD

Gas Automatic

Water Heater

once started at any faucet controls its own fuel automatically, and when the faucet is turned off, stops working. Nothing so simple or so wonderful has ever been known among water heaters. **Easy to attach in your basement to pipes already installed.**



Our free booklet explains it all. Write for it and for list of families in your town who use the Ruud.

RUUD MFG. COMPANY, Dept. B, Pittsburgh, Pa.
(Branches Everywhere)

ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

Chiclets

At All the Better kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢, and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c. for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto Canada

Do Your Own Printing

$5. press prints cards, labels, etc. Circular, book, newspaper press $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

DEAFNESS

"The Morley 'Phone"

A miniature Telephone for the ear, invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 82
Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia

Incorporate in Arizona

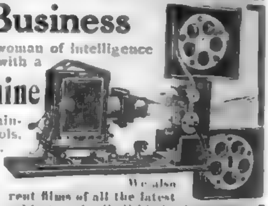
The laws are *the most liberal*, the expense is *small*. Can hold meetings, keep books and transact business anywhere. Territorial Officials prohibited from serving corporations. By-Laws free with each incorporation.

Blanks and full particulars free on request.

STODDARD INCORPORATING COMPANY, Box 8 H PHOENIX, ARIZONA

A Profitable Business

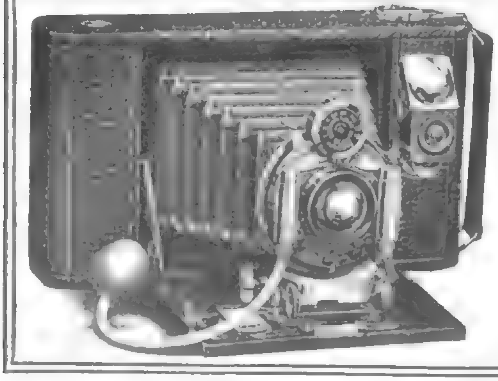
Any energetic, persistent man or woman of intelligence can establish a paying business with a



Moving Picture Machine

The investment is small and entertainments can be given in halls, schools, churches, etc., at very little expense. This is one of the most popular forms of amusement and a good machine assures a profitable business. We furnish full instructions—no experience is necessary. Our machines are reliable—prices right. We also rent films of all the latest subjects and sell all kinds of supplies. Don't buy until you have had our free catalog.

Kleine Optical Co. 301 Butler Building
52 State Street, CHICAGO



IT'S *ALL* PLEASURE WITH A

HAWK-EYE

Made to take good pictures in the simplest way. Hawk-Eyes open horizontally—the way most pictures are made. Daylight loading and unloading, using Eastman N. C. Film.

Hawk-Eyes $5.00 to $105.00

Catalog by mail on request

BLAIR CAMERA DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

BUFFALO SPRINGS LITHIA WATER

"The Most Effective of the Natural Medicinal Waters" and "Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.

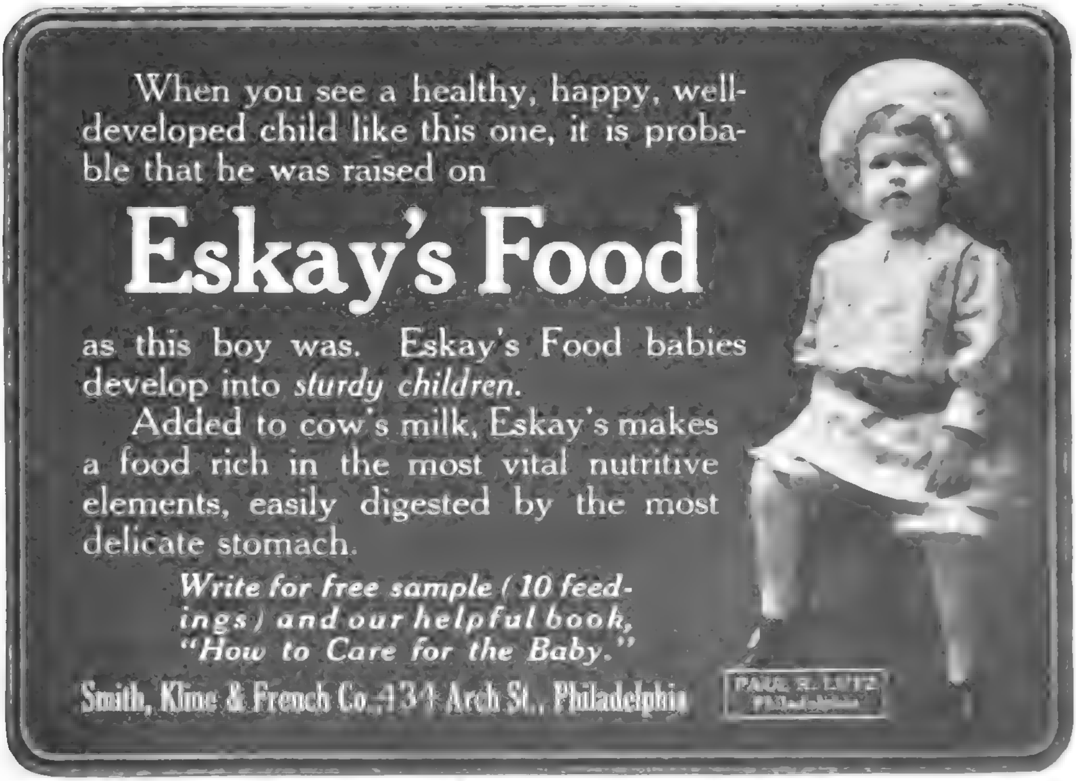
Dr. I. N. Love, *New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children, College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc.*, in an article in *Medical Mirror*, February, 1901, says: **"While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water,** even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, *New York, Professor Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital:* "In the Gouty Diathesis, Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder and other diseases affecting the Urinary Organs, **it may be relied on to give the most satisfactory results."**

The Late Prof. W. B. Towles, M. D., *of the University of Virginia,* had "no hesitancy whatever in saying that **for Stone in the Bladder . . . I know of no remedy at all comparable to it."**

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address. **Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.**

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER Co. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA



When you see a healthy, happy, well-developed child like this one, it is probable that he was raised on

Eskay's Food

as this boy was. Eskay's Food babies develop into *sturdy children.*

Added to cow's milk, Eskay's makes a food rich in the most vital nutritive elements, easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

Write for free sample (10 feedings) and our helpful book, "How to Care for the Baby."

Smith, Kline & French Co., 434 Arch St., Philadelphia

M. & M. PORTABLE HOUSES

Special Open Air Cottages for Tuberculosis Patients
Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, Children's Play Houses, Hunters' Cabins, Photograph Galleries, Etc.

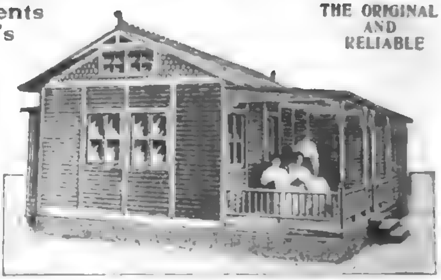
Made by automatic machinery where the wood grows. Better built and better looking than you can have constructed at home, and at much less cost. Wind and water tight. Artistic in design. Constructed on the *Unit System*. (Panels interchangeable.)

Houses shipped complete in every detail. Can be erected and ready for occupancy from 6 to 24 hours after arrival at destination, according to size of house.

NO NAILS **NO STRIKES**
NO CARPENTERS **NO WORRY**

Everything fits. Any one can erect them.

Write to-day for catalogue. Tell us what you want and we will give you a delivered price at once. Please enclose 2c. stamp in your inquiry for our Handsome, Illustrated Catalogue.



THE ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

MERSHON & MORLEY COMPANY, - - 611 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.

An Unusually Strong Investment

In Small Denominations
$100 $500 $1,000

First Mortgage 6%

Guaranteed Gold Bonds

SECURED BY First Mortgage on Rich Agricultural Land.

PROTECTED BY United States Government Legislation.

GUARANTEED BY
American Water Works and Guarantee Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.
Paid-up Capital and Surplus, $3,600,000
Established 1882

For further reference write to

First National Bank
Second National Bank
Commonwealth Trust Co.
Colonial Trust Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Circular and handsomely illustrated volume "Irrigation" mailed free upon request.

H. M. Payson & Co., Portland, Me.

Battles, Heye & Harrison
131 South 5th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

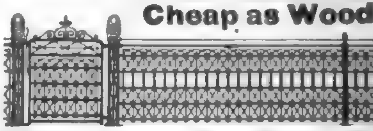
W. H. Trumbull & Co.
35 Congress Street
Boston, Mass.

Municipal & Corporation Securities Co.
357 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

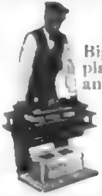
JAMES S. KUHN
Pres.

L. L. McCLELLAND
Sec. and Treas.

Cheap as Wood.

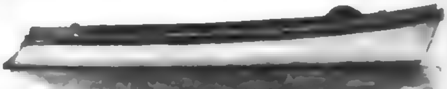


We manufacture **Lawn** and **Farm Fence**. **Sell direct**, shipping to users only at **manufacturers' prices**. No agents. **Our catalog is Free. Write for it today.**
UP-TO-DATE MFG. CO., 943 10th St., Terre Haute, Ind.



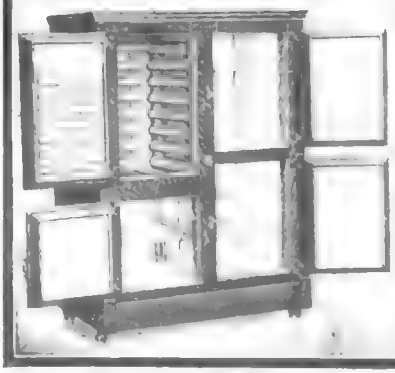
OWN A FACTORY

Big money making concrete blocks. Pettyjohn plants successful everywhere. Patented Portable and Collapsible Machine is the best, fastest, simplest and cheapest. No off-bearing. No cracked or broken blocks. No expensive iron pallets. Trade rapidly increases. No experience necessary. We furnish complete instructions. Now is the time to start. Write for full particulars.
The Pettyjohn Co., 636 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind.



PIERCE MOTOR BOATS
$150.00 and up
MOTORS
$37.50 and up

Send stamps for catalog.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
PIERCE ENGINE COMPANY, 18 West Street, Racine, Wis.
1421 Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Siegel-Cooper, New York City; Butler Motor Car Co., Boston



Keeps Food to Perfection

eliminates every trace of dampness, odor, or taints; is always sweet and clean and actually reduces your ice bills.

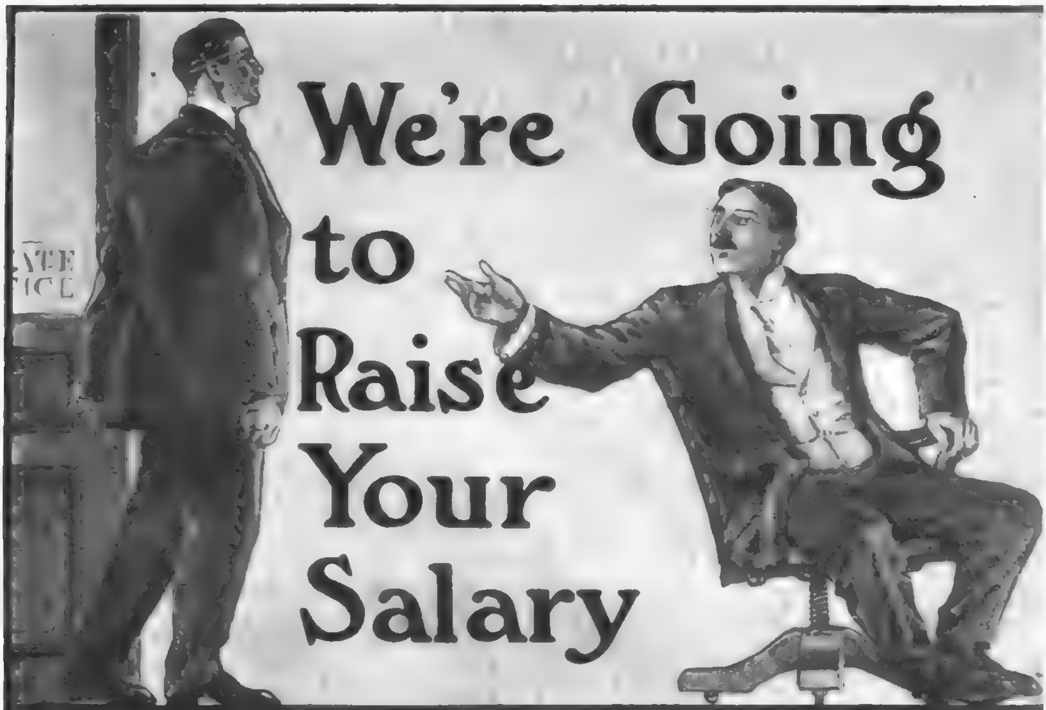
McCray Refrigerators

have an active cold air circulation to every nook and corner. Their thick walls are insulated with mineral wool. They are lined with opal-glass, (looks like china,) porcelain-tile, white-enameled wood, or odorless white wood. No zinc is ever used because **zinc is unsanitary**.

Can be made to be iced from the back porch if desired. All sizes and linings are ready for immediate shipment. We build refrigerators to order for any requirement. Plans and estimates without charge.

Send for catalog No. 83 for Residences; No. 47 for Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants; No. 65 for Grocers; No. 58 for Meat Markets or No. 71 for Florists. They contain reliable refrigerator information.

McCray Refrigerator Company, 678 Mill Street, Kendallville, Indiana.
Branches in all principal cities.


We're Going to Raise Your Salary

Such scenes as this are actually taking place every day. Invariably the man who gets the raise is the *trained* man—the expert—while the *untrained* man plods along at the same old wage.

If *you're* poorly paid and *have ambition* you're too good a man to be kept down; and you *wouldn't* stay down if you only knew how easily you can acquire the training that will put you in the lead. It doesn't cost you anything to find out how you can accomplish this—*how you can have your salary raised.* Simply mark the attached coupon and mail it now to the International Correspondence Schools.

Doing this places you under no obligation; it costs you only the postage; it takes only about thirty seconds of your time; and it places you in possession of expert information and advice that will point the way to a successful career. Then, mark the coupon, and do it *now.*

"*The Business of this Place is to Raise Salaries*"

You won't be required to leave home, there'll be no interruption in your work; there's no age limit; you won't have to buy a single book; it makes no difference what you do or where you live; lack of capital is no barrier. The only requirement is the ability to read and write. Then, if its all so easy and you're as ambitious as you think you are—mark the coupon.

During March 424 students *voluntarily* reported salary increases and promotions received as a direct result of I. C. S. training.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1269, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architec'l Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer

Name ____________________

Street and No. ____________________

City ____________ State ________

UNUSUALLY large proportions of pure chocolate and creamy Swiss milk make Cailler's the richest, finest of all chocolates. And the price is most economical.

1 ounce **5c**	4 ounces **15c**
2 ounces **10c**	1-2 pound **30c**

Cailler's

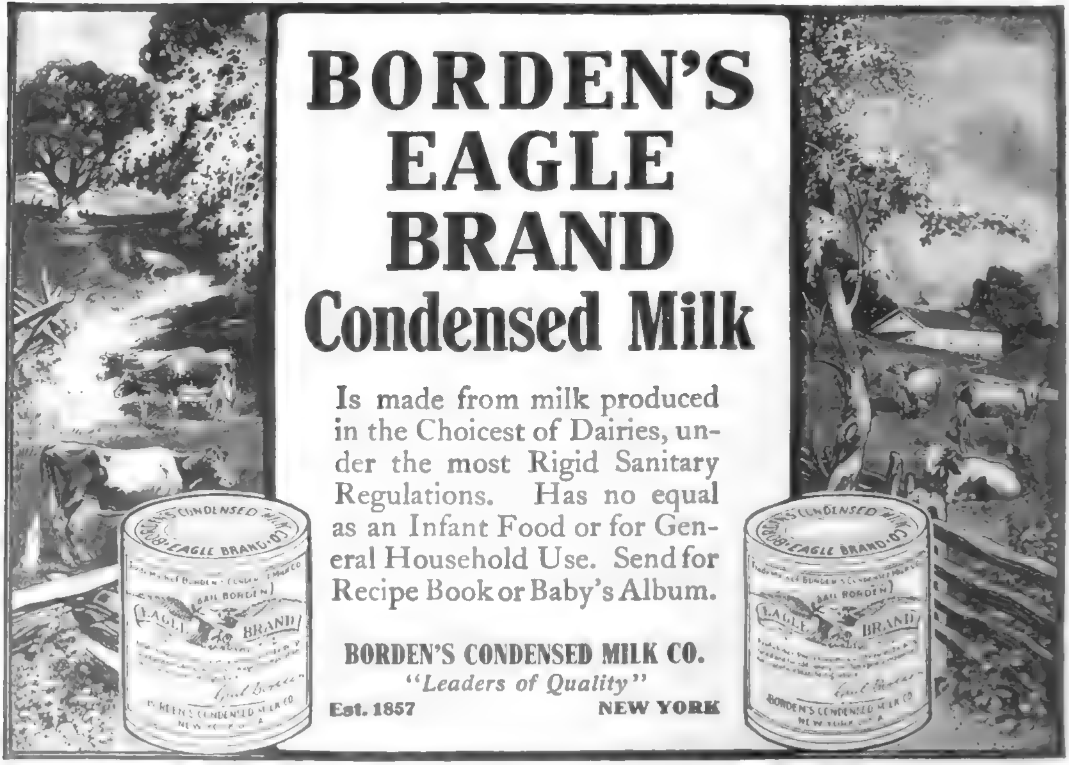
GENUINE
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

Comes in largest, full-weight packages—in cakes or croquettes. It is a pure, wholesome food for children and grown people, and a delicious confection. Those who eat it regularly always feel better than candy eaters.

Cailler's in powdered form, with milk and sugar, makes the most enjoyable drink in the world. **30 cents** for half-pound can.

Send 10 cents and receive a liberal sample of Cailler's

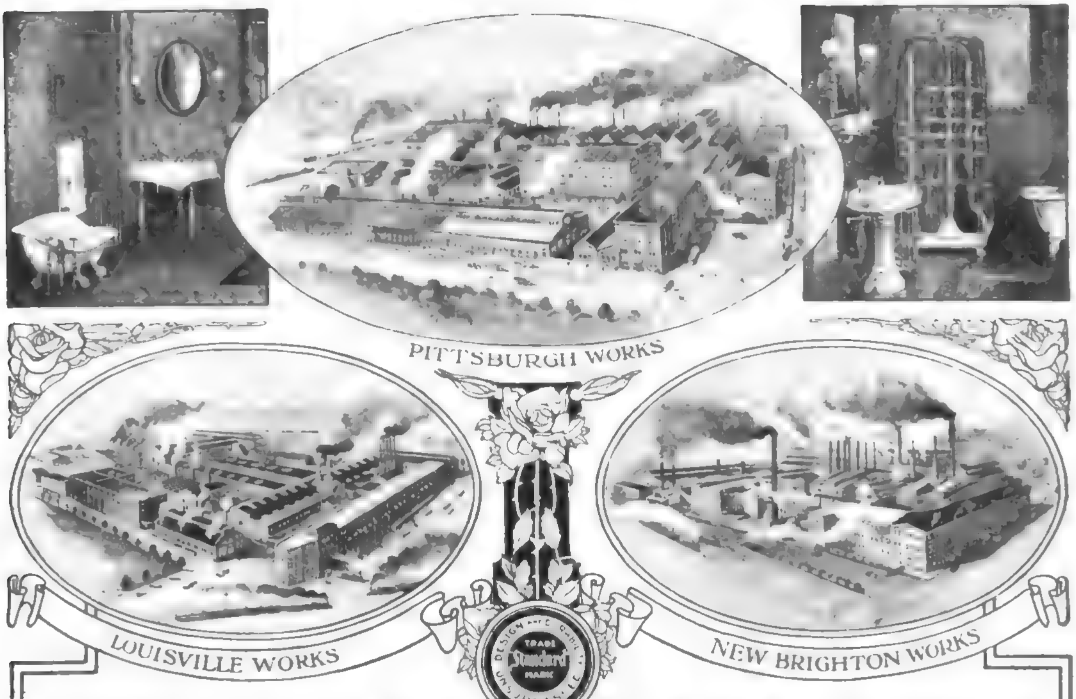
J. H. FREYMANN, Agent for U. S. A., 60 University Place, New York



BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk

Is made from milk produced in the Choicest of Dairies, under the most Rigid Sanitary Regulations. Has no equal as an Infant Food or for General Household Use. Send for Recipe Book or Baby's Album.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 **NEW YORK**



THE THREE GIANT HOMES of "Standard"

Porcelain Enameled Plumbing Fixtures

Three of the largest factories of their kind in the world and the entire time and services of thousands of skilled men working night and day are required to supply the ever-growing demand for "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware — the standard sanitary equipment for the modern American home.

"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Plumbing Fixtures have been known and sold for over 30 years. Year by year they have gained in popular favor. Year by year the demand for them has increased. By sheer force of superiority—by the splendid sanitation it provides, by its superior beauty, by the years of perfect service it insures — "Standard" Ware has won universal recognition as the most desirable sanitary equipment in the world.

Genuine "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware is the one sanitary ware which makes and keeps your home healthful, modern and beautiful. Equip with "Standard" Fixtures and your sanitary problem is solved for good.

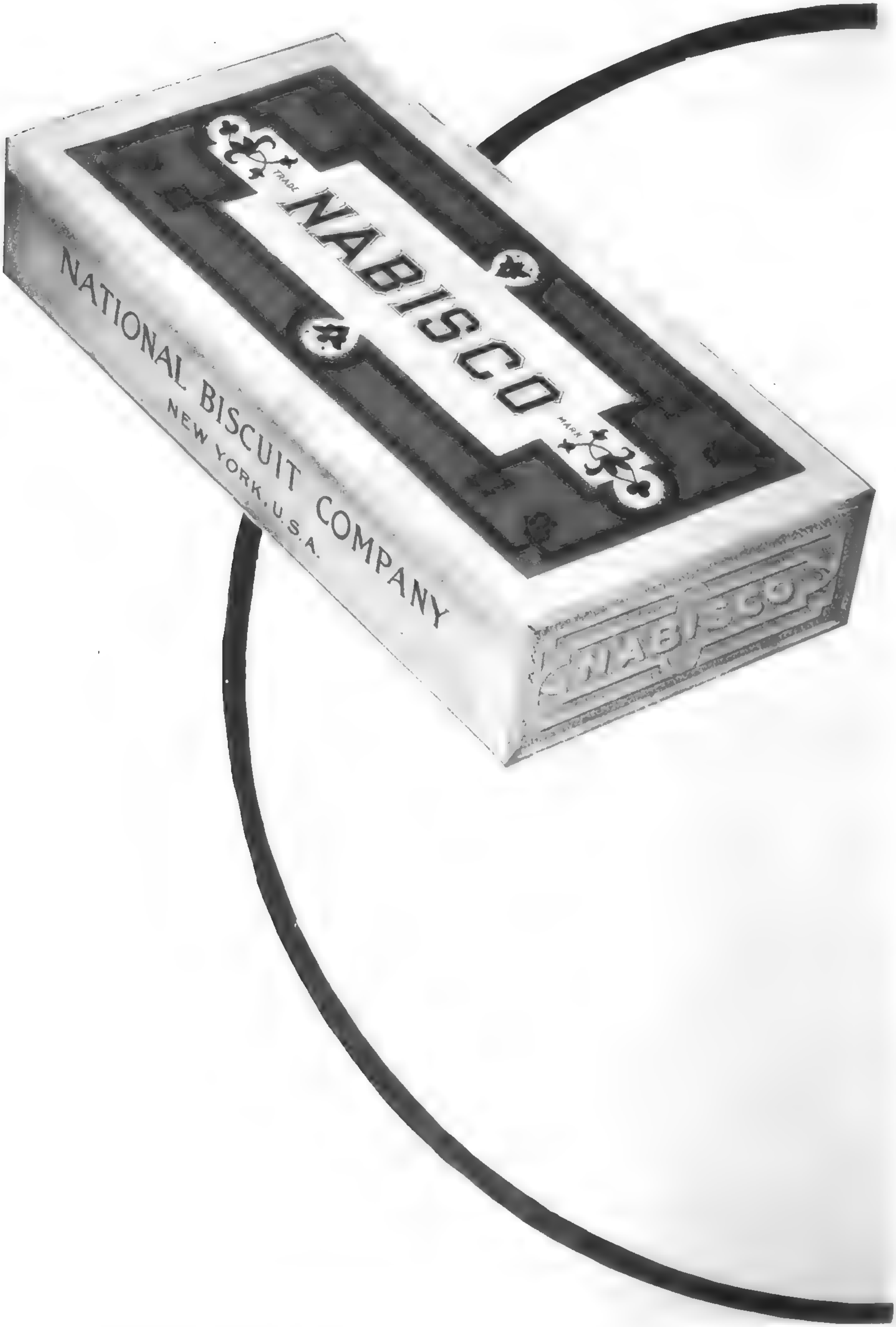
CAUTION—Every genuine "Standard" fixture bears the "Standard" Green and Gold Guarantee Label. Look for this label on every fixture you purchase, as none are genuine without it. The "Standard" label gives a protection you cannot afford to be without.

Write to-day for our beautifully illustrated 100-page book—Modern Bathrooms. This is the most complete book ever published on the sanitary subject. Send for it—enclosing 6c. postage and give the name of your architect or plumber, if selected.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**, Dept. G Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.

London, Eng: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street.
Pittsburgh Showroom: 949 Penn Avenue
New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Josephs Sts.
Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.


TRADE
NABISCO
MARK
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
NABISCO

CHARM him with Nabisco. Please her with Nabisco. Delight and entertain everyone with

NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

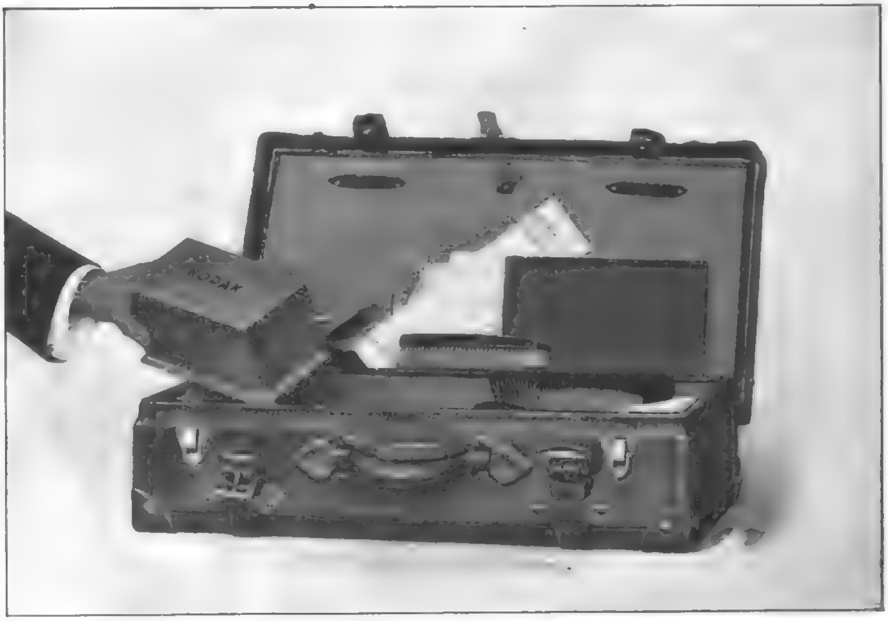
They take the place of sweets and candies—blend harmoniously with ices and desserts.

In ten cent tins.

Also in tweny-five cent tins.

NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



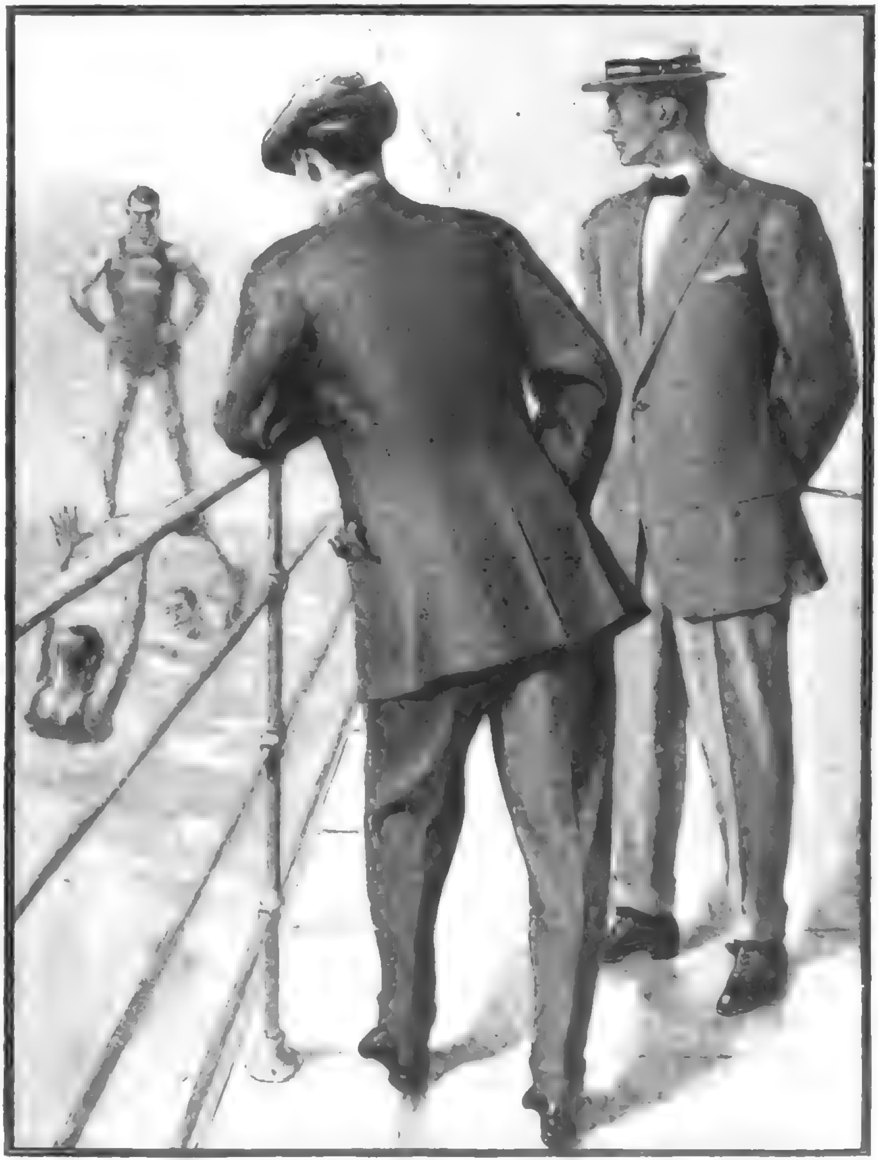
Put a Dark Room in Your Suit Case

Don't lose half the vacation pleasure by waiting until you return home before developing your films. Get results on the spot, and then if you like, send post cards ***from your own negatives*** to your friends.

Anybody can develop perfectly, for there's nothing to watch but the time and the temperature. No fussing with weighing chemicals, the ready prepared powders provide for that. Every step is perfectly simple and the results are better than can be obtained by the old tentative method of development by hand in the dark-room.

Price, $2.50 to $7.50. The Kodak Catalog gives the details. Free at the Dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

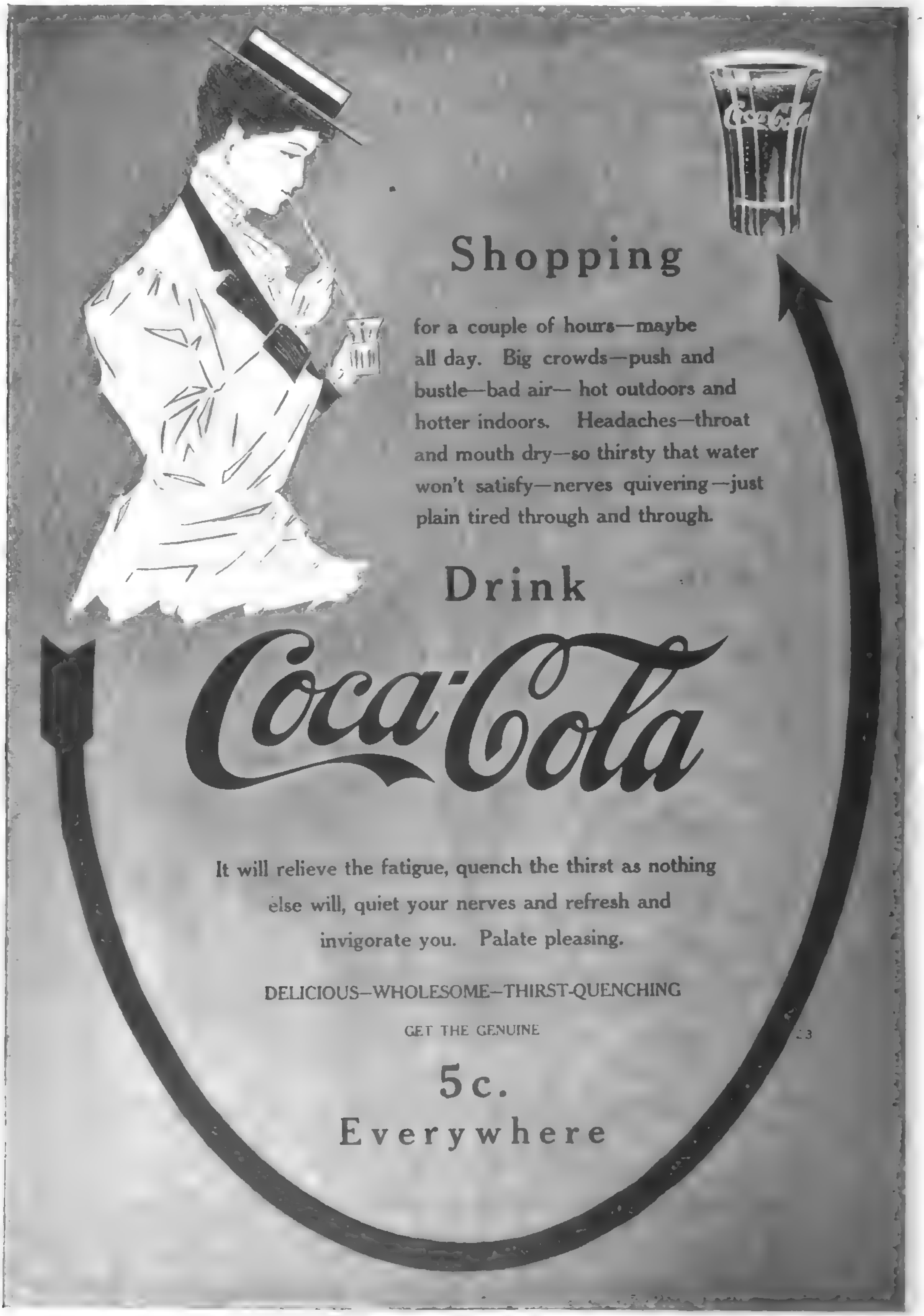


Copyright [illegible] by Hart Schaffner & Marx

CLUB men, college men, business men, like to wear our Varsity; you see why.

Style Book for six cents; shows many models.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York



Shopping

for a couple of hours—maybe all day. Big crowds—push and bustle—bad air— hot outdoors and hotter indoors. Headaches—throat and mouth dry—so thirsty that water won't satisfy—nerves quivering—just plain tired through and through.

Drink

Coca-Cola

It will relieve the fatigue, quench the thirst as nothing else will, quiet your nerves and refresh and invigorate you. Palate pleasing.

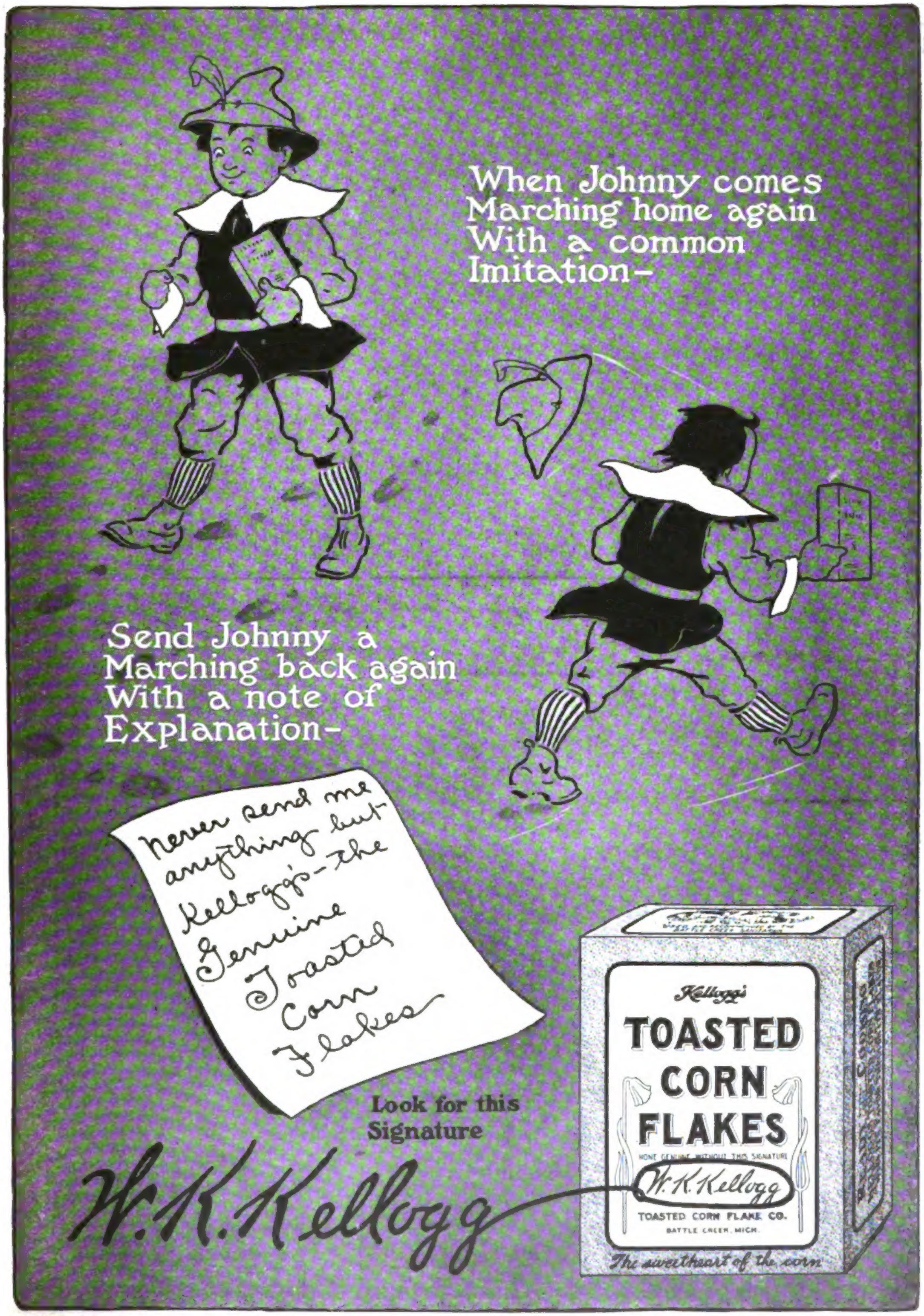
DELICIOUS—WHOLESOME—THIRST-QUENCHING

GET THE GENUINE

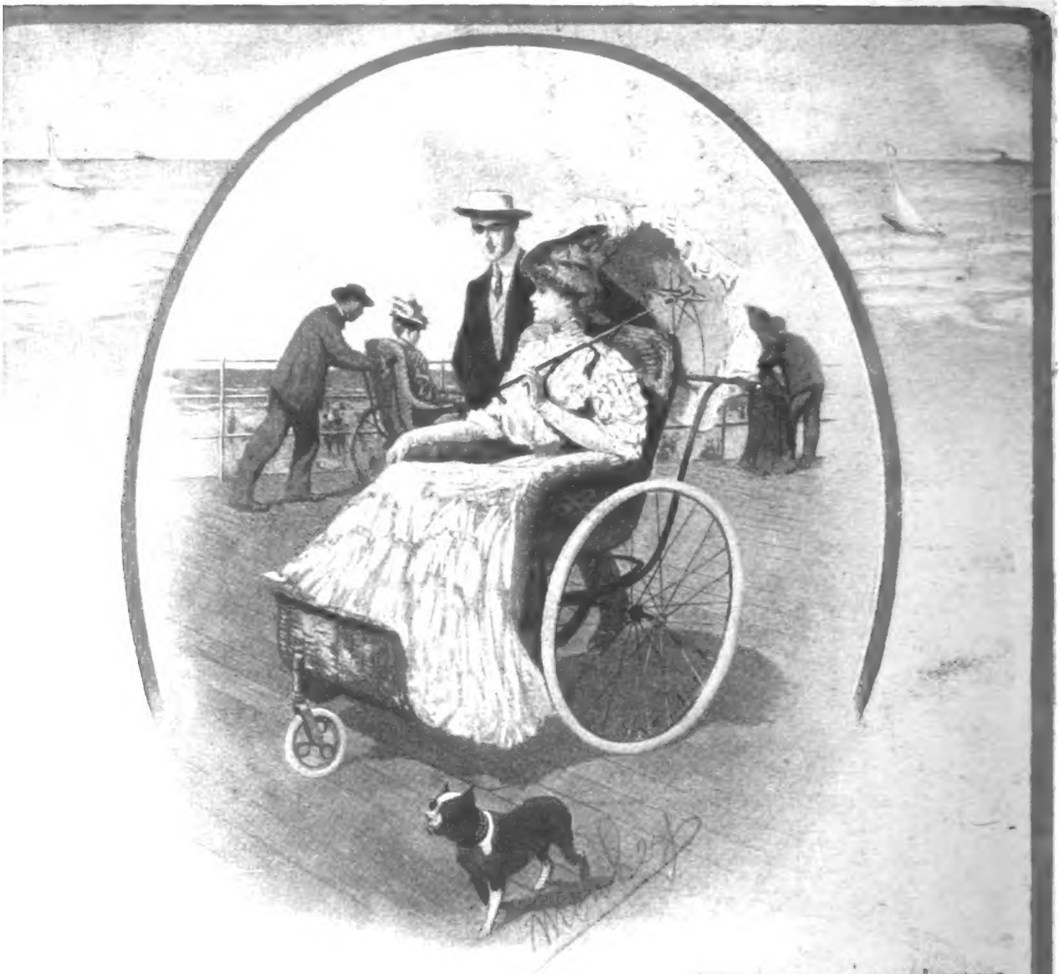
23

5c.

Everywhere


When Johnny comes
Marching home again
With a common
Imitation-
Send Johnny a
Marching back again
With a note of
Explanation-
never send me anything but Kellogg's - the Genuine Toasted Corn Flakes
Look for this Signature
W. K. Kellogg
Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
The sweetheart of the corn

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes "Won its favor through its flavor"—crisp, delicious.



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Ivory Soap is as useful at the seashore as it is at home.

Please remember that.

Please remember, also, that it is a very easy matter to find room in your trunk for four or five cakes of Ivory Soap; and that the need for it will arise at least a dozen times a day.

The soap which most summer hotels furnish is all right in its way; but it isn't as good as Ivory. Nor can it be used for so many different purposes—for the bath, for the toilet, for shampooing, as well as for cleansing all sorts of things, which you may not care to entrust to the hotel laundress.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

Ivory Soap . . . $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Company. *Copyright 1907 by Cream of Wheat Company.*

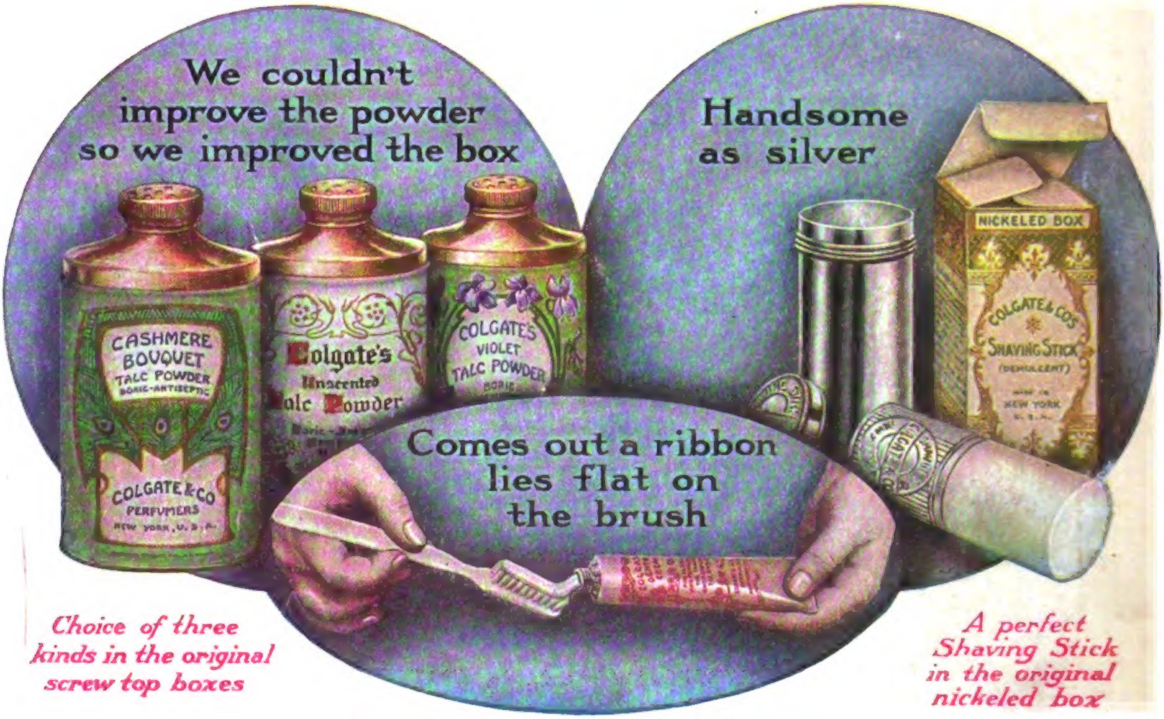
''HULLY GEE! IT'S CREAM OF WHEAT!''

TROW DIRECTORY, PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY

COLGATE

COMFORTS

IN ORIGINAL COLGATE PACKAGES


We couldn't improve the powder so we improved the box
Handsome as silver
Comes out a ribbon lies flat on the brush
CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC POWDER BORIC-ANTISEPTIC
COLGATE & CO PERFUMERS NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Colgate's Unscented Talc Powder
COLGATE'S VIOLET TALC POWDER BORIC
NICKELED BOX
COLGATE & CO'S SHAVING STICK (DEMULCENT)
MADE IN NEW YORK U.S.A.

Choice of three kinds in the original screw top boxes

A perfect Shaving Stick in the original nickeled box

Dental Cream in an Original Package

It is easier to copy Colgate packages than to match Colgate quality. Remember that when you are offered something "just as good" in a package "like Colgate's."

Also remember that the name "Colgate" on soaps, powders and perfumes corresponds to the "Sterling" mark on silver.

Also, that a household with but one Colgate Comfort is like a garden with only one flower.

A Trial Package Free. Send us the name of the newest of these original Colgate Comforts (pictured above) and we will send you a trial size package of it.

Only one free package to a person. Offer in this magazine good until July 1, 1908

COLGATE & CO. Dept. E, 55 John St., New York

f Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap, and [illegible], the new vegetable-oil toilet soap. Also Monad Violet and Cashmere Bouquet Handkerchief Perfumes, Toilet Waters and Sachet Powders. Also Quinol Hair Tonic.